# Everybody's Magazine

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IN THE LATE AFTERNOON OF A WINTRY DAY A MIRACLE OCCURRED AT MY STUDIO DOOR.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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# DETTY THE DETRIMENTAL

By LLOYD OSBOURNE
AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURER" "INFATUATION," ETC.

Illustrations by MAY WILSON PRESTON

EVEN in the dark it looked a gorgeous place, a veritable castle of gray granite standing in an awe-inspiring park. My heart commenced to sink at the lodge gates, and was shaking in my boots by the time my cab drew up under the *porte-cochère*. It wasn't that I was scared of granite castles, nor even of the copper king who inhabited this one, but it was the consciousness that I had been invited by mistake—and that's surely the kind of consciousness to make cowards of us all. However, I was in for it now; and with the sensation of a person being screwed down in a submarine, I permitted myself to be abstracted by the striped menials that were awaiting me, and set, so to speak, on my legs.

Mrs. Seymour rustled up cordially, saying: "So very kind of you to come—so glad, so delighted, to see you here, my dear Mr. Waldron;" and, indicating that I had just time to dress before dinner, saw to it that I

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was properly and ceremoniously hustled off to the upper regions. Here I found a confounded man, who pounced on my dress-suit case before I could stop him. Of all the curses of wealth I should put a valet at the top. I wonder the upper classes don't go mad, what with their feet being incessantly tickled, or die young of pneumonia from having to wait so long for their trousers. My valet was dreadfully reproachful if I tried to do anything for myself. I hope he did not mind my brushing my own teeth, or making my bath a private affair. I hated to hurt his feelings, but he had to learn sooner or later that I belonged to the submerged tenth—and why not sooner?

On entering the main *salon* I was somewhat disconcerted to find myself among thirty people or so, none of whom I knew, and with neither host nor hostess to put me at my ease. However, I found a friendly cabinet, with curly Empire legs, that seemed a possible substitute, and gave me an excuse for crossing the room and cowering beside it. From here I covertly watched the company, who certainly gave the effect of being very brilliant and distinguished. There were several extremely pretty women among them, and one dazzling blonde in particular, who, from the knot of men surrounding her, was evidently the beauty of the occasion. It may be a commonplace taste, but I like dazzling blondes—tall, slim, queenly ones preferred—and, though I am an artist, those drowned-looking, Burne-Jones women have never appealed to me as strongly as they do to most of the craft.

It was so right of her to wear black, offering, as it did, such a vivid contrast to her faultless neck and shoulders. I looked about and wondered whom they would give me for dinner—as a partner, I mean. I always seem to get the left-overs on my rare dips into this sort of life—eager, thin, ugly ones, or vast, rustling dowagers.

I was in the midst of these reflections when Mrs. Seymour came in like a dainty whirlwind, uttering little cries of regret and apology, and darting about with immense animation. After mating several couples, she ran up to me with the same bird-like appeals for forgiveness, and a second later I found myself being pulled toward the dazzling blonde, and presented in the twinkling of an eye. Of course, I didn't catch her name—who ever does?—but in the delight of my good fortune that was but a trifling matter. To my surprise she seemed pleased—genuinely pleased—though I scarcely dared accept that delicate flush as being all for me.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she exclaimed, taking my arm. "Mrs. Seymour wouldn't promise she'd give you to me, and has kept me on tenter-hooks up to this very minute."

I murmured that I was quite stunned myself—at my own unexpected honor—and tried to steer in behind a foreign baron, or something, who was punctiliously shooing us ahead.

"I saw Cockroach win the Belmont Plate," she said brightly. "I backed him because he was your horse—I always back your horses, Mr. Waldron. How proud you must have felt when he came in a nose in front of Tatters. It was Tatters, wasn't it?"

"My dear young lady," I remarked, "I hate to say it, but I'm not *the* Howard Waldron. I am *the* Howard Waldron's poor devil of a cousin."

She certainly was a thoroughbred; she bore the news without flinching. She only said: "Why, how funny! I got the impression from Mrs. Seymour that you were—ah—the other Mr. Waldron."

"It serves her jolly well right," I said. "She swam up to me at a friend's party—simply wouldn't take any denial—and had me crated and addressed before I could say Jack Robinson. I'm used to people making that mistake; but she was so insistent, and I was so bored of town, that I thought I'd just take her at her word."

"If I were in your place I'd feel horribly uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable—not a bit. It's Mrs. Seymour that ought to feel uncomfortable. Personally, I have a clear conscience. Suppose a charming hullabaloo little person rushed up to you and nailed you for a house party? What are you to say? That you are not Howard Waldron, the millionaire clubman and the catch of the century—but Howard Waldron, the struggling painter?"

"Don't get cross about it," said my companion. "Perhaps you may be nicer than he is. If you are a fraud, why not try to be an attractive fraud?"

"It's so irritating to think you would have preferred Howard," I exclaimed. "Everybody prefers Howard. I'm just Detty the Detrimental."

By this time we were being marshaled into our places, with the usual amount of scurry and confusion. When we were

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seated, I looked about for my partner's card to steal a glance at her name, but she had laid it on the other side where it was beyond my reach of vision.

"So you are just Detty the Detrimental?" she said sweetly. "It's kind of you to warn me—otherwise I mightn't have suspected it. But tell me, why are you a detrimental?"

"The usual reasons," I replied. "No money, no future—and an enormous capacity for love."

"But you said you were a painter?"

"Isn't that a sufficient explanation?"

"You mean you aren't very successful?"

"Oh, I rub along—earn carfare, you know—only——"

"Only what?"

"Probably you'll think I'm an idiot. You see, I have all the eccentricities of genius without the genius. I could do well enough if I'd consent to sell my pictures, my good ones, you know—but I won't."

"Won't?"

"Except to the right people—and the right people are scarce, and getting scarcer."

"How interesting—and how delightfully fantastic!—I'm afraid you are an idiot, Detty!" She put a delightful piquancy into "Detty," and as we smiled at each other I felt that our acquaintance had made a jump.

"That's yours, isn't it?" I said, touching her little finger. "It wouldn't be very easy to persuade you to sell it, would it? Well, a picture you've put your whole heart and soul into is almost as much a part of yourself. A patronizing personage in a fur coat enters your studio—a gorgeous grocer, or the Lord High Cornerer of the nation's buckwheat, and says: 'I guess I'll take that little finger—what do you price it at, Mr. Waldron?' No, my failures are for the public—my good pictures are for myself."

"And there's no great rush for the failures?"

"Only Howard, you know; Howard positively prefers them. If it wasn't for Howard, I'd be in the workhouse. He drops in

A SECOND LATER I FOUND MYSELF BEING PRESENTED TO THE DAZZLING BLONDE.

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once or twice a year, and with a splendid loyalty to the family takes away the rubbish in a cab."

"I can forgive Detty for being a detrimental," she said in delicate reproach, "but it hurts me to have him an object of charity."

"Oh, Howard thinks they're good! Besides, what does it matter? I consider myself a deserving case, don't you know; it wouldn't be very nice for Howard—with the same name and all that—if I took gas, or jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, now would it?"

"Are you really as poor as that, Detty?"

"Almost."

"I'm poor, too," she said, with a half-frightened burst of confidence. "But not that kind of poor. At least I never could be so poor as to jump off anything."

"You!" I exclaimed in astonishment. She saw my eyes fall incredulously to her dress.

"Mrs. Seymour is *my* Howard," she explained. "I was just a little Cinderella in Wyoming—out on the range, you know—when she took an impulsive fancy for me and brought me here."

"By George," I cried out, "that wasn't my idea of you at all. I thought——"

"Detty, I'm going to trust you with an awful secret. At least I'm going to try to." Her violet eyes dilated, and the fine, sensitive mouth seemed to respond to every shade of my concern. "Detty, I'm in an awful hole—she's got tired of me—rich people are so capricious—they take you up like a toy, and then, bing! they drop you. She's tired of me—and—and I don't know what to do."

"You must go straight home, that's all."

"How can I—oh, how can I?"

"Let me fix it up, Cinderella. I may call you Cinderella, mayn't I? I'm not as poor as that, of course. Though I think the least she could do would be to——"

"It isn't that. I—I couldn't bear the mortification of going home. I've been with her two years, and it's too much like falling with a dull thud. No, I'm going to leave; I'm going to strike out and try to do something for myself here. Detty, will you help me?"

You can imagine with what enthusiasm I declared I would! What, five feet five of pleading Venus to ask of me in vain! I volunteered my heart's blood, Howard's pocketbook—everything.

"I suppose it has to be the stage," she announced. "And the low, horrid, gilt-spear end of the stage at that. But all I have is my looks—and they say they get eighteen dollars a week."

It seemed to me a terrible expedient, and I said so. With all her poise and worldly knowledge, Cinderella could have no real conception of that evil maelstrom in which so many young lives go down. I pointed out several of the things that were most likely to shock and disillusion her—pointed them out plainly—and with a sincerity she could see was unaffected. But she listened and with a sad little droop of her lower lip.

"That's all true," she said. "But it's also true I have to get out of here the day after to-morrow, and earn my own living. Just have to, Detty."

"Have you any money?"

"Yes, about fifty-five dollars."

"Cinderella," I said solemnly, "this is all crazy—it can't be done. I am not saying this as a clumsy compliment, but you are extraordinarily pretty—the first sight of you simply made me gasp—and that's a great big asset—your beauty, I mean—not my gasp. It would be the stupidest thing in the world to tarnish it with that coarse, hard, sordid life. No, no—listen. You must take a year at a first-class dramatic school, and then be in a position to start on the real stage, where you would have every chance of winning out tremendously."

"Thank you, Detty. But isn't that quite a lot to manage on fifty-five dollars?"

"In common fairness, Mrs. Seymour——"

"Oh, I'd starve rather than ask her! I'm not going to be paid to be got rid of! I'm in a hideously false position, and the only way out of it is to call a cab and drive off."

"Where?"

"I don't care. I'm past caring, Detty."

"Well, then, we must shake down the Night and Day Bank," I said. "Howard's such a splendid chap; what's a thousand dollars to Howard, especially in such a praiseworthy cause? He'll do it in a jiffy."

"And be supported by a perfect stranger, and a man at that? No, thank you! I prefer my eighteen dollars a week and my self-respect."

"You're a very hard person to help, Cinderella," I observed.

"My poor Detty," she exclaimed with sudden contrition. "It's wicked to afflict

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"IT WAS A FAIRY-TALE," SHE RETURNED. "EVEN PEOPLE COVERED WITH PEARLS AND DIAMONDS HAVE TO HAVE THEIR FAIRY-TALES."

you with all this. I'll do lots better than you think, and will end by marrying a broker—a nice, fat, bald one. But we'll stay friends, you and I, won't we, Detty? And sometimes you'll treat me to a wonderful fifty-cent dinner, where we'll rub against great poets, and writers, and geniuses, and be deliciously Bohemian, and wild and gay and reckless. Will you, Detty? Is it a promise? It would give me something nice to look forward to—for I dread the other part so—oh, Detty, how I dread it!"

"I don't know about that fifty-cent dinner," I returned. "Geniuses nowadays always seem to make large incomes, and tootle around Fifth Avenue in motor broughams. Fifty-cent diners are usually fifty-cent people, my poor Cinderella, and many of them are the two-for-a-quarter kind like myself. Besides, it isn't dinners that you'll need as much as a big-brother person to come to when you're in trouble, or escort you home from Brooklyn after midnight, or be at the other end of the wire when you telegraph: 'Manager skipped, company stranded, wire eighty dollars to Lostville, Texas.'"

"You dear Detty!" she exclaimed. "Yes, that's what I meant by being friends—real friends. What a comfort you are going to be!"

"You're beginning a hard fight," I said, "and you have learned the first great lesson—that the best friends of the poor are the poor."

"I'm so sorry for both of us that I could cry," she laughed, but not without a glisten of her fine eyes. Then, after a pause for hothouse asparagus, she added, gazing rather poignantly about the long table: "I suppose this is my last sight of this sort of life. When I'm in my little hall bedroom, and putting away the can of sardines in the bureau drawer, it will all seem like a dream, won't it? You'll have to be awfully good to me at first, Detty. I—I hardly know how I'm going to bear it at first."

She looked up at me so pitifully that I



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was emboldened to utter what was whirling through my head.

"Cinderella," I said, "don't think that I'm a crack-brained lunatic, but why don't you marry me?"

If ever there was astonishment depicted on a girl's face, it was on Cinderella's. She laid down her knife and fork; she simply couldn't believe it; she was stunned.

"Marry you?" she repeated.

It was astounding how coolly I went on. "Yes," I said. "Just go through the form, you know—till you are on your feet, and then you can have it annulled. Let's live together like brother and sister—tell everybody, you know—make no secret of it! It would be so original and unheard of, and there is the sensational side of it for your start on the stage. Don't you see, you'll have a home, board and lodging, cheerful society—all the protection of being married, and none of the bore. I think it's a ripping idea. And then you can let me put up for that dramatic school without placing yourself in a false position. No, no—you can pay me back afterward with interest. A strictly business arrangement, you know—something laid by for my old age. Don't look at me like that—think it over."

"What a wild, headlong Detty it is!" she exclaimed, smiling. "What a sweep-you-off-the-earth Detty! I wonder what you'd do if I took you at your word!"

"Don't say it in such a serve-you-right tone," I protested, "and please don't humiliate me by making a joke of it. I never was more sincere in my life."

"I suppose it's dreadfully conventional to say it seems so sudden," she returned, with whimsical repentance. "Have I to answer right off, or may I have ten minutes for reflection?"

"There you go, making fun of me again—but truly, Cinderella, I mean it, and it isn't half as absurd as it sounds."

"Perhaps it isn't," she assented, "though for the moment——"

"Without committing yourself to yes or no, how does the general idea strike you?"

"Why, rather favorably," she returned, with unexpected agreement, and an air of seriousness. "That is, if you're not a bold, bad Detty, and horribly hypocritical and wicked."

I hastened to disavow this character; it was the lack of such qualities that had made me the failure I was; I told her that honor and conscience had been like millstones around my neck.

"Then you might fall in love with me and become a perfect pest," she objected. "How awful that would be—living so close, you know."

"I'd play fair," I said. "I'd play fair, whatever happened."

"Then I might get too fond of you," she went on judicially. "Women never play fair. If I loved anybody and was married to him in that sham sort of way—! Can't you see how terrible it might be for you, Detty?"

"Oh, that's what might be called a negligible hazard, Cinderella. A grouchy, unshaved, middle-aged painter in slippers and a monk's robe—dear me, no! You mustn't think that I'm always this resplendent being—at home I wallow in a comfortable squalor, and have holes in my socks. You needn't worry about your heart."

"But, Detty, it's all very nice for me, but where do you come in? You give me all this money, and a year free from every care—and all you get is a very problematical interest on a very real thousand dollars."

"You don't understand, Cinderella. Think of the light you would bring to my dark old rooms, the piquancy, the charm! Shouldn't I be glad if Mrs. Seymour lent me that priceless Sèvres vase for a year? Well, that's what you'd be to me, only more—something exquisite to look at—to have about. It's a vulgar instinct that can find no pleasure in anything that is not owned. Who owns the sky? Who owns my view of the L, with the trains passing on a snowy night? Who owns the smoky, autumn Hudson, and its stretch of luminous grays?"

"I don't know whether I'd be able to compete with all that," she said ruefully. "To cut out the Hudson—that's quite an order! But I can try, even though it is a trifle chilling to be regarded as an *objet d'art*."

"But you accept?" I asked.

"Call it a provisional acceptance," she returned. "At this moment—mad as it is—it seems a rapturous solution of all my difficulties. But I ought to know you better; there is so much more you must tell me about yourself; we can't get married, anyway, before the day after to-morrow, and we'd better leave it open till then."

"Just as you like," I said, "though it would be more dashing to fix it up right now. Well, what do you want to know?

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Age thirty-four? Height six feet? Weight a hundred and seventy——?"

"Begin with your studio," she interrupted. "If it's going to be my home for a year, that's what I'd like to hear about first—and what you have to eat—and who takes care of you—and where you are going to put me, you know."

I obeyed, with a brevity of description I was not long allowed to maintain. Thumb-nail facts did not suit Cinderella; she was as inventorial as a house-agent; she insisted on being led from room to room, with a comfortable, talkative, cozy stay in each. Pictures, rugs, books, furniture, wall-paper—she was insatiable for everything; and occasionally, with a little proprietor-air, she announced decisive changes.

How dingy it all sounded amid those Seymour splendors, with white-calfed Britons noiselessly inserting and withdrawing plates—amid the elegance and distinction that everywhere surrounded us. I grew quite sorry for myself, and Cinderella grew sorry, too—for both of us. I had no noiseless Britons, but only Mrs. Higgins, a colored conversationalist, who toiled daily up my four flights of stairs, and panted at me reproachfully. *My* silver consisted of two silver teaspoons, a napkin ring, and a swimming trophy, with mermaids on it, that I had won when poor Max Lissel raffled off his studio. *I* had no famous singer to entertain my company at five hundred dollars per, but only a pianola next door, which I should gladly have dispensed with—especially after eleven P.M.

But it was home; it could look very snug and inviting in the glow of the fire; one could drop cigar ashes anywhere, and burn holes in the carpet. After having dwelt on the seamy side of it, it seemed only fair to Cinderella to remind her of the other.

The trouble was, if anything, that she was too enthusiastic; I was forced to combat her sympathetic imagination with realities; she was too eager to accept the view that it was a high-up little paradise.

Poor girl, she was so sick of dependence, of pin-pricks and slights, of the golden shackles that weighed her down. How gladly she was going to throw herself into my old armchair, and tell me to shut the horrid world out! Could she get up as late as she liked? Could we afford eggs for breakfast? Could she wear a kimono? How entrancing she was in her innocent bravado! How bewitchingly her eyes sparkled! With what zest she welcomed freedom! And oh, how she meant to work! She would succeed all right. Some day she would be a great actress—a star—but Detty wasn't to be afraid. She would never forget Detty! Besides, he might be inspired to succeed, too—be cured, you know, of all his silly eccentricities. A great actress and a great artist—Maude Adams, say, and Sargent—and behind them a wonderful romance that would thrill and tantalize people for years.

I went upstairs the angriest man in America. Heaven knows what my host and the others must have thought of me. But I didn't care; I was too angry, too outraged, to care. But when we returned to the ladies I had to pull myself together; I couldn't seem to slight Mrs. Seymour; I hastened to her side, and was energetically civil. Chatter, chatter, chatter—with an introduction here and there, mechanical smiles, and the inanities strangers address to one another. It reminded me of a lot of parrots all screaming at once.

I tried not to look at her, the heartless little humbug. I determined to show my disdain by ignoring her completely; ignoring her for the rest of the evening, all next day—Sunday, and up to ("and including," as they say in leases) the very moment of my departure on Monday morning. This was the only permissible manner of betraying the fury that devoured me. Not sulkily, nor openly, of course—I wouldn't give her that satisfaction—I would just melt unobtrusively from any chance proximity.

From the corner of my eye I could see that she was watching me; once she made an almost imperceptible signal to bring me to her—but I pretended to miss it, and went on talking with increased animation. Then she shot off a jackanapes young man at me—one of the high-collar, puppy kind that infest the houses of the great—who giggled out that my presence was commanded. I answered that I should be delighted—and stayed where I was. Then another puppy was sent skating across the floor to me, and that with such attendant publicity I could not well refuse.

I must say he was very poorly rewarded for his devotion, being told to "run off and play" as soon as he had brought me to her. A couple of others were similarly dismissed, leaving me alone with her on a gilt sofa.

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"I don't know why you sent for me," I said, "unless it was to be told that I'd like to boil you in oil, or feed you, in beautiful, quivering bits, to lions and tigers."

"Why, Detty," she protested, "don't you love your poor Cinderella any more?"

"Cinderella!" I repeated scornfully. "You, the fabulous Miss Van Schuyck! You, the agitation of two hemispheres, and covered, so to speak, with pearls and diamonds! What a contemptible trick to play on a poor devil who was ass enough to take you at your word and spoil a good dinner that doesn't too often come his way by believing in all your fibs. If you aren't ashamed to live—you ought to be."

"It was a fairy-tale," she returned. "Even people covered with pearls and diamonds have to have their fairy-tales. Was it so wrong to make you the hero of mine, Detty?"

"The hero!" I exclaimed. "I'd call it making me the butt of a joke I'm too stupid to appreciate."

It was pleasant to see that the thrust had penetrated.

"I'm sorry," she returned simply. "I wouldn't have wounded you for anything in the world. For the time it was real to me—oh, so real, Detty, and tender, and sweet."

"Yes," I assented brutally. "A charming little scene of sentiment for so refined and delicate an actress. Only a trifle hard, perhaps, on your unconscious leading man."

"I don't see what he has to complain of. To show himself Quixotic, and impulsive, and generous, and splendid—why, I've been sitting here in quite a dream about you, Detty."

"I'm flattered," I said.

She put out her hand timidly. "Can't we still be friends?" she asked.

"Bravo!" I cried. "How well you do it! The stage certainly lost a star in you."

"Your sarcasm is very clumsy—and very unkind," she remarked. "You are eager to alienate me, and frankly, you very soon will."

"Well, to be frank, Miss Van Schuyck, that is precisely what I wish to accomplish."

"So as to punish me?"

"I don't like the expression. I'm insulted, that's all—mortified, humiliated. It is difficult to quarrel with a lady and stay within the confines of perfectly good taste—but any help you can give me in that direction will be highly appreciated."

"You men are so literal. You must have your stereotyped phrases. Very well then, I apologize."

"Thank you," I returned, "only I do not care to receive it."

She flushed and bit her lip. "That's as much humble pie as I can eat," she said coldly. "You are a very horrid person, with an *amour propre* and a vanity that strikes me as much above the average."

"Then may I have the honor to count myself dismissed?"

"Yes, certainly—and as far as I'm concerned you now cease to exist."

I rose and bowed, but she stopped me as I was about to turn away. "Oh, one moment," she exclaimed. "There's something I still want to say. You were wrong about Mrs. Seymour, and did her an injustice. She knows you aren't the other Mr. Waldron, and your ears ought to tingle at the nice things she says about you—charming, distinguished—oh, I couldn't tell you all; and I've been innocently agreeing with her—purr for purr, you know—and adding to your social prestige. Credit me with that, anyway."

"You've taken a load off my mind," I said gratefully. "I've been about as comfortable here as a lost cat—masquerading as Howard, you know. Thank heaven, that's all right."

I really was too grateful, for her glance softened, and there was a little catch of appeal in her voice as she exclaimed: "What an idiot you are, Detty! Is it so essential that we should quarrel?"

"Oh, quite," I answered, smiling. "Dignity, self-respect—everything—demand it. Good-by, dear Miss Van Schuyck, and my respectful commiseration for the next victim of your fairy-tales."

"Good-by," she replied, in the same key of ironical gayety. "You are a very conceited and ill-bred person, and, as far as I'm concerned, from now on you may go to the demnition bow-wows, and stay there!"

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"5— Fifth Avenue,
"January the twenty-second.

"MY DEAR DETTY:

"Here are ten days gone, and not a pinfeather of you! What's the matter? Another spasm of insane pride, or just plain 'don't care'? I thought it was all arranged that we were to be such good chums? I had been silly enough to count on it, and more than silly to be disappointed. What an

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exasperating combination you are of all the nice qualities gummed together in a contradictory and irritating whole! What's the explanation—crassness or genius? Sometimes I'm quite at a loss to know, and get puzzled. I am beginning to incline toward the former theory. Otherwise you wouldn't stay away from such a nice house and such a nice person—though I do say it, who shouldn't! Wake up! Get busy! Take your lordly choice of

"(1) Me and tea, and a blazing log fire—

"(2) Me and opera (Tuesday or Wednesday night)—

"(3) Me and motor, on a blue-nose frizzle around the park, and into the polar dusk—

"(4) Me and two dozen other people I simply must be asking to dine soon.

"Anxiously yours,

"CINDERELLA.

"P.S. I put the alternatives in the order I would prefer them myself. C.

"P.P.S. I met your cousin Howard the other night. Such a dull, oodlish, Broadway type, fascinatingly like you in looks, though somehow with the lamp not lit. He got excessively bored at my keeping the talk on you. He says (his own language) that you are the original chump, which I contradicted—though with a sinking heart. He takes the ground you are disgracing the family by insisting on being a nobody, and refusing to exhibit or sell. C.

"P.P.P.S. I didn't know before that you were in the Luxembourg, and had been decorated by the French Government! Bring it along, and let me give it a pat. C."

"11— East Thirteenth Street.

"YOU DEAR CINDERELLA:

"Your letter has been here for days worrying me to answer it. You might think that easy, but I do not find it so. Mrs. Higgins, who seems to have read it with great interest, drops what she considers artful and entangling questions, and treats me with marked deference now that the limelight of Fifth Avenue has turned in my—and her—direction. What am I to say? Or, rather, how am I to say it? You were always a charming nuisance, and now you have become a positive burden. I was such a contented little atom, on my speck of the world, before you shot, meteor-like, across my sky. Gay, happy, whistling little atom, with as few cares as coats—the sunshine of the block—the janitor's honored friend—the corner bootblack's joy. What do they see now from the airship as it hovers over East Thirteenth Street? A changed Detty, a moody Detty, a Detty paddling knee-high in a pond of trouble.

"Yes, it was inconceivably reckless of me to patch up our little quarrel at the Seymours. But you were so irresistible—your beauty, your dainty, teasing impudence—your smile that was not without a certain wistfulness even when it appeared the most brilliant and mocking—all were madly pro-

"YOU'RE A WILD, CRAZY, RECKLESS GIRL," I ANNOUNCED. "YOU CAN'T VISIT THIS MOUNTAIN WITHOUT A CHAPERON."

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vocative. I patched it up only too well—for myself. Of course I had to fall in love with you, with all the impetuosity of eighteen—crazily in love—'me that 'ave been what I've been.' There! That is why I haven't called—and never will. I'm a heartbroken man, ridiculously robbing the babe of its right to bawl for the moon. Silly, isn't it? Awful? And him thirty-four, and rapidly advancing toward thirty-five!

"No, dear Cinderella, you are dangerous goods for impressionable painters. The burned child applies witch-hazel, and keeps away, philosophically conscious that time will do the rest. Time, bless him, has done such a lot for me. For the last twenty years love has been stabbing at me with the pertinacity of a Sicilian gentleman whose dark-eyed bride has sought another. Oh dear, is one never to be proof against this recurring disaster! I'm afraid not. It overtakes me regularly every year, each time with increased violence. It would be a small compliment to you not to say that this is almost the worst case I've ever had. Yes, I've been hard hit—terribly hard hit.

"But I'll get over it—I always do, alas for human toughness! Next year I will read of your engagement in the paper as it dances into the neighboring murder, and show a beautiful equanimity. I will doubtless be enmeshed somewhere else, and wriggling in another net. So it goes, so it goes, with the snow drifting down on one's hair, and still the same poor fool beneath.

"It is all very impossible and all very sad, and the only comfort is that you will understand what I've left out. But there's still laughter in the world, and terrapin, and the smell of pines on a frosty morning, and a heap of balms for that deep-down ache, and—you're a dear Cinderella, and I am "DETTY THE DOLOROUS."

*By messenger boy, Jan. 28th*

"Detty dear, come and see me instantly.
"CINDERELLA."

*Telegram, Jan. 28th*

"Surely much wiser to stay away.
"DETTY."

*Telegram, Jan. 29th*

"Wiser for whom? CINDERELLA."

*Telegram, Jan. 30th*

"For Detty, of course, you stupid Cinderella.
"DETTY."

*Telegram, Jan. 30th*

"Shall be deeply affronted if you do not come.
"CINDERELLA."

*Telegram, Jan. 31st*

"Sorry, but can't. DETTY."

*Telegram, Feb. 1st*

"Have you no realization of the position you may be putting me in? CINDERELLA."

*Telegram, Feb. 1st*

"I am so sorry for myself that I have not anything left over for anybody. DETTY."

*Telegram, Feb. 2nd*

"You are a heartless, horrid, detestable pig.
"CINDERELLA."

*Telegram, Feb. 2nd*

"Pig dejectedly accepts reproof, but points out that it is better for pigskin and bristles to keep away from the boiler. DETTY."

*Telegram, Feb. 3rd*

"Your levity is the last insult.
"VAN SCHUYCK."

*Telegram, Feb. 3rd*

"It was not levity, but on my soul and honor a squeal of anguish at the hopelessness of it all.
"DETTY."

The last telegram was like a tombstone; things ended there decisively; a silence, unbroken on either side, tacitly confirmed our parting. So it goes in the world; a word, a letter, a bit of yellow paper—and life swirls into new channels, astounding us at the change. How it was with Cinderella I did not know. I kept away from the places and people where I might hear any mention of her; I simply shut my shell a little tighter, and limited my horizon to what I could see through the crack.

The truth was, I was more hurt than I allowed Cinderella to think. I did not want to assume the airs of a martyr, and preferred to be misjudged rather than pitied. We had been drifting into an impossible relation, and it was better to get out of it smiling than to stay in and whine. A man's dignity is safe as long as he can smile; and if you are going to be lined up and shot, why not die like a hero?

I had been shot, and buried, and effaced for months, when one day a miracle occurred—or, to give it the startling value the event had for me, let us say that a miracle exploded at my studio door. It was in the late afternoon of a wintry day, and I had gathered a dozen sketches about me, like a brood of chicks, with the idea of evolving an artistic rooster from the whole—a landscape, of which these were the memoranda, so to speak, with the out-of-door reality and significance that keep one from going astray on more ambitious work. I was wondering, not very modestly perhaps, how it was that a man of so unquestionable a talent could be a failure, and ascribing it, as one does, to every one's fault but my own—when of a sudden I was roused by a knock at the door. I went to it with some impatience and opened it on—Cinderella!

Yes, there she stood, with a saucy red feather in her little bonnet, and her glowing face raised to mine, scared yet defiant, and

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with an indescribable sparkle in her eyes. The dark hallway seemed lit by her beauty, enhancing, with its gloomy background, the jewel of that exquisite young womanhood. I was too astonished, too stunned, even to say her name—I just stood holding the door, and looking down at her as though she were a ghost.

"How do you do, Detty?" she exclaimed, somewhat tremblingly. "If the mountain wouldn't come to me, I was simply forced to go to the mountain!" Then, darting out a small, gloved hand to me, she added: "You silly old mountain—what's the matter with you?"

God knows what I replied. She was in the studio now, and spilling sketches out of the old armchair, which she then took possession of with all the coolness in the world.

I don't know much about the laws of the social Medes and Persians, but I *am* acquainted with rule number one. "You're a wild, crazy, reckless girl," I announced. "I don't approve of this a bit. You can't visit this mountain without a chaperon."

"Oh, that's all right," she returned, swinging an impudent little foot. "Mrs. Roland is waiting for me in the motor, and if you look out of the window I guess you can see the top of her hat."

"That hardly seems sufficient," I protested.

"You needn't put on such airs about it," she said. "Mr. Artist sells pictures, doesn't he? Well, here I am to buy one, and surely a customer has a perfect right to enter your —emporium?" She opened her reticule, and, displaying a fat little packet of bills, added: "What's the best you can give me for a thousand dollars?"

I flushed, but did not answer. It was not altogether the money nor the offer, though both stung me, but rather the sudden, suffocating realization that lifelong issues were at stake.

"Shut that infernal bag," I said peremptorily. "You oughtn't to have come here—but since you have come, let us get down to real things."

"Yes, to real things," she agreed, paling a little. "That's what I want, too—the real things."

"I love you," I said. "I had no right to, but I did. It wasn't in flesh and blood not to tell you, and that's why I wrote. I put it lightly, because—oh, well, I knew you'd understand; and if you were a little offended, all the better—and anyway, what was the good of heroics? I simply wanted to explain why you wouldn't see me any more."

"What do you mean by 'no right'?" she asked, in a low voice. "Haven't you as much right as anybody—as any man?"

"You forget you are the fabulous Miss Van Schuyck," I returned.

"And is that the only reason, Detty?"

"Why, yes. You're a woman of the world—you know what an *impasse* it is."

She rose, went to the window, and stood there a moment, looking somewhat forlornly across the street. Then she turned, and said: "You are like all sentimentalists, the cruelest people there are. It's nothing to you what I might feel, is it?"

"What's the good of going into that?"

"Even if I did care?"

"That would only make it all the more miserable."

"You are terribly unkind," she murmured, with a quivering lip. "You take advantage of all the restraints and conventions that hem in a woman. I am awfully at your mercy, Detty, and you are—pitiless."

"No, no, Cinderella."

"You love me, but you don't want me."

"I mustn't want you."

"We women are certainly well-bred," she exclaimed, after a bitter pause. "We've been trained for millions of years to do exactly what men expect of us. I came here determined to say something, and now, after all, I can't say it. I scorn your taboos, yet in spite of myself I have to obey them. Well, there's no good spinning out the agony, is there? Good-by, Detty."

"I will see you down to your car."

"No, if you please, I'd rather not."

She held out her hand. "Good-by," she said again, smiling. "It seems a pity, doesn't it? But I suppose it can't be helped."

We have always disagreed since whether it was her fault or mine; she says I wouldn't let go her hand, and I say she had no right to squeeze mine in the unladylike way she did, and then draw up her veil. It was all so intoxicating and sudden and breathless that she was in my arms before either of us knew what had happened, and, and——!

After all, love is the only thing in the world worth bothering about; and if Cinderella and I are satisfied, what business is it of anybody else's?

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# ASK YOUR CONGRESSMAN

## Something You Can Do Now to Help Us All Get Our Interests Represented in Washington

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

Author of "Privilege and Democracy in America," "The City, the Hope of Democracy," etc.

*THE trouble with Congress is that it does not represent us, the people. It represents only a part of the people. And the task before us, the people, is to make Congress represent us; all of us; not a few of us; not a part of us; not even the best of us; but all of us. And the way to make Congress r present all of us is for each of us to see to it that his Congressman represents him.*

*That means you. It means me, too, and the other fellow; and some of us will do our part. But everybody I meet seems to have this question on his conscience:*

*"What can I do?"*

*Here, then, is something for you to do, this year. You can help to make your next Congressman represent us. And the way to begin is to ask in your own mind, and then in your own mind to answer, this question:*

*"Does my present Congressman represent me?"*

Has he distributed the burdens of taxation fairly? Has he provided that certain great quasi-public functions shall be carried on in the interests of all the people? Has he safeguarded your interests as an agent should? Has he been your delegate in our common business at Washington?

In other words, has he represented you and me?

This, our question, is being asked in one form or another all over the country. It is being asked in the shop, on the farm, in the counting room, and on the street. It is being asked at the primaries and in the conventions. And it is being asked at the polls, in some places. Old agents have been replaced by new ones in Massachusetts, and in New York, because the answer was not satisfactory.

Now, you can find the answer to some forms of this question in the *Congressional Record*, by scrutinizing the roll call. The *Record* does not tell the whole story. It does not tell how measures are strangled in committees, how they are amended and altered; it does not tell the story of the subterranean tricks employed to control the House through Cannon and the Rules, and the Senate through Aldrich. But the *Record* will tell you what your agent did on critical occasions such as the Rules fight in the House, the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, and the Wickersham railway measure. And you have a right to know this, and to act upon it.

Your Congressman at Washington ought to represent you, not only because this is a "government of the people," but because *you reward him—in honor and money.* America is almost the only civilized nation whose government is supported by a sort of poll tax on the people. Except for the recent tax on corporations, which the corporations have gone into the courts to defeat, none of the things taxed in most of the countries of the world—property, wealth, privilege, incomes, inheritances—is nationally taxed in this country. Almost alone, America taxes the weak rather than the strong, necessity rather than ability, consumption rather than wealth.

And the average man pays much more than his share, for he uses almost as much sugar and meat and food stuffs as the rich. He wears almost as many coats and shoes, and uses almost as much tobacco and beer.

That is why I say you support the Government at Washington. *You pay the members of Congress. You pay the pensions, build the war ships, contribute to the "Pork Barrel." You are building the Panama Canal and the post-offices. You are making the river and harbor improvements. You pay for the President's junkets.* For this, if for no other reason, you have a right to expect your agent at Washington to represent you. As a business



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man, you would discharge him if he did not do so. And if he represented your competitor, or gave away your goods, or plundered your safe, you would not only discharge him, but would set the Grand Jury in motion to prosecute him as well.

I think one of the most remarkable political documents ever issued from the Government printing offices at Washington is to be found on page 6,083 of the *Congressional Record* of the Sixty-first Congress. It is a speech by Jonathan Bourne, Jr., Senator from Oregon. (Write to him for a copy of it.) It is a simple, unadorned story of how one state has substituted principals for agents, the people for representatives, "popular" government for "delegated" government. Oregon has the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall.

*"The great issue," says Senator Bourne, "not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world, is 'popular' against 'delegated' government."*

The Federal Government at Washington is a "delegated" government. We employ 391 Representatives, 92 Senators, a President, his Cabinet, and a Federal Judiciary to be our agents; to act for us in matters which affect us all; to be, in fact, our agents or servants in our common political concerns. *Did these "delegates" of yours, as Senator Bourne terms them, represent you during the past two years?*

For instance, did your Congressman vote for Cannon—the keystone of Privilege in Congress? Did he join in the merger of regular Republicans and Tammany Hall Democrats to strengthen the grip of Cannon and Privilege on the House through the Committee system by which legislation is framed, the "Pork Barrel" is controlled, and the members of the House are converted into political eunuchs? Did he unite with the Insurgents or cling to the old régime in the vote over the Speakership in the special session of 1909 and the Norris resolution of March 17, 1910?

Did he represent you by his vote on the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and the amendments offered thereto? You don't know? But it is absolutely your business to know. *What your hired Congressman does controls your life and your living—fixes the cost of your food, clothing, and shelter, and many of the conditions of your employment.*

Privilege knows exactly how your Congressman votes. It lets slip no opportunity to impress its wants on him. Why? Because it knows where its profit lies, if you don't. Now this is not to be a discussion of the virtues of Free Trade as against the exactions of Protection—that isn't the question before us. I am making an effort to convince you of the necessity of watching out for your own interests.

Let us compare some results; let's see what certain able-bodied trusts got out of Congress in the late tariff making, as against your interest, Mr. Consumer. For instance, the Sugar Trust, and the beet and cane sugar growers of Louisiana and Michigan, took no chances with their affairs. They were represented, and *they got what they wanted.* Let us look into this sugar tariff: It is so high as to be nearly prohibitive. The average wholesale price of granulated sugar in foreign countries in 1908 was 2.38 cents a pound and in New York 4.96 cents a pound—a difference of 2.58 cents, or more than 100 per cent. We consumed six and a half billion pounds of sugar that year. The total cost of the sugar duties to you and the other consumers was something over $150,000,000.

Injected into the sugar schedule is the "Dutch standard test." This is one of the things the sugar gang got by being represented in Washington. Reduced to terms which the common man can understand, it provides that no sugar shall be imported save in such condition as to force it to the wharves of the Sugar Trust for refining. This prevents the importation of good, edible unrefined sugar. It does this for the trust and for the trust alone. And this is the trust, by the way, that defrauded the government of millions through trick scales, for which several of its officers and employees have been sent to jail. Nobody else in America profits a single penny by this provision. The beet-sugar plants belong to the Sugar Trust, in the main. Even they do not profit by it. Senator Bristow of Kansas exposed the whole fraud in the Senate, and moved to strike out the joker. Yet your representatives allowed the "Dutch standard test" to stand. It alone is said to cost the people of this country fifty million dollars a year. Every protection could be given to the domestic cane and beet sugar interests, and the people could still save this sum which your representatives allowed to be filched from you at the command of the American Sugar Refinery Company.

Another big interest that was represented at Washington was the Steel Trust. *It got what it wanted.* "The things I do not like in this [Payne-Aldrich] bill," says Senator Cum-

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mins, "are plain and obvious. The things I do not like are so clear that the man who runs may read, and I have sometimes thought that they were so atrocious that the man who reads will run as well."

Speaking of the Steel Trust, he said: "When this Company began in 1901, it had property which was worth, at the most optimistic estimate, $600,000,000. No reasonable man who knows anything about the subject has ever put a higher value upon it than the one I suggest. It represented that property with stocks and bonds amounting in round numbers to $1,400,000,000."

Tom L. Johnson, former Mayor of Cleveland, was at one time one of the leading steel makers in this country. When Mr. Johnson was in the Fifty-third Congress, he made a motion to put steel rails, of which he was one of the largest producers in the country, upon the free list. Mr. Dalzell of Pennsylvania said that, as a rail manufacturer, he ought to be a Protectionist. Mr. Johnson replied that he did not represent his steel mill in Congress. Speaking of iron and steel schedules, he said to me: "We can and are producing all sorts of iron and steel in quantities cheaper than any place in the world. We undersell abroad at a profit. The only exceptions are some kinds of Norway iron. A tariff of $1.00 a ton at the very most would be prohibitive on nine-tenths of the iron and steel products."

Let's look into this Steel Trust a bit. What it does is very important to you. It makes the steel rails which the railways must have, and the iron that enters into the structure of all new buildings, and innumerable other things that are needed in our daily lives. It does not really need much help from the Government, for it is invincible for two reasons: It has acquired control of the iron ore deposits of the upper lake regions, which were barren, scrub-grown, worthless land thirty-five years ago; it also owns the Southern ore deposits. Moreover, your delegates in Congress have allowed it to draw a Chinese Wall about the United States to shut out competition. Then it has capitalized these deposits of nature at $800,000,000. Now it levies tribute not only on the tonnage which it mines each year, but on the thousand million tons lying untouched in the earth. How?— By the prices it is able to make you pay for its products. Do you realize that all of us who are buying and using steel products are helping to pay dividends to-day on iron ore which will not be mined for fifty years to come?

Your Congressman may tell you that the steel tariff was reduced. You can retort that it does not help the consumer merely to reduce one prohibitive duty to another equally prohibitive duty, as was done in the Payne-Aldrich bill. That is no reduction at all.

The readers of EVERYBODY'S must be fully informed about "Schedule K." When Congress was revising the tariff, the Wool Trust took no chances. It had agents in Washington, if those who wear clothes did not. Let us refresh your mind as to what this means to you.

"There is nothing mysterious about the woolen schedule," said Senator Cummins. There is nothing difficult to understand about the woolen schedule. Its wrongs are just as apparent as though they had been written across the face of the bill in letters of fire."*

President Taft said: "The woolen schedule is indefensible."

To those who suffer from cold, from shoddy instead of woolen clothing, from the increased cost and worthless quality of everything they wear, the woolen schedule is worse than indefensible. It is a crime.

Says Franklin Pierce, probably the most authoritative student of the tariff in America: "A large percentage of the people can no longer afford to wear wool. They are actually clad in severest weather in clothes made largely of cotton and shoddy. Schedule K taxes the poor on an entirely different basis than the rich. The duties are what are known as compound duties; that is, specific duties are imposed at so much per yard or the pound, and ad valorem duties are added on value." The result is much higher duties on low-priced commodities than on high-priced ones. The tax on cheap carpets is from 136 per cent. to 156 per cent.; on cheap blankets equal to an ad valorem duty of 165.42 per cent.

A prominent clothing manufacturer (he claimed to be the largest in the United States) told me he was ashamed to ship his goods for the fall trade of 1910. They were so cheap, so shoddy, and so bad.

But this is not all—the cotton manufacturers had Congressmen at Washington, if you did not.

The average ad valorem duties on cotton goods under the Dingley tariff were 44.84 per cent. The Payne-Aldrich bill increased them to 50.62 per cent., an increase of 12.89 per cent. Decreases in rates affected less than one-fifth of one per cent. of the imports, while

* *Congressional Record*, June 11, 1909.

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the increases affected fifty-eight different rates, and have increased the cost of hosiery, mercerized goods, and many other imports from twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent.

It is the pennies of the millions that make up the millions of the few. And the tariff collects its tribute in pennies, dimes, and dollars on the increased cost of everything we consume.

How important to your own pocket is the vote of the hired man you send to Congress, must be coming home to you by this time. If he had felt responsible to you, instead of being subservient to the demands of the sugar, steel, wool, and cotton trusts, think how much better you'd be off to-day; how much less you would be paying for sugar, hardware, clothes, blankets, and a thousand other articles of daily use. Isn't it time you asked him for an accounting?

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SENATOR JONATHAN BOURNE, JR.

It may be that when you question your Congressman about his votes, he'll explain to you that the sugar, steel, cotton, woolen, and other trusts are solicitous for the American wage earner, and that the protective tariff is designed to shield him from pauper labor abroad. That really is its justification, he'll tell you. Mind, I'm not disputing as to Protection *versus* Free Trade, as I told you before; but let us see if this is true. Close upon the heels of the passage of the Payne-Aldrich bill, the Commissioner of Labor at Washington made an investigation of the Bethlehem Steel works, one of the tariff's beneficiaries. Here wealth, comfort, and peace should reign. Instead, a strike was on. Of the total 9,184 men employed in January, 1910, more than half worked twelve hours a day regularly. Twenty-nine per cent. worked twelve hours a day seven days a week. No extra pay was given for overtime. Nearly 3,000 men were working for fourteen cents an hour or less. More than 5,000 men were working for eighteen cents an hour or less.

The census of 1905 showed 40,000 children under sixteen years of age in cotton mills. Three-fourths of these received less than $4 a week. Nearly one-half received less than $3 a week. The average earnings for all employees was less than $7.50 a week.

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SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE.

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SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.

*Photograph by Kuhn, St. Paul.*

SENATOR MOSES E. CLAPP.

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GIFFORD PINCHOT.

Ask your Congressman if it is for such wages as these that the American people are paying more than twice the *entire labor cost* of the entire manufacture of cotton. Franklin Pierce says: "This is not protection. This is plunder. It is simply robbery of the consumers under the form of law."

It is of immense importance for you to know how your Congressman votes on bills affecting railroads. Does he look out for your interest, or does he vote to allow the railroads to increase the enormous tax they have been allowed to impose upon you for the past ten years? Just now you are vitally concerned.

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Do you know that from July, 1909, to February, 1910, millions of new increases in rates were filed by the railways? Nobody knows how many there were. The Interstate Commerce Commission is unable to ascertain what they amount to or how many there are. They are said to average from ten per cent. to fifteen per cent. Some of them amount to thirty-one per cent. If they average but ten per cent., the railroads would add something like a quarter of a billion dollars to the gross income enjoyed in 1908. And these increases continued to be filed up to the first day of June at the same speed.

Do you know that from July 1, 1906, to February 4, 1909, 600,000 schedules of rate increases ranging from one to seven hundred pages each were filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission? They contained approximately 3,000,000 pages, and 150,000,000 items.

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SENATOR J. L. BRISTOW.

And the tribute the railroads exact increases year by year by leaps and bounds. This is possible because Congress does not make the railway fulfill its public functions; it refuses to pass such legislation as will limit railway charges to what is just and reasonable. In eleven years' time, unjust and unreasonable rates have encouraged and permitted capitalization to increase by $6,000,000,000, or fifty-five per cent. During the same period gross earnings increased ninety-seven per cent. and net earnings eighty-three per cent., while dividends and other payments increased from $96,240,864 to $227,597,070, or 137 per cent. *While railway mileage increased by 25.3 per cent., dividends increased 137 per cent.*

An investigation was made by the Interstate Commerce Commission of the operating income of railways having 500 miles or more of track. It showed for eight months an increase in net operating income of $420 a mile. This is equivalent to $630 a year. For the 235,000 miles of railway, this amounts to a gain, *in net income*, by reason of increased rates alone, of $148,050,000 a year. By the resolution of half a dozen men sitting about a directors' table in New York, an additional toll of this amount has been assessed against the men, women, and children of the country.*

Never before in the history of the world has such colossal power been lodged in so few hands. Never has it been more ruthlessly exercised. Yet the railways were moderate up to 1910. But the action of their rate makers during the past eight months shows there is no limit to the tribute which may thus be taken.

Senator La Follette probably knows more about the railroad situation than any other member of the Senate. For years he has fought the railroad interests tooth and nail; and, at the same time, he has done more than any other man to create intelligent public opinion on this very intricate problem. He says: "The tender regard which Congress has always shown in legislating for the benefit of the railroads, regardless of the public right, has enabled these powerful combinations to charge an additional sum to build up millions upon millions of surplus, all paid for by the public out of these vast tolls, taken with unrestrained hand from the public. The railroads have built their extensions and established new lines, which in turn have been grossly overcapitalized, and the public again taxed to pay excessive dividends upon this

* These freight rate increases were made necessary, the railways said, by the increase in wages paid the employees. A calculation was made for me in the office of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It showed that, on one of the largest systems, the increase in total operating expenses due to wage increases was less than one per cent., while the increase of rates was estimated at from ten per cent. to fifteen per cent.

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fictitious capitalization of railroad property builded at public expense. *A study of railroad accounting discloses that not only maintenance, but practically every dollar expended for betterments and permanent improvements, has been charged to operating expenses, and paid for by the public out of unjust, unreasonable, and extortionate transportation charges.*

"We have created a committee in this Congress to inquire into the cost of living. I apprehend, if they do their work thoroughly and impartially, they will find a fruitful field in these gross and unwarranted increases that were made from year to year." *

The railway question is a far bigger problem than discriminations and rebates. It is a problem of restraining a monopoly of portentous proportions, whose activities, rates, charges, and services underlie our very civilization. And the railways are in politics, they seek to control Congress, the courts, and the agencies of public opinion, in order that they may do as they will with this power.

They have had "delegates" in Congress ever since the Civil War—and faithful ones, too. But did your "delegate" represent you in the votes on the amendments to the Wickersham railway bill? True, it is not a perfect bill. The railroad interests were strong enough to throttle the provision ordering a valuation of physical property; so that the country is again denied the privilege of knowing just what is the real investment value of the railways. This was the most important provision offered, and it was defeated. *Ask your Congressman how he voted*, not on the bill as a whole, but *on this amendment.*

The President desired that the Interstate Commerce Commission be given the power to regulate the issue of stocks and bonds by interstate roads. That's what he asked for; but Congress said it had something "just as good." It empowered him to appoint a commission to investigate the issuance of stocks and bonds. This, of course, merely postpones the subject indefinitely. The President feels satisfied to get even this concession; but nothing more will come of it than usually comes from these "investigating" committees. In the meantime, the issuance of stocks and bonds goes merrily on.

Yet the bill has some good points. It reaffirms the ancient prohibition that a road shall not charge more for a shorter haul, in the same direction, than for a longer. It's good to see this old commandment restated. It serves to recall to our mind the clever and droll way the railroads have of getting around it. The bill gives the Interstate Commerce Commission supervision over increases of rates; places telegraph, telephone, and cable companies under the jurisdiction of that commission, and *creates a commerce court*, to try appeals from the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Despite its many shortcomings, the bill is a step forward. If your Congressman is up for reëlection, ask him if he voted to shelve the clauses providing for a physical valuation of roads, and the supervision of stock and bond issues. If a new man is up, ask him how he *would have voted* on these points. This railroad issue, like the poor, is with us always.

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SENATOR G. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

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SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

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SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH.

Why do men struggle to accumulate wealth? Partly that their children may escape the sacrifices they themselves have had to endure. That is why men add acre to acre, factory to factory, and dollar to dollar.

*Speech of Senator La Follette. *Congressional Record*, June 2, 1910.

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That is why men labor far beyond the hours when work is a pleasure.

Has it ever occurred to you that, had your Government reserved all its mineral resources, and leased them out for operation, as is now proposed by the conservationists, there would have been no billion-and-a-half-dollar Steel Trust, no Amalgamated Copper, no anthracite or bituminous coal monopolies? The Standard Oil Company would not now control the supply of petroleum and of natural gas. America would not be subject to a few men for all of the fuel, heat, light, power, and raw materials of production. Further than this, the revenues from royalties would have made taxation almost superfluous. We could have done without custom-house and internal-revenue collectors. Think of it.

Chimerical, you say. Well, Germany treats its resources this way. So does Canada. But these are foreign countries, you say. Their institutions are not fitted to American soil. Well, Minnesota does it on a portion of its school lands which contain iron ore deposits. And Minnesota has accumulated a surplus of over $16,000,000 in its school funds from royalties on a relatively small number of sections of land containing iron ore deposits.

Yes, and the Federal Government does what the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate say is impossible. Congress is trustee for the lands of the Indian tribes in Oklahoma. The Interior Department manages these lands. It leases the surface for grazing, the mineral and oil rights to operators. It collects rent for the land, and a royalty on the mineral products. And it holds these revenues in trust for the Osage, Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, and Chickasaw Indians. The total value of these trust moneys so collected amounts now to many millions of dollars. The annual royalties collected amount to $606 a year for every man, woman, and child in the Osage tribe, or approximately $3,000 per family. Land and mining royalties amount to $150 per family in the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Creek tribes. In ten years' time the royalties on coal and asphalt amounted to $2,000,000.*

This is what is meant by conservation. It is not very difficult to understand. And it is not difficult to do. Scattered all over the Western states, still undeveloped, are mineral deposits of untold value. They include coal, phosphate, asphalt, possibly gold and copper lands. In the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas are mountain streams capable of being converted into light, heat, and power for the upbuilding of the country, for the lighting of cities and homes, for doing the work of hand and of steam. These streams need only to be harnessed. Switzerland, Bavaria, and Baden are harnessing their water power and distributing it for use by all the people at an insignificant cost. The government of the province of Ontario is distributing light and power from Niagara Falls from one section of the province to the other; while private corporation plants lodged along the United States bank of the greatest natural power source in the world are growing rich selling light, heat, and electric force to Buffalo and the adjoining territory.

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REPRESENTATIVE MILES POINDEXTER.

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REPRESENTATIVE A. COOPER.

In Alaska there are coal, copper, timber, and other natural resources upon which Wall Street is now casting lustful eyes. These resources have been estimated at billions on billions of dollars. Nobody can more than guess what they are worth. To-day they belong to you and to me. They can be developed for your use and mine, just as the mineral lands of Oklahoma are developed for the Indian, if your Congressman at Washington

* See reports of the Secretary of the Interior.

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does not barter them away for a mess of pottage under the plea of "development."

The strong boxes of Wall Street would even now be filled with land-office patents conveying these resources of the western states and of Alaska to it in perpetuity had not President Roosevelt called a halt, and placed policemen on guard to prevent the theft. Gifford Pinchot was one of these patrolmen. He had imagination. He said, or seemed to say: "The children of the future have rights as sacred as those of the people now living. Nature did not intend that a few men should own and keep all other men from using the gifts of God to all America."

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REPRESENTATIVE IRVINE L. LENROOT.

In consequence of his action and that of Secretary Garfield, America, by reason of the possessions it still retains, is the richest landlord in all the world. And conservation means that these resources shall be kept; that the surface shall be sold for farming; but that all minerals underneath the surface shall remain the property of the Government, and shall be developed on a royalty basis. It means that water power shall be leased for short terms and under such control by the Government as will prevent the formation of monopoly.

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REPRESENTATIVE J. M. NELSON.

Wall Street will stifle conservation if it can. By so doing, it will stifle competition too. But, intelligently managed, the whole of western America can be freed from the monopoly of natural resources which oppresses the eastern states. Your Congressman can help do this. Will he? That depends on you. Again I ask—is it not your real business to be sure that he votes on this subject of conservation in your interest and not in that of Wall Street?

SENATOR-ELECT CHAMP CLARK.

When John Wanamaker was Postmaster General, he is reported to have said: "There are four reasons why America has no parcels post. First: the Adams Express Company; second: the American Express Company; third: the United States Express Company; and fourth: the Wells Fargo Express Company."

These express companies, parasites of the railways and often owned by the men who control the railways, are among the easiest money makers in the country.

The Wells Fargo stock sold at about $300 a share in 1908. By the end of 1909 it had gone up to $675. Indeed, it was earning such fabulous amounts that, to avoid declaring suspiciously large dividends, it recently gave every stockholder two additional shares for every one he held. That is what Wall Street calls "cutting a melon." The stock of the American Express Company sells for $250 a share, the Adams for $250 a share, and the Wells Fargo now sells for $160 per share.

The express companies do not believe in

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the parcels post; and because of their influence with your hired men in Congress, you are denied it.

There is much popular strength behind the demand for a parcels post. The farmers believe in it. The Farmers' Union, with three million members, is aggressively agitating for it. "Every local of the Farmers' Union in the United States has taken some action at its local meetings upon the parcels post," said a representative of the Union before the Committee on Post Office and Post Roads of the House of Representatives, in April last. In this agitation the other farmers' organizations, including among them, it is said, 9,000,000 members, are also joined.

Almost every country in the world that pretends to be civilized has a parcels post. The limit of weight for parcels in Germany and Austria is 110 pounds; in Belgium it is 132 pounds; and in nearly all other foreign countries it is eleven pounds. The postage rate is only a fraction of what we pay in this country for postage, and is much lower than express rates.

Everywhere the parcels post is universally used. It is a great clearing house of exchange. It brings the market gardener to the door of the consumer in the city. It places the shopkeeper in close touch with his patron. The postman in the morning brings not only your letters, but your butter, eggs, poultry, and vegetables from the country. Even flowers come to the morning table fresh with dew. Once or twice a year the German farmer comes to town, solicits his customers, and supplies them with vegetables and other food without the need of a middleman. Think what a parcels post would mean to you.

More than this—not only are the express companies strong enough with your Congressmen to prevent the establishment of a parcels post, but they have induced your Government to discriminate against you, as between domestic and foreign postal rates and service. For instance, you can send a package from New York to the most distant point in Germany, Japan, or any one of twenty-nine countries for twelve cents a pound; but if you send it from New York to Jersey City, to Chicago, or any other point in this country, you must pay sixteen cents a pound. Again, if you want to send a package from America to some foreign country by post, you are permitted to send eleven pounds; but if you want to send it from one point to another in this country, you are limited to four pounds.

Thus do the express companies, by reason of their power over your hired men in Congress, levy tribute on your purse, your comfort, and your convenience. A cheap general parcels post, even though limited to eleven pounds, would do much to break down the combinations and trusts which control the necessities of life. It would clear away a thousand barriers to the free exchange of all sorts of goods and products. Would it not be money in your pocket to pledge your Congressman to help secure a parcels post for you?

All these evils I have enumerated—all these oppressions that the Privileged Interests lay upon us—are part of the cost of "delegated" government, of which Senator Bourne spoke. His remedy is direct government. But that is not what we have. The question for us is: Can our "delegated" government be converted into "popular" government? I think it can. A start has been made in the Sixty-first Congress. But much remains to be done, and the voters must do it.

There are nearly 20,000,000 voters in America. They do all the voting. For Privilege does not go to the polls. This vote is what the scientist calls "potential force." Some day it will become "kinetic." Then it will be sovereign: the sovereignty of the whole people.

By what means are we to go about transforming this potential force into kinetic?

Some years ago I attended a political meeting in Glasgow. A candidate for Parliament was speaking. From time to time he was interrupted by what seemed to me, an American, impertinent questions. His auditors wanted to know how he would vote on this bill and that! The candidate met the questions frankly. If he thought them impertinent, he did not show it. He seemed to think the people had a right to know how he would serve them at Westminster.

I expressed some astonishment at this procedure to a Scotchman standing near me. He said:

"Oh, he has to answer. We call this heckling. We want to know, you know. That's the way we get our reforms. We make the candidates pledge themselves. They do not like to do it. Many of them have to agree to

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vote against their own interests, and their friends. But we know where they stand before we vote for them. We know what they will do in Parliament."

And one of the candidates who had passed through this third degree from a Glasgow audience is reported to have said: "If those Glaswegians don't get into heaven, they'll make it hot for the devil. They'll heckle the life out of him."

That's the point, then. Heckle. Ask questions. If we cannot have direct government, let's make it so uncomfortable for our delegated government that it will have to represent us. Heckle. Heckle your Congressmen. Ask how he voted on all critical questions, and

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SENATOR COE I. CRAWFORD.

Congressional candidates. And a few will do some good. But the principal thing is for all to act all together. It would be best if we could all ask the same questions everywhere. It wouldn't matter for the present what the questions were. The important thing is to act together somehow; so we suggest that everybody ask any question he pleases about any question that interests him; that he ask his questions in writing on post cards addressed to candidates, or at meetings where they speak.

But if you do not know what to ask, ask the questions drawn up in the form on page 168. They will be the important issues before the Sixty-second Congress, to be elected in the fall.

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SENATOR E. J. BURKETT.

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REPRESENTATIVE GEORGE NORRIS.

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SENATOR R. L. OWEN.

don't let him fool you; know how he voted. Ask him why. And not only the old Congressman; ask also the candidates who want to succeed him. No matter about parties. Privilege is bi-partisan. Privilege works with both parties; it pledges all candidates; it heckles, heckles, heckles. And that's why most candidates for office serve Privilege. Privilege heckles.

If all the voters who read this article would all heckle all candidates for Congress at all times and in all places all this summer and fall, something would certainly happen next winter. We know some voters who will; we know some voters who are organizing little heckling parties or committees to "attend" to "their"

SENATOR NORRIS BROWN.

They will not be settled until settled right. You can cut out the form and send it to your candidate for answer, or, if you will send a postal card to EVERYBODY'S, we will send you as many blanks as you wish. With these you, or any association or organization to which you belong, can question your candidates. You can question them before the primaries or before election. You can question them in person, by mail, or on the stump. Life will not be made as easy for the candidate as it has been in the past. And he may have some trouble in squaring his pledges with his votes in Congress. But any one who insists that his employer should accept him on faith is not familiar with the law of principal and agent.

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PRINTED FORMS LIKE THE FOLLOWING CAN BE OBTAINED BY WRITING TO "EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE," SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK.

*To* ———————————————

*Candidate for the House of Representatives from the* ———— *District of* ————————

*Dear Sir:—*

*In order to determine to whom to delegate my (our) share of the responsibility for government, I (we, the members of* ———— *) beg to request of you, as the candidate for the House of Representatives from the* ———— *District of* ———— *a statement of your attitude upon the following public questions, and the position you will take toward legislation thereon if elected to the Sixty-second Congress.*

*Very respectfully yours,*

———————————————

———————————————

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

**1: I (will not) (will) vote for Cannon for Speaker.**

**2: I (will) (will not) vote to take the appointment of the Rules Committee and all other committees away from the Speaker and lodge it in the House.**

**3: I (will) (will not) vote for a revision of the tariff on the principle that customs duties exacted by the United States shall represent no more than the actual difference in wage cost of production between the United States and foreign countries. In order to determine this difference scientifically, I (will not) (will) vote for any legislation needed to enable the Tariff Commission to investigate costs and conditions of production at home and abroad.**

**4: I (will) (will not) vote for the valuation of the physical property of railways, and for authorizing the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate rates on this valuation.**

**5: I (will) (will not) vote to authorize the Interstate Commerce Commission to limit the issuance of stocks and bonds of railways to the actual investment made.**

**6: I (will) (will not) vote for a constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of United States Senators.**

**7: I (will) (will not) vote for the Carter Bill, providing for a business administration of the Post Office Department and the appointment of a permanent Director of Posts.**

**8: I (will) (will not) vote for a General Parcels Post as like those of European countries as differing conditions in the United States will permit, details of size of parcels and costs to be determined by the Director of Posts after due investigation.**

**9: I (will) (will not) vote for retention by the Federal Government of mineral deposits undisposed of in the West and in Alaska, such mineral deposits to be leased and not sold, the fee to be kept by the Federal Government for the benefit of posterity.**

**10: I (will) (will not) vote to have the Federal Government retain existing water power sites, same to be leased or developed by the Government.**

**11: I (will) (will not) vote for a reorganization of the method of making internal improvements on rivers and harbors and for the location of public buildings, so that appropriations shall be made on the recommendation of a non-political, unbiased commission instead of by "Pork Barrel" methods.**

**12: I (will) (will not) stand by these pledges, even though they conflict with the caucus of my party.**

(Signature) ————————————

REMARKS:

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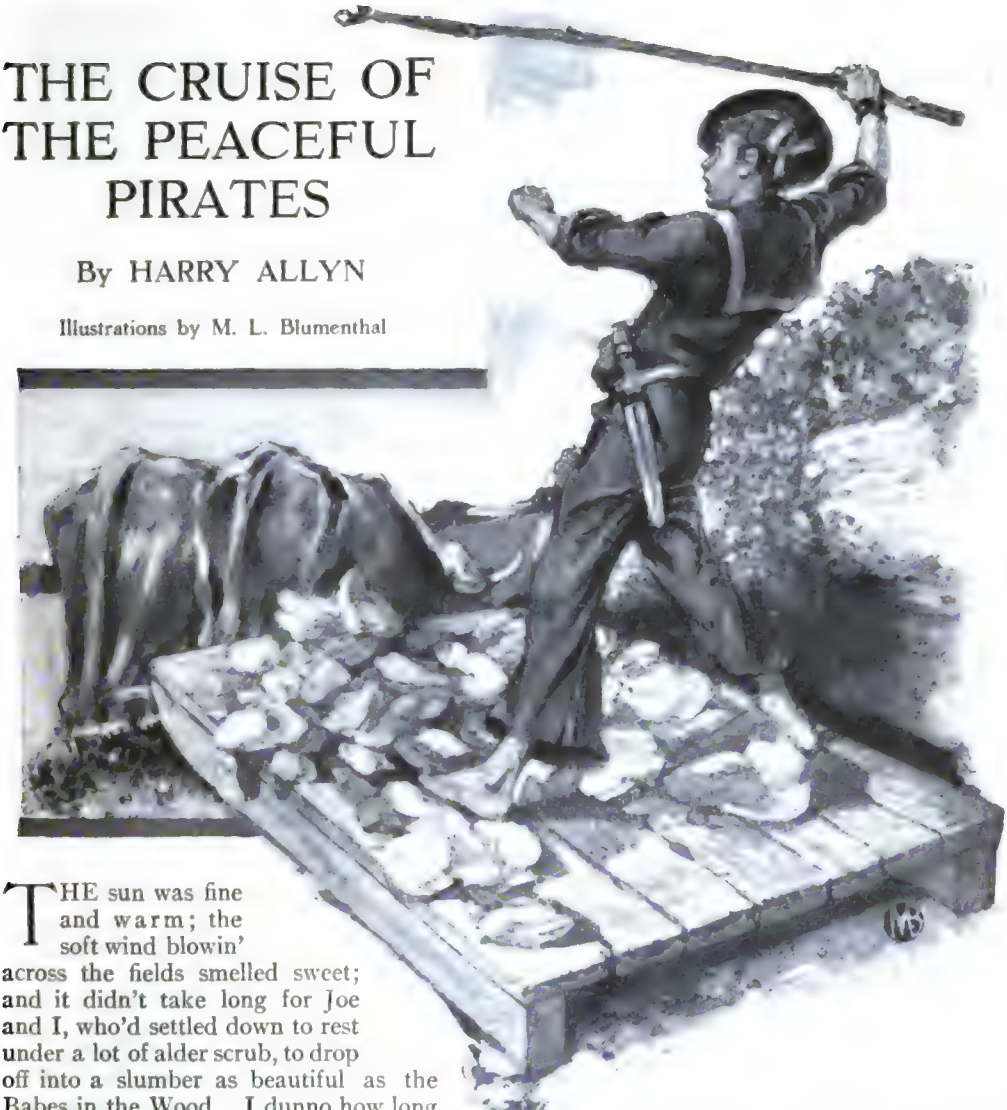
# THE CRUISE OF THE PEACEFUL PIRATES

By HARRY ALLYN

Illustrations by M. L. Blumenthal



THE sun was fine and warm; the soft wind blowin' across the fields smelled sweet; and it didn't take long for Joe and I, who'd settled down to rest under a lot of alder scrub, to drop off into a slumber as beautiful as the Babes in the Wood. I dunno how long I'd slept, when I was waked up by such a conglomerate of land and water language from the other side of the stone wall that for an instant I thought mebbe I'd been shanghaied and sent to sea. I got up still and easy to my feet, without roustin' up Joe, and, peekin' out through the brush, I saw a sight that mixed me up complete.

Just over the wall was a young feller thirteen or fourteen years old, and four and a half feet tall, standin' on a stone-boat hooked on behind a yoke of steers. That wasn't anything strange in a country where every durn field looked like a cobble-paved street; but when I tell you that this chap was togged out from the bottom of his bell-mouthed pants, laced up the back, to the roof of his little flat cap, like an able-bodied seaman just out of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, it'll set you to guessin' just as it did me.

I didn't say anything; just leaned my elbows on the top stone and listened. Directly he begun to ee-lucidate again, and, although I've had consider'ble experience in strange, loose words, the way that seafarin' lingo run out of



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that feller was enough to make you think you was plowin' the Gulf of Mexico with old Lafitte.

"Stabboard! . . . Stabboard! . . . you brindle-legged off-scourin' of a ship-scuttlin' sea-cook!" he yells, and immejitly the nigh ox drags his mate off to one side.

"Avast haulin'! . . . you weevily old lump of salt hoss!" he bellers again. "Belay all!" And I'm durned if the yoke of critters didn't settle down on their hoofs and go to chawin' their cuds as contented as if they'd been weaned on the deck of a cattle steamer.

I watched him begin to load the boat with the dornicks layin' round for some few minutes before I butted in.

"Ahoy, shipmate!" I says through my hollered hands, as I've seen 'em do it up along the lakes; and he straightened up with a jerk that'd busted his galluses—if he'd wore any.

"Ahoy!" he responds, shadin' his eyes with the edge of his hand as if he was lookin' fifty miles off at the horizon. "What ship? . . . And whither bound?"

"The *Thomas Grace!*" I shouts back. "Tramp schooner out of New York under ballast! . . . and mighty little of it," I adds to myself, sotter voice.

"Heave to and I'll board ye!" he calls over, and, stickin' his ox goad into the newly plowed dirt, he give his pants a reg'lar nautical hitch and sa'ntered across the intervenin' space with a rollin' walk that durn near made me seasick to watch.

"Why this incongr'ous mixture of deep-sea duds and language on a farm two hundred miles from salt water?" I inquires, as he come up to the other side of the wall.

"I'll tell ye," he responds, with another hitch at the waistband of his pants. "I want to be a sailor, and pop won't listen to it. And as long as I can't go to sea, I'm goin' to bring as much of the sea to me as I can."

"Kinder a case of Mahomet and the mountain, hay?" I interrupts.

"Uhuh," he says. "A year ago the old gent gimme this 'ere yoke of steers to break for my own, and I've trained 'em up in nautical terms until there ain't another deck-swabber in the township who can pilot 'em but me. I cert'nly do detest farmin'," he continues, heavin' a sigh that must 'a' started from his lower diagram. "I want to see strange lands and strange people; eat strange vittles and hear strange languages. I'm sick of seein' the horizon bounded by heaps of hills, and hearin' nothin' from mornin' till night but a lot of blitherin' lobscouses talk crops, cattle, the price of milk and eggs, and the int'rest on the mortgage. This 'ere gettin' up reg'lar at four every mornin', eatin' three just-alike meals every day, and goin' to bed with the hens at night is just wearin' me down to skin and bone. And the wood-cuttin', plowin', harrowin', and pickin' stone is durn near drivin' me to desp'ration."

Honest, I never saw a young feller have it quite so bad, or hear such a despairin' wail from a human boosum as that one.

"And last winter," he continues, swallerin' a snuffle, "dad sent me away to school to see if it wouldn't have the effect of breakin' me of my longin'. . . . But I only stayed a month, for inside of two weeks the whole school was talkin' so dummed nautical it busted up the class in English liter'ture and they fired me out for fear o' wreckin' the discipline of the whole bloomin' passenger list. . . . I've just simply got to go to sea," he concludes. "I'm called."

"I'm under the idee that you've been readin' somethin' that didn't agree with you," I says, kinder thoughtful. "This 'ere sailorin' life ain't quite such a bunch of primroses as you'd imagine; there's consider'ble many nettles in yer bouquet."

"D'ye ever foller the sea?" he inquires eager-like.

"Some," I replies, lyin' like a circus press agent, for I ain't never follered it farther from land than up the Sound to Boston——and peeled p'taters all the way up to pay my passage. "Some."

"Where away?" he comes back, more eager than before.

"Aw, down on the Spanish Main," I says, thinkin' I might just as well lay it on thick as long as I'd committed myself. "Down the Spanish Main a-piratin' and lookin' for one of them old galleons that was wrecked on the Bahama keys five er six hundred years ago."

"Oh Lord!" he gasps, his eyes sparklin' and his mouth waterin' at the thought of such a trip. "A real pirate! And did ye bring back any of the gold?"

"Not one green-crusted doubloon," I says sadly.

"Er no pieces of eight?"

"Not one piece of eight," I

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responds, with tears in my voice.

"And no silver plate?"

"Not even a saucer," I says, near bellerin' out loud in my sorrow.

"Why not?" he inquires, his whole little body seemin' to swell up with interrogation marks.

"We found another pirate a-layin' off the coral reef," I replies, goin' through my memory for words proper to trim a marine narrative. "We fit 'em until our scuppers run with blood; and while both ships was sinkin', with ever'body dead but me, I walked the plank and swum ten miles to a desert island inhabited by nothin' but cannibals. For a month they tried to eat me, but I was too toughened by piratin' to digest. Then they made me king, and for two years I ruled 'em with a rod of iron that was washed ashore one night. Fin'ly, one day I caught sight of a sail 'way off on the distant horizon, waited until dusk with my heart in my mouth, and, sneakin' down to the coral strand with my trusty Eskimo kayak under my arm, put to sea. I was picked up at daybreak and landed in New York two months later, destitute of everything but an experience. How's that for a sailorin' eppysode?"

"Lord, oh Lord!" he gasps betwixt long breaths. "And to think of all the hairbreadth escapes and thrillin' adventures I'm missin'!"

"Ya-as," I says, steppin' on Joe's hand to keep him from pullin' the bottom of my pants leg and detractin' from the solemnity of my tale, "but that's nothin' to follerin' up the slave trade on the coast of Africky in a long, black, rakish schooner that only hits the top of the highest waves, while half the warships of the world are tryin' to put a ten-ton cannon ball in betwixt your wind and water. That's *real* excitement."

"It must be," he says, a sigh breakin' out of him that almost rattled his teeth loose. "It must be."

"It is," I asserts. "It is."

"Where ye bound for now?" he inquires, after a few minutes of mournful despondency.

"My mate and I are goin' up on the Great Lakes, where we can always be sure of havin' drinkin' water handy in case of shipwreck," I replies, and, that bein' Joe's cue, up he got from the grass to weave a few more marine romances to suit the young feller's taste for adventure.

"Uhuh," Joe says, leanin' his elbows on the wall alongside of me, "for months I've had nothin' to drink but rum up the Rum River, brandy on the Brandywine, and nothin' to eat but sandwiches in the Sandwich Islands and lump sugar on Sugarloaf Mountain. This livin' on one thing too long puts your digestion on the blink, so we're goin' up where we can swim ashore in a couple of days

"FOR A MONTH THEY TRIED TO EAT ME, BUT I WAS TOO TOUGHENED BY PIRATIN' TO DIGEST."

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whenever the vessel sinks. No more salt water sailin' for mine."

"Say," says the kid, his little, wizened face lightin' up until the freckles stood out like new pennies, "take me along with ye? I've got most a hundred dollars saved up in my bank at the house," he continues, seein' great disapproval in my demeanor, "and we'll all ship together an' you can learn me the trade."

I looked at Joe, and he returned the look, but with more enthusiasm than I liked to see in a feller who's as honest as Joe.

"What d'ye think of it?" I inquires, figgerin' that we might get away with one square meal at least before we could escape from this adventurous little cuss. "What d'ye think?"

"It's feasible," he responds—and I could see him countin' over on his fingers what his share of the hundred would be—"perfectly feasible; but mebbe his old man'd interfere."

"I wouldn't tell 'im," the would-be salt breaks in. "I'd run away."

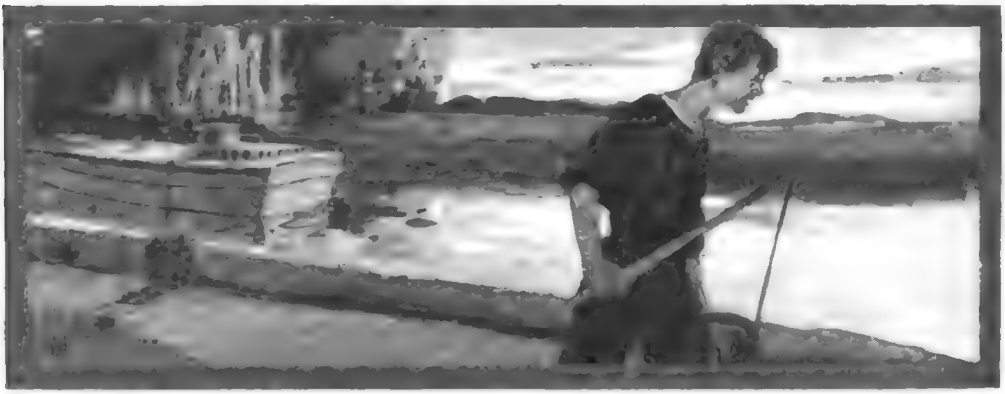
Just then we heard a blast on a tin horn from the direction of the house.

"It's mess-time," the kid says, makin' up a face, "and prob'bly nothin' to eat but chicken and dumplin's an' mashed p'taters an' mebbe apple pie to finish off with. No real *man's* feed like salt hoss an' sea biscuits—an' plum duff; nothin' substantial. You wait here until I get back."

"And don't forget a couple of shipwrecked mariners while you're discussin' that miser'ble chicken and fixin's," says Joe, the water droolin' out of his mouth like a pig on the wrong side of the trough.

The kid went back to his oxen, unhooked them from the stone-boat, and after a lot of strange, salt-sea exclamations and orders, got them bows up to the wind, as you mig t say, and started them off on a deep-sea roll across the troubled waves of plowed ground toward the house. Joe and I sot down in the shade again and begun makin' cal'lations in higher mathematics in which the hundred cut consider'ble importance.

"I dunno's the law could look at it in the light of mayhem—this bitin' off his financial support ain't quite like removin' an ear or a leg," says Joe, in deep thought, "nor yet arson, although we kinder expect to scorch him for his hundred; nor burglary, as we don't intend to use a jimmy on him. Mebbe it *might* come under the excise law in regards to sellin' gold bricks to minors. I dunno; it's too deep for me; you figger it out to suit yourself," and, turnin' over with his face to the wall, he dropped off to sleep as calm as if he hadn't just been schemin' to defraud a fourteen-year-old infant out of his hard-earned savin's.



"WHEN I GROW UP IME GOIN TO BE A DETECTIV AN ILE HUNT YOU DOWN AN TARE YOU LIM FROM LIM."

I reckon I'd sot there spendin' that money for about three-quarters of an hour, when over the wall scrabbled a man of fifty or fifty-five, with so many whiskers growin' out of his face he made me think of a bull terrier lookin' through a hole in a fur rug.

"So you're the bloody pirates from the Spanish Main?" he says, kinder sarcastic, leanin' on a four-foot length of round

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maple firewood he'd brought with him. "You're the pair of miser'ble, lyin', low-down, barn-burnin', deep-sea hoss thieves"—which last I thought was consider'ble far-fetched, as I never heard of a hoss thief at sea—"who are tryin' to wean my boy away from a peaceful home on the farm to foller the misfortunes of a couple of tramp sailors—and all for a measly dollar or two?"

"My friend," I says, gently kickin' Joe and risin' to my feet so's he could see what manner of man he was hangin' such heavy names on, "hard words don't break no bones, but sometimes they'll lead up mighty close to it. This seems to be a public highway, and I'd awfully hate to lift you up in one hand and take you apart like a nickel alarm clock; it'd expose your works . . . and mebbe you've got a skeleton in your closet you wouldn't want brought to light. My pardner and I," I continues, slowly flexing my muscles so's he could see my chest development, "are just plain, ever'day men. A hundred dollars looks to us to be about the valuation of this whole dummed country. And when in the course of human events," quotin' from the Declaration of Independence, "a hundred long green is practically pushed at us, without any effort of our own, it's ag'inst all precedents to dodge it."

"Have ye ever *been* to sea?" he queries.

"Never," I rejoins. "Never beyond three miles from shore."

"Dunno nothin' about it, hay?"

"Not one dummed thing—and ain't hankerin' to learn."

"And ye ain't plottin' to take my boy away to some furrin land and desert 'im?"

"Not a plot," I affirms earnest-like.

"I dunno—I dunno," he says, shakin' his head and seemin' to sink into a dark brown study. "I come down here from hearin' Bub drivel on about two pirates he'd seen this mornin', thoroughly warmed up to wear this stick out on ye—but mebbe it's providential. That boy's got the salt sea soaked into him so mighty bad that ever' time he washes his face in the basin the water turns to brine. His room looks like a water-front junk shop, and he sleeps on a shelf ruther than a good feather tick; reads Capt'n Mayne Reid and Clark Russell oftener than he does his Bible, and got ever' darn cow on the place so she'll come sooner at the call of 'On deck' than the good old-fashioned 'Co-boss.'"

"Why don't ye let him have some of the pleasures of tar on his hands and bruises on his body, then?" I inquiries, with consider'ble int'rest. "I've had the bringin' up of three kids in my time."—Lord, but how I can lie when I've got a good subject to practice on!—"One of 'em wanted to be a soldier, one a railroad brakeman, and one a minister. They all repented, however—all except the railroader—and are now follerin' peaceful and contented lives far removed from contaminatin' influences. Nothin'," I says, "tends to wean a young feller from mistaken idees quite as much as to find out that the insides of books are just readin' matter—and not facts."

"B' jinks!" he exclaims, slappin' his horny old hand down on the leg of his eighty-cent pants, "b' jinks, I b'lieve you're right! I'll let 'im run away with ye if ye think ye can cure 'im."

"Cure him!" I retorts. "Cure him! Why, man alive, inside of a month he'll be so dummed glad to come crawlin' up over the kitchen roof to his own little bedroom—unbeknownst to you—that he'll never read nothin' again but the story of the Prodigal Son. Cure him! If Joe and I can't work a complete reformation inside of his little carcass, I'll come back here some day and let ye use up a whole cord of just such sticks as you're holdin' now—and never make a kick."

"B' gum, it's a go!" he says. "I'll let him sneak away just as soon as it's dark and he's drove the cows up."

"How about the hundred?" I queries interested-like. "We can't go into the tutorin' business without proper remooneration. Knowledge costs money, ye know."

He hung off like blazes on lettin' the kid abscond with all his savin's; wanted to cut 'em in half—farmers are dreadful tight when it comes to loosenin' up; but at last I brought him round to my way of thinkin', and he sneaked back toward the house, leavin' his maple club behind him. And as he went out of sight, I couldn't help thinkin' of the feller in the Scriptures who'd "come to scoff and remained to pray."

About two o'clock—I know Joe and I was gettin' down to the "died-of-starvation" paragraph—over the wall clumb the little freckle-face with enough chicken, boiled ham, bread, and apple pie to last us frugal feeders three meals. It didn't, though; both of us bein'

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opposed to runnin' any unnecessary chances, we et it all at one settin' to get it out the way. All the time we were eatin', the little cuss sot there and watched every mouthful as we threw it down our hatchways, wonderin', I s'pose, if we had holler legs.

"D'ye meet up with paw?" he inquires, as I got to my feet to sort o' give the food an opportunity to settle.

"We did *not*," I says, still stickin' to the untruth. "If we had, I'd been tempted to hang him at the yardarm for denyin' a young feller of your abilities the chance to lay aloft and splice the anchor cable."

"And I can have figgers tattooed on my arms?" he says.

"You can," I responds, without smilin'. "Inside of two voyages you'll look like the comic sheet of a Sunday paper."

"And a cutlass and a brace of trusty pistols in a belt round my waist?"

"Surest thing you know," I answers. "But cutlasses ain't considered quite the resher-shay thing aboard real up-to-date pirate ships any more. The rollin'-pin or a marline spike comes nearer to maintainin' discipline. But still," I continues, noticin' his chin drop a mite, "if you feel inclined to cutlasses, I don't see any great objection to your sportin' one."

"I think I'd ruther," he says, chirkin' up; "it seems to be a fav'rite weapon in 'Treasure Island' and 'Capt'n Kidd.'"

"All right," I says. "The cutlass for yourn."

"When do we start?" he interrogates.

"Just as soon as it gets dusky enough for you to abscond with the savin's bank," I rejoins.

"You'll have to lay low," he says, "or pop'll likely get ye."

"Don't worry about us, son," I returns. "When an old farmer can locate a couple of fellers who've spent the best part of their lives layin' low from pirates, cannibals, policemen, and other carnivory, he's got to use a diamond drill and a stick of dynamite."

He beat it back to the house, and he'd no more'n got out of sight than the old farmer's head popped up over the wall behind us.

"I've heard of some mighty liars in my life," he says with a grin; "read about Ananias an' Sapphiry in the Scriptures, also 'Gulliver's Travels' an' 'Baron Munchausen.' But, b' gosh, you've got 'em skun down to the bone! An' that little cuss o' mine believed it. I'm dummed if I ain't ashamed of him. To think o' him laborin' through life with a cutlash tied to his side. Why, a knife an' fork comes pretty near lamin' him, as it is. Gee, but I could laugh if this bringin' up a durn fool wa'n't such a serious matter!"

"He'll have different idees inside of thirty days," I says, real confident, and after a little longer feast of reason and flow of soul betwixt us three, the old farmer went prowlin' back along the wall, while Joe and I crept farther into the alders and drifted off into the sweet slumbers induced by a full stomach.

It was well into dusk when we woke up, and I don't suppose we'd done so then if it hadn't been for our new apprentice to the sailin' business. First, I felt somethin' shakin' my shoulder excited-like, and then I heard a shrill whisper orderin', "All hands on deck." Joe and I sot up in the grass, at first kinder puzzled at this unwarranted disturbance; then my memory went back with a jerk to what we were supposed to be, and I got to my feet with an "Aye, aye, sir."

There was the new recruit, loaded down with a big package of half-dime novels, an old Civil War haversack full of junk, and a musket of the vintage of 1812, I should judge, not to mention a bundle of provisions and the bank—the only real sensible things in the outfit.

"Lord, but I'd hate to have any of our friends meet up with us and this 'ere freak combination," whispers Joe to me on the side.

"We'll lose all them accessories in the first freight car," I whispers back. "Let 'im go, but don't offer to carry anythin' but the fodder—or the bank."

From the turnpike we waded through the fields until we struck the railroad track, and durin' the hours to midnight we kept pretty steady poundin' cinders until we come to a waterin' tank where I knew somethin' in the way of rollin' stock would have to stop before daybreak. We skirted the tank in order to keep out of sight of the pump man, and three or four hundred feet above it found a pretty decent restin' place in a big heap of ties alongside the track. The would-be sailor was all in. I s'pose he'd never been outdoors a whole night before in all his short life, for no sooner had we hit the timber than he slumped down, and inside of fifty seconds was as sound asleep as if he'd been struck with a brick.

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"HE'D 'A' MADE A GRAND PIRATE," JOE SAYS SOFTLY.

An hour later along rolled a string of box cars, and I shook the kid awake. He was crossgrained as thunder to have his rest busted into so unceremoniously, but with a few soothin' words concernin' eight bells and the dog watch he got over it, and we all three streaked it for an open side door of an empty grain car. Then I induced him to shed the haversack and other scrap, and in ten minutes more he was off again to sleep, while Joe and I set danglin' our feet out the door, eatin', and figgerin' out a campaign so's he'd have somethin' to talk about when he got back home.

Near daylight we rumbled over the frogs and switches into a town of some size. The kid had had his sleep out and was wide awake, but mighty stiff from sleepin' on the floor. We got out and took to a lumber yard near the tracks. Then I got a couple of big rocks and soon put the bank in the receiver's hands—which was me. It was all in nickels, quarters, halves, and four ten-dollar gold pieces, which the kid said had been



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given to him on different Christmases for bein' a good boy. Lord, but I would 'a' been good all the days of my life at ten per goodness! While I was busy in the treasury department, all at once the kid set up an awful wail. He'd missed his outfit. There was no use of weepin' over anythin' as thoroughly lost as that was, though, for the car was five miles in the country by that time—and still goin'. So Joe took it upon himself to do the smooth act, while I cantered up into the town to buy a few eatables to take the place of the remnants we'd left aboard the freight.

I sa'ntered up into the main street of the place—if I hadn't 'a' had somethin' near a hundred good iron men in my duds, I'd 'a' said "sneaked." But money don't sneak; it walks bold-like, with its chest thrown out and head aloft. Almost the first fact I run across was that this was a canal town. I strolled out on to a bridge spannin' the big ditch, and, leanin' my elbows on the rail alongside another loafer, got real int'rested in watchin' 'em float a big canaler through the locks from the lower level.

"Where is she bound?" I inquires of my neighbor.

"Buffalo," he responds.

"How far?" I asks again.

"Hunderd an' thirty miles," he says.

"Uhuh," I mumbles, and fell to ponderin' deep.

I watched the operation of floodin' the lock for a few minutes, and strolled off the bridge down to a grocery store where I invested a trifle in eatables; after which festive expenditure I made my way back to the lumber yard, still thinkin' deep.

"Son," I says, after breakin' open a can of beans with my jackknife, "nothin' but Providence has been guidin' our wanderin' footsteps up to now—nothin' but Providence. Here's an opportunity right at hand for beginnin' your initiation into the noble guild of piratin'. It'd never do," I continues, munchin' away at a handful of crackers, "to start you at any place above the bottom rung of the purfession, for the first thing you know you'd be a first mate, er mebbe a capt'n, without any idee of the primary class in takin' a vessel. D'ye get my meanin'?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" he replies, touchin' his little flat cap in true naval style.

"One of the greatest waterways on earth trickles through this 'ere town," I says, "straight up to Buffalo and the Great Lakes. And it occurs to me," I continues, sinkin' my voice down to a meller basso profundo, "that right here, where there ain't no coral reefs or uncharted rocks to wreck a vessel on, is the proper place to begin your education in marine navigation."

Lord, but how he did brighten up at the idee he was so dummed near to realizin' the dreams of his nights and days on the farm!

"After we've et," I says, "we'll go up and make arrangements about shippin'."

When all three of us got out on the bridge so's we could get a good view of the boat, which was still in the lock, you ought to seen his eyes bug out. I reckon it was the first time in his life he'd seen anythin' on the water bigger'n a wash-tub or a raft in a swamp, I let him soak it in for a while, and, leavin' Joe to act as his guardian, went off down the tow-path to where the owner of the scow was scrappin' with the lock-keeper over the fee.

"Hay," I says, pullin' out a couple of Pittsburg stogies and passin' one across to him, "d'ye want to take a couple of passengers who'll pay their fare and one who'll work his passage up Buffalo way?"

"Just as soon," he returns, "providin' I get the cash in hand."

"And keep in mind," I says, "that this 'ere craft is a-smugglin' a mighty valuable cargo over into Canady under the very eyes of the revenue officers, and that the crew, masts, sails, and other raffle is waitin' impatiently on the Buffalo docks all ready to shove into her—and away across the boundin' waves she scoots to some northern port where you're to take on a load of French brandy and laces to smuggle back. Can you remember all that?"

"Say, what kind of talk is this you're givin' me?" he says, lookin' at me as if he thought I had a flock of crows roostin' in my cupola. "Th' *Clarissy B.* never had a piece of canvas bigger'n an awnin' on her deck since her keel was laid, fifteen year ago comin' March; couldn't go faster'n two miles an hour 'nless she was towed by a locomotive, and never carried anythin' better'n a load of grain or lumber in all her water-soaked days."

Then I had to explain the method in my madness, and I thought he'd tumble off the towpath into the drink—he was so tickled.

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"Shipmates," I says, after I'd got back on the bridge where Joe and the kid was waitin', "we're in luck; but we'll have to keep our tongues close reefed, for this old feller's violatin' the law in more'n a thousand respects." And then I laid it on so thick that I could see Joe more'n half believed it.

After the old barge had got up to the upper level, we went down, and while a span of measly-lookin' mules was bein' hitched on to the towline, I took Joe and the kid aboard and introduced them. I thought the old cuss'd have a paralytic stroke when he caught sight of the kid's get-up; but he managed to get away with it in time to inject a lot of deep-sea words into the conversation, after which he took him up on the towpath, and, handin' him the lines and a gad with a lash ten foot long, started him on his way to commandin' an ocean scourge some ways in the future.

Anybody who's troubled with a restless spirit ought to take passage on a canaler. It's the most calm and peaceful way on the earth of gettin' somewhere. No bustle, no rush, no cinders, no noise; just a blissful slidin' along between green banks so soft and easy that if you think you've missed a bit of scenery, you can look back an hour or two later and take another view. I don't know when I've enjoyed anythin' quite as much as I did the ensuin' four days a-lollin' on the deck behind the cook-house—out of sight of the kid—playin' seven-up with Joe and the old man. I'd liked to seen that voyage on the *Clarissy B.* continued until the final trump blowed.

But after the third day the kid come aboard in the evenin' with a new expression on his face I hadn't noticed before—and not one durned nautical word out of him. I watched him tenderin' up a big blister on one heel, and saw he needed a mental bracin' up. But when I started in on an imaginary voyage down on the Gold Coast after pearls and ivory, he didn't respond; just sot and looked at me as if he thought I was lyin' for my own benefit instead of his.

All the next day I could hear him talkin' to the mules in anythin' but a complimentary way; and when he sot down to his supper of corned beef and cabbage on the evenin' of the fourth, if I've ever read of mutiny aboard ship, that little cuss had it in his head that night.

And here's somethin' a grown man ought to take into consideration when he's dealin' with a boy: He's an unknown quantity. Feelin' secure in your own super'ority of education and experience, you let matters drift along, knowin' you can always handle him physically, but, like a few million other durn fools before you, never takin' into consideration that he's got a brain that's workin' while yourn is sleepin'.

I hate to tell this; it makes me feel small and insignificant even in my own eyes. But the next mornin' when we woke up, the kid's bunk was empty. I s'posed he'd gone on deck; but when I went to draw my socks on I found a note pinned to one of 'em which read:

> You ain't no piruts. Youre nothin but A bunch of Liers an theeves. Ive got My munny back an more to pay for workin fore days. Ime goin home an you can go too Hel. when i grow Up ime goin to be a Detecktiv an ile hunt you down an tare you lim from lim.

I looked across to the other bunk, where the old man was hustlin' round in his red flannel under-duds vainly lookin' for the shot-bag of small change he always carried—but wouldn't any more—then I looked mournful-like at Joe.

"He'd 'a' made a grand pirate," Joe says softly.

"He would," I responds in the same tone. "But I sincerely hope he'll never grow to detective size."

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# The DAY of JUDGMENT

by

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Drawings by Harry Townsend

Author of "Dr. Ellen," "Open House," etc.

MRS. COTTER went slowly down the stairs, letting a pleased, possessive glance rest on the harmonious walls, the excellent carpet, the handsome front door, with its heavy, polished knob. It was a dignified little house, and her step had taken on a corresponding dignity in the three months of her ownership. Whatever Lucius Cotter had lacked of generosity, kindliness, or any of the open-hearted virtues, he had more than made up in the hour when he changed Mrs. Cotter from a harassed, scrimped wife, in deadly terror of the future, to a well-to-do, almost prosperous, widow.

The bewilderment of that change was on her still, just under the complacency of her serene gaze. Sometimes, even yet, she could burn with hot anger for the years of sordid ugliness, the pinched, starved life to which she had been so needlessly held down. She wore no crape for Lucius Cotter, and her mouth hardened at the sight of his name. Yet, on the whole, satisfaction and a vast, heavenly relief were her daily mood. The sound of the well-cut gowns that had replaced the old, makeshift waists and skirts of the past twenty years was sweet in her ears every morning and evening. She even enjoyed her added weight: it seemed like an integral part of her new solidity of position.

The going out of Lucius Cotter had been as sordid and belittling as most of his earthly acts. One normal human enjoyment had been left open to him, but even that he could not take generously. Since a good fishing boat cost money, he must needs hire an old one, as battered and dissolute as the luckless mariner that came with it. The storm had cast the body of the old sailor on the beach long before the boat was found, far out at sea, bottom up. Cotter's body had not returned from the deep—to save funeral expenses, her friends intimated. No matter how forlorn the boarding house in which she was submerged, Mrs. Cotter always had friends.

The shock and horror that might have passed for grief vanished in the hour when the amazing tale of his wealth was patiently told and retold to her unbelieving ears. She had prayed that there might be one hundred dollars somewhere, to help her "get started." When, after opening a safe-deposit box, her lawyer had placed a paper before her, her glance had leaped to the final sum at the bottom, and she had said, "Only sixty dollars?" disappointedly, yet with a measure of relief for even that.

"Sixty thousand dollars, Mrs. Cotter," had been the solemn answer.

She had fainted then, for the first time in her life. The possessor of sixty thousand dollars in first-class securities can afford to faint. She spent a day in bed—not a day of peace or rejoicing, but twenty-four hours of hot, seething wrath against the man whom she had been forgiving for twenty years in pity for his dire struggle. She had forgiven him many things—not tangible sins, but slights, hardnesses, suspicions, unlovelinesses that hurt worse than crimes; forgiven them generously because he "did have such a hard time." She had felt apologetic that her power to help lay only in going without, and



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had gone without to the very limits of human decency. Now the forgiveness of twenty years was stripped away, and all the old slights and deprivations rose up as though they had never known burial. She was angry for every time that she had had a right to anger, but had let it go.

And for the first time she realized that she had always been afraid of Lucius Cotter—not because he could and did wound her, but because instinct had recognized something unknown and concealed from her. Here at last it was, his secret: sixty thousand dollars wrung from their flesh-and-blood lives. "I could never be afraid of him again," she realized, with fierce contempt.

The next day she crept out into the sunshine, feeble and wan, and wondering if she could get to the corner and back. Halfway there, it suddenly occurred to her that she could have a new pair of gloves if she chose—that her darned and redarned finger-tips need no longer be curled shamedly into her palm. Her shoulders straightened, and her step quickened. When she came back from the shops, three hours later, she had bought a complete outfit of apparel, and she looked ten years younger. Her eyes kept turning to her smooth, whole gloves with a wondering satisfaction that was almost childish. Now, three months later, they often carried the same look.

A middle-aged woman, shabbily dressed and nervous, with an agent's bundle on her knees, was waiting for her in the little drawing-room. Mrs. Cotter gave the window shades and the flowers on the center table a thoughtful touch or two before she settled down and faced her visitor. Her smile was friendly.

"What is it you have?" she asked.

The woman explained, awkwardly, the great worth of the volumes she displayed, and the remarkably low terms on which they could be secured. She was obviously new at her work; her hands trembled painfully.

"I might be doing that now," thought Mrs. Cotter, and bought generously. Her hands pressed the other woman's as she opened the front door for her.

"Come back if you need a friend," she said. "I hope you will get on."

"Ah, if others were like you!" was the impulsive answer.

In the happiness of the moment, Mrs. Cotter lingered at the door, smiling at the winter brightness, at the beautiful, clean, orderly life that had been given her, at the marvel of being able to help. A boy mounted the steps with a telegram, and she signed for it and went in with the smile still reflected in her eyes, though it changed to a look of surprise when she saw that the message had been sent on from her old boarding house. Surely every one who knew her knew of her wonderful change of address!

There were two words inside, and a signature. Mrs. Cotter grew deadly white and groped her way into the nearest chair. Presently she opened her eyes and read the message again:

"*Safe. Seventeenth. Lucius Cotter.*" It was dated from Fayal.

"What does it mean?" she gasped. "What does it mean?"

No other man bore that name. And yet it was three months since an ancient sailboat had been found, bottom up, on the Atlantic. "What does it mean?" she still cried, long after she had realized what it must mean: that her husband, Lucius Cotter, was alive and was coming home. That "seventeenth" no doubt stood for the day of his ship's arrival. The parsimony that left her to guess his meaning even in the hour of his rising from the dead brought back a wave of sickening anger, the anger of that first day. She went upstairs slowly and heavily, like an old woman, for the first time wholly unconscious of her surroundings.

For three days she told no one. Then she went to her lawyer's office and silently laid the message on the desk before him. He, too, exclaimed, "What does it mean?" in his first protest against the astounding truth. He had known her for years, and wasted no breath on congratulations when the fact had been accepted.

"What shall you do?" he asked. "I will go up and meet the steamer," he added in pity for her tragic face.

She considered that a moment. "No, I think not," she said finally. "I am—thinking. I have to make up my mind." Her voice was so quiet that he was wholly unprepared for a sudden flame of anger in her eyes. It blazed there silently, yet undisguisedly, for a moment under his startled glance; then her lids fell, and she rose. "Please don't tell a soul what I have told you," she said, refolding the message and placing it in her purse. A few days later she wrote him to reinforce that request: no one was to know of Lucius Cotter's resurrection.

In the period that elapsed before the seven-

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teenth, Mrs. Cotter made just one preparation for her husband's return: she ordered a very handsome black velvet gown, a gown distinctly beyond her means. She was curiously still these days. She would sit for hours motionless, harmoniously dressed, an open book held correctly before her: she might have been a lady sitting for her portrait, matronly and softly grave, so long as her eyes were lowered. Had she lifted them at such times, the imaginary painter must have shrunk back: the sternness of their just anger pronounced a scorching sentence.

The morning of the seventeenth came on the wings of an icy wind. Mrs. Cotter went about her daily avocations just as usual, except that she did not leave the house. No one who could help it was abroad that day, and her doorbell did not ring. Early in the afternoon she lit the fire in the little drawing-room and filled a bowl on the center table with great red roses. Then she went upstairs and put on her new velvet gown. It swept about her imperiously when she took her place by the fire; with her right hand holding a book, the wrist supported on her left hand, she was more than ever like a portrait of graceful maturity. She did not close the volume when the doorbell rang, nor even when a voice in the hall, a graceless voice, harsh and high-pitched, asked if Mrs. Lucius Cotter lived there. Apparently the faint clatter of the rings as the *portière* was pushed back was the first sound to catch her attention. Then she lifted her head and, after a pause, rose with slow, expressionless courtesy.

Lucius Cotter had halted just within the *portière*, looking at her bewilderedly, half ready to apologize for a mistake. There was little trace of the scarecrow figure he had known as his wife in the rounded, luxuriously clothed figure that confronted him. Her face, too, showed a momentary flicker of doubt. Her husband had gone away frail and small, but he had been a person of active middle age. Now, three months later, he was an old, old man, lined and sunken, his thin, stiff hair dully white, his shoulders dragging.

"I—" he began, then stopped, staring helplessly.

"You wished to see me?" she asked with grave courtesy. The movements of her lips reassured him.

"Mary! Don't you know me?" he came toward her, then stopped, obviously fearing to startle her. "Didn't you get my message?" The moment of consideration vanished in querulousness. "Nice welcome I have had, after all I've been through," he complained.

"I think there is some mistake." The unrecognizing politeness of her quiet voice transfixed him. "I am Mrs. Lucius Cotter. Were you expecting to find some one here?"

"Mary!" he stammered, on a high note of bewilderment.

"Mrs. Cotter," she corrected him with a slight emphasis. He looked right and left, as though to ask if he were sane. The simple luxury of the room seemed to strike him helpless.

"Mary, I am your husband," he faltered.

"My husband was drowned, three months ago," she said.

He broke in eagerly. "But I was not drowned. I was picked up by a schooner, after hours and hours—oh, such horrors, Mary! My mind utterly—"

"My husband was drowned," she repeated sternly, and some hint of her meaning reached him, for he blanched, putting one shaking hand on a chair for support. "I have proofs that he is dead. Do you want to know what they are?" He made no answer, staring at her with the eyes of a sick old man. "He is dead because of his sins: they killed him. Shall I tell you what he did?" She was as quiet and inexorable as the Day of Judgment. "He starved his wife, body and soul, for twenty years, that he might gratify one mean, little, hidden passion. In that sense, he was unfaithful. He would not even let her have a child because it would take money from his secret vice, from his mean little passion. Think of that—to deny her everything that would have made life livable, just for the joy of hoarding what he did not use. He cheated and despised her. And so he died. It was the only reparation he could make."

She turned away from him, seating herself again by the fire. "The person you are looking for is not here," she said with terrible finality.

She did not look up until she heard his hands fumbling at the *portière*. He was going out: the drapery fell behind the white hair and bent back of an old man.

Mrs. Cotter settled back in her chair as from a closed topic; but her stillness, the almost hypnotic stillness of the past days, was broken. She tried in vain to regain it: her restless hands twisted in and out of her

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"THE PERSON YOU ARE LOOKING FOR IS NOT HERE," SHE SAID, WITH TERRIBLE FINALITY.

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velvet gown, her breath caught in her throat. Finally she rose to pace up and down the room, at first with an attempt at quietude, then nervously, desperately. When darkness came, she lighted all the lamps and drew the curtains against the icy breath of the closed windows. There was still anger in her eyes, but it was a miserable, tortured anger turned on herself. She should not have looked at him as he went out: all had been well and right until she looked. What if he did have the pitiful, bent back of an old man? What was it to her? He had justly died for his sins, his mean, ugly little sins. What was his suffering to the suffering of all her maimed, starved life? And yet—that old, old back! She pressed her palms over her eyes to shut out its helpless appeal, its sad curve of defeat.

"Ah, but think of those years!" she goaded herself. "And how I forgave and forgave because I was sorry!" She called feverishly to the injuries that had risen to accuse him in the rage of her discovery, but they answered faintly, feebly, as though already they were creeping underground. That old, old back!

"It is right, it is judgment," she sobbed against her own swelling pity.

By and by she made a pretense of eating dinner and tried to steady herself with small tasks, but her hands refused to obey. Eight o'clock and nine and then ten found her standing in the cold breath of the window panes, tense with listening. At last it came, a slow, faltering step outside. She opened the front door, and Lucius Cotter entered like an outcast wraith.

He paused just inside the *portière*, and she turned away from him because of her trembling mouth.

"I haven't come back to bother you, Mary——" he spoke mechanically, as though he were too old or too tired to feel very much. "I've met—the Day of Judgment, I guess. I haven't anything to say. But—when I came out of the hospital over there and remembered who I was, they—made up a purse to take me home. Just enough, you see. So—I haven't a dollar. I have been walking the streets ever since I left here—Well, I haven't anything to say. But if you could let me stay a day or two, till I can get to work again—" His voice broke and he stopped, his eyes on the ground. Through her scalding tears she saw the dull white of his hair and the old, pitiful line of his back. She who had always gone to him uneasily, fearful of condemnation, found him now broken before her, and bent to him as she might have bent to her hurt child.

"Ah, poor soul!" she cried. "It's all yours. I don't judge, I don't judge!"

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# HOLIDAY MORNING

## BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

STRONG blinding sun and cloud and whirling rain
O'er fence and furrow, swifter far than we;
Sand, pine-wood, wood and sand alternately;
White fog and chill; and, lo! the sun again.
Cathedral-cedars; through the lifted pane
The smell of wood-smoke in the wetted sweet
And bitter air where forest-waters greet;
The scrip's assurance ere we leave the train.

Then mist that seems the marge of all the world;
Ghost-cities in the lonely meadows' weft
Of gray within the last mile softly furled,
And, oh, the sand beneath one's foot! And, see!
Clear-berylline through yon sand-ridge's cleft,
Keen, splendid, salt, and, glittering, lo! the sea!

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# BOY-POWER APPLIED

By FREDERICK MATHER CALDWELL

IMPORTANT as he has always been individually, the small boy has until recently held a place of relatively minor importance in the general social scheme. But of late he has been looming larger in the public concern. The business of saving boys has commenced to rank with that of conserving trees and reclaiming deserts. And the keynote to the success of this new interest lies in the fact that the boy has been studied *from the boy's standpoint.* This is the "new idea of the boy"—an idea involving sane application of boy-power and "gang" energy; an idea that contrasts sharply with previous theories of boy life and of corrective methods.

The originator of this idea and the pioneer in its practical application is Homer T. Lane, superintendent of the Boys' Home and d'Arcambal Association of Detroit, Michigan—a man known to every street boy of that city. The Home, a private philanthropy, is the capitol and executive mansion of the Ford Republic. It is a social sanitarium; a laboratory devoted to the study of boy psychology.

Ford is a seventy-three-acre juvenile republic; a halfway house between the juvenile court and the state punitive institution. Its citizen population, semi-floating for the greater part, consists of some fifty-five boys, alleged incorrigibles, who have bobbed up with a none too gentle jolt against the strong arm of the laws of their elders. Anarchists every one, they are what the sociologists politely call "unsociables." Were it not for the republic, many of them would long since have been consigned to a "reform" or an industrial school.

At Ford the boy's conception of his relationship to the law is investigated; the law's relationship to him is demonstrated. The phenomena of self-respect, self-reliance, and self-restraint—the three R's of boy salvation—are reduced to terms of boy understanding. Boy natures are dissected and weighed and compared, and then put together again to be molded into conformity with desirable standards. In this remolding lies the story of the republic of Ford.

Most of Ford's citizens have passed in tearful review before the juvenile court and have been found wanting. Generally speaking, each has presented a problem not readily solved by the juvenile judge, who, in desperation, has been glad to sentence the culprit to Ford—to remain until Mr. Lane believes he has "waked up socially." As minister plenipotentiary representing the commonwealth of Ford at the juvenile court of the commonwealth of Wayne County, Mr. Lane is present at nearly every hearing. Upon passage of sentence to the republic, he becomes probation officer for the county, and in his hands are placed the custody and the destiny of the prisoner at the bar.

The boy who "is in bad wid de cops," juvenile authorities say, is always proud of his experience with the police. He is the object of the sympathy and wonder of his friends. If he has been regularly "pinched" he is not only a hero—he is a martyr of great local importance. It is with the divorcing of this heroic spirit from crime that all corrective efforts must begin, and at Ford this is accomplished in a most effective way.

The newcomer is met at the trolley line, but not by a shiny patrol wagon with prancing horses, clanging gong, and a load of helmeted "buttons." There is no gaping crowd eager to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. Instead, the citizen-to-be finds the dust-covered, rather ramshackle republic conveyance in charge of a freckle-faced boy sheriff in checkered shirt, waiting on a lonely country road. The services of a "big guy" are not required. "Git in," says the youthful conductor, who curls his toes over the edge of a dizzy dashboard and refuses to be impressed by the record of



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the new terror. This is unquestionably an annoying disappointment.

Arrived at the capitol, the doer of evil is allowed to cool his heels in the executive office and to finger his cap in silence, as though he were the least important personage imaginable. Again there is disappointment for the boy. "Buckin' de cops 'n' bein' jugged" is not so productive of soul-satisfying excitement as he had thought. Then, there are no bars at the windows of this place; there are no keepers, no jingling keys—nothing to "swell up" about afterward. At first, in the court, he had been rather thrillingly scared; then painfully so. Now, however, he experiences surprise, pique, disappointment, and an overwhelming curiosity as to his ultimate fate. What sort of place is this republic, anyhow?

The moment his mental processes have progressed just this far, the man at the desk, as though discovering him for the first time, says: "Hello there! When did you come? On the four o'clock?" Then follows the newcomer's story of the offense that has sent him here—of "how de big kids made me do ut," and, most wonderful, "De head guy stands fer de hull of ut! Easy stringin'." The recital finished, the man suggests, always in the language of the street, that the republic is rather a pleasant place, with plenty doin' in the fun line; that the citizens will show the "immigrant" about and put him next to the process of naturalization.

As the changes this prospective citizen is about to undergo are purely psychological, and as his whole future, his reclamation, depend directly upon the effectiveness of these changes, it is well, perhaps—the better to comprehend his cure at Ford—to take note of the circumstances leading up to his present state of mind.

Primarily, the "immigrant's" brush with the police has been the result, as with nine boys out of ten arrested, of nothing more vicious than an attempt to follow the promptings of a natural boy instinct—the instinct to play. His various periods of mental and physical growth have been marked, like those of every other boy, by certain distinctive characteristics. In the natural course of this growth he has reached what is known as the heroic stage. But this particular boy, born to the streets, has had no means of gratifying his normal desires; he has been afforded no opportunity for boyish expression of the heroic. He has had no back yard in which to build and to defend a fort. Having developed his ideas in a street environment, the diversions that would ordinarily delight the heart of the better-class lad pall upon him—"dey're dead ones." His tastes demand "somet'ing 'live."

His easiest substitute for the back yard has been the street or the railroad yards—traps, both, for his unwary feet. In either he was bound to encounter the gang influence that marked the beginning of his downfall. In "de gang" he found ready made and waiting for him a standard of public opinion to which he was forced to conform, and by which he was governed so long as he wished to play. A common desire for excitement was the tie between himself and "de gang." The problem was how "ter git de buttons goin'." So the gang pilfered from the grocer or the boxcar, baited "de dago," "pegged de cop," or played tag "wit' de plain clo'es," jumping the bumpers between whiles. Public opinion demanded that the new member show his mettle; nature demanded that in some way he prove himself a hero. And so, following the line of least resistance, the boy's life became a most fascinating game between himself and the representatives of the law. Naturally he got into trouble.

Though "pinched" and scared, the glory of enduring any ordeal dry-eyed, heroically, sustained him; there is no courage known that can equal that of a fifteen-year-old hero. His familiarity with police methods prepared him for his emergency. He was still in his ideal position before his friends—that of a suffering martyr to bravery.

Then came the long hours in the detention room to shake his nerve. When his case was called in court, he was on the verge of collapse and, to make matters worse, everything about court was strange to him. Gang traditions had furnished no familiarity with this stage of the proceedings. With his standards rudely condemned by the truant squad, court officers, and judge, his last anchor to windward gave way. He "was in bad wid dis bunch" and floundering hopelessly in the depths of a new public opinion that was quite beyond his conceptions. The bellowed "Stand up straight and put your heels together! Look me in the eye and tell the truth or it will go hard with you!" from the judge sent tremor after tremor of fear through him. Alone, and completely in the hands of his enemies, he clutched at the flimsiest circumstance for favor.

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DISCIPLINE AT FORD: "TWO CORDS FER NIBBSEY WIDOUT PAY, FER SUCKIN' AIGS."

"DOIN' TIME ON DE MERRY-GO-ROUND. BLUSTER DRAWS TEN FER SMOKIN' BUTTS, 'N' SKINNY GITS A WEEK FER CHASIN' SPOTTSEY DE CALF—PUBLICITY, THAT'S IT."

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ANY CITIZEN WHO "STACKS UP RIGHT" WITH THE FINANCE COMMISSION MAY LEASE A PLOT OF STATE GROUND FOR GARDEN TRUCK OR A POTATO CROP.

His insides grew too big for his ribs, and he cried. Worst of all, he "squealed on de gang."

Then all self-respect, all self-reliance melted. "Trung down, punctured," he comes to Ford to serve his time, drawing desperately on an ample prescription of bravado —the sole boy antidote for conscious cowardice, disloyalty, and shame. At the very foundation of his being is the firm determination "ter show 'em," to yield nothing further to imposed authority.

Under the direction of "Steve, de sheriff," the immigrant is piloted about the concrete capitol building and then over the farm. After his recent confinement in the detention room, and his later ordeal in court, his nerves cry out for tobacco; his "pipes" yearn for a soothing "inhaler."

"Got de makin's?" he asks the officer.

"Ye're dopey 'nough now," says the sheriff, "'n' it's nix on de smoke stuff in de republuck; citizens passed a ordinance ag'in' ut. If ye're on de blink widout de nails, pipe ut to de Supsi. But de nails don't go. Keep dat 'n yer t'ink-works, fer if I ever goes t'rough yer 'n' finds de goods, it's youse fer de state court all right, 'n' sentence by de judge. I gotta watch me Dopes now; us fer de wheel."

"Dopes? W'at's dem?" asks the immigrant.

"Dey're de state labor bunch—mostly new guys what had t' be shown. T'ought dey could put ut over on us like dey did de cops in de city. Monkeyed in school and t'ought all dey was t' de game was deir t'ree feeds 'n' fishin'—jus' cause Supsi didn't trail 'em round wid a club."

In front of the capitol a crowd of citizens is gathered about the circling driveway. From "de bleachers" it watches the progress of three boys as they complete round after round in solemn promenade.

"Lid gittin' heavy, Bluster?" asks a citizen. "Hol' up yer block 'n' give us a gaze at yer lamps. Mebbe youse kin sit in me lap."

Lower drops the head of the boy on the circle.

"Youse don't look zactly like no sportin'

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extry ter-day," continues the citizen mercilessly. "Move yer kicks along some. Pound de dirt dere 'n' t'row on some o' de high speed. Ain't youse de swell sport now, dough? Yer snipe 's out. I'm strong fer youse I am—not!"

"Doin' time on de merry-go-round," explains the sheriff to the immigrant. "Bluster draws ten fer smokin' butts, 'n' Skinny gits a week fer chasin' Spottsey de calf—publuck prop'ty! Us fer de woodpile."

At the back door of the capitol kitchen two more citizens are sawing wood under the direction of the superintendent of public works.

"Go to ut, Nibbsey," urges one of a second knot of citizens who are taunting the culprits. "Yer oughta be some strong after all dem aigs. Come t'rough now wid de athletics fer de immigrant. He's got 'is lamps on yer; show 'im de sawdust stunt 'n' de strong-back stuff. Dat's de goods—pump de saw now!"

"Gittin' deir bumps," again explains the sheriff. "Two cords fer Nibbsey widout pay, fer suckin' aigs. 'Nother publuck prop'ty case fr'm de s'preme court. Nix on de s'preme fer mine; der's nuttin' to ut but *ouch* fer a guy. Squat's doin' his'n fer bein' broke Sat'day night 'n' up agin' de poor c'mmission fer his eats. Citizens has ter work 'f dey feeds reg'lar. If dey're shy fr'm losin' 'deir cush wid de bones er anyt'ing, dey're up ag'in' de c'mmission. Craps doesn't go—not wid de c'mmission. All de bones gits youse is a job wit' de Dope gang. I'll take y' over ta de state bank 'f yer got 'ny coin, 'n' yer kin trade ut in fer state cush. When yer leaves, yer cashes in 'n' gits w'ats comin' 'n U. S."

At the bank the immigrant learns that after naturalization he must pay for his bed and board at $2, $2.50, or $3 a week, in accordance with the grade of "eats" he desires and can afford. The twenty-five hours a week of school attendance required of boys of school age are paid for at the rate of eight cents per hour, by the state, just as any government pays its soldiers for military service. In this way a citizen can always earn sufficient, if he will, to pay the minimum rate of board.

In addition to this, both the state and its individual citizens are employers of the industrious at established rates of ten, twelve, and fifteen cents per hour, in accordance with the labor market and the ability of the employed. These additional earnings the employee may deposit at the state bank, spend for candy at a citizen's store, "blow" for the more elaborate feed of a better-class table, or invest in financing any business venture within the state that chances to "look good." Any citizen who "stacks up right" with the finance commission may lease a plot of state ground for garden truck or a potato crop, which is later bought by the state steward at market quota-

DETROIT LEGAL NEWS CO

**FORD REPUBLIC**

**CITIZEN'S COMPLAINT**

May 29, 1910

I the undersigned charge Shaerman and Baumgartner with ruff house in Dormitory, very dirty and taking a aggie in his hand.

I witnessed the above: Jim Morley Lake

Signed Wroblewski COMPLAINANT

Tried May 30 1910 Judge Haight Found Guilty

How disposed of Fined 3¢ Each Close Bounds 1 week

ONE OF THE LEGAL FORMS EMPLOYED IN FORD REPUBLIC, WHERE BOYS MAKE AND ENFORCE THEIR OWN LAWS.

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tions. But the landholder's resources must always be such that he can promptly meet his board bill and pay his taxes and his "help." Any infraction of these provisions, or failure to develop properly his leasehold, results in loss of labor and investment, the enforced forfeiture of the ground, and the confiscation of the crop by the state.

If a citizen plays "hookey," he is "shy" on pay night, and is called before the boy poor commission, which must make up his shortage from funds derived from a state tax to which every other citizen is liable.

"Dere's where ut gits to youse," says the sheriff; "any guy w'ats short sticks all de other kids dat much, 'n' ut's a bum steer on de secon' 'fense. No kid 's goin' ter stan' fer bein' stuck—not fer long. Loafin' 's de best way ter git in wrong wit' de gang! Dere's de ding-dong; us fer de eats."

In the dining-room the sheriff introduces the immigrant to the president of Ford Republic, who has charge of the room.

"Youse heads in at de middle table at two fifty," says the president; "but if youse c'n make de price and wants t' blow ut, I'll move yer up t' de pie table at three bones. If youse gits mixed up wid de Dopes, youse feeds down below fer two bucks 'n' watches *us* eat de pie."

The president escorts the immigrant to the table designated and introduces him thus:

"Hey, youse, here's de immigrant, de freshie. Took de sneak fr'm 'is ol' man on de east side. Name's Romanoffski. Full rations fer his, Mugsey, t' pad dem bones."

"Pipe de name!" yells the table in unison. "Runawayski fer yours, kid."

"Sit dere, feller," invites Mugsey, in charge of the table, "'n' go to ut. Fat, shove 'im de fillin'."

A pale, angular boy, himself a citizen of but a week, pushes forward the stew invitingly and says: "Dip deep, feller; dere's more in de foundry."

After supper the citizens gather for a session of state court. Ten names of those "wanted" are posted on a bulletin board near the schoolroom door, and the sheriff is busy with a list of subpoenas. "Yoi, yoi, you Cohen," he calls down the long dining-room, "nix on de git-away! Ye're under arrest. De judge wants ter converse wit' youse. Come-along-a-me."

At a table flanked by the court stenographer—the teacher of the republic school—sits "de big works," a most serious fourteen-year-old judge. Cohen, resisting slightly, is jammed down with scant ceremony in the midst of nine sober-faced citizen respondents.

"The court of the state of Ford will come to order," announces the judge, scanning a stack of papers before him. Selecting one, he reads:

"Ford Republic, Citizens' Complaint. Defendant, Barney Jednakowski. Offense: 'He sicked Dreadnought onto de red sow and

"LINE-UP" OF CITIZENS OF FORD REPUBLIC

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pulled its tail twict.' Signed, P-eye Daly. Witnesses: Midnight Johnson and Dreadnought."

"Barney Jednakowski, defendant," calls the court.

With hesitating, hyphenated steps, Barney spills himself forward.

"You're charged with teasing the sow. Guilty or not guilty?" demands the judge.

"N-n—nn-no—(whistle) not g-g-g—gig-guilty," said the prisoner, a hopeless stutterer.

"Have you got counsel?" asks the court.

"I represents de defendant, Your Honor." A tow-haired boy in knickerbockers, who has passed examination on "de constitution 'n' statues" of Ford and has been admitted to the bar, advances.

"P-eye," says the court to the complaining witness, "tell about Dreadnought and the sow."

"I draws de hard example dis mornin'," begins the witness—"you knows, de one 'bout how many bushels 'f apples—'n' starts down to de orchard ter figger, w'en I hears a noise. I chases over ta look at ut. Den I hears de Dreadnought a-barkin' like he had a elerphant up a tree, an' de pig yells bloody murder, squeakin' like a hot-box. Dere stan's de Polack a-lookin' at de sow.

"'He orter be oiled,' he says, 'n' tells de purp ter hook on ag'in.

"'Dat's ag'in' de ordience w'at de state passed,' I tells him.

"'Beans on de ordience,' he says, 'n' I gits sore 'n' makes de complaint, 'n' dat's all."

"What'd dis guy say ta de Dreadnought?" asks the attorney for the defense.

"He don't do no talkin' tu de dorg; he jest hisses 'im on, lettin' out 'bout a yard o' de hiss noise—'sick-sick-sick.' Dat's all. W'at yer s'pose he says?" concluded the witness aggressively.

"Order!" demands the court.

"D'y'ever hear dis defendant shoot off 'is mout' afore?" continues the attorney.

"All I wants ter."

"Dat's all."

"Midnight Johnson," calls the court.

A woolly-head shuffles pompously to the desk.

"Did you hear Mr. Daly's testimony?" asks the judge.

"Ah did, Youah Honah."

"Is it correct?"

"Ah reck'n."

"Take de stan', Barney," directs the attorney to his client.

"Now repeat de words, 'Stop! stop! stop!' fer de court quick 's yer kin spit 'em out."

"S-s-s-s-s—sis—s-s- (whistle) sis—sis—s-s——"

"Dat's all," interrupts the attorney suddenly; "shut up quick 'n' take yer seat. Put de witness Daly on de stan', if de court pleases.

"Now, P-eye, w'at yer got ag'in' de defendant?"

READY FOR BED—AND A PILLOW FIGHT

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THE NIGHTLY PILLOW FIGHT—"NAILED!"
THE SHERIFF FINDS IT NECESSARY TO SLEEP WITH HIS STAR PINNED ON AND HIS CAP CLOSE AT HAND.

"Nothin'."

"Ain't he de guy w'at Jake put in las' week w'en de Farmington High School knocks yer out de box in de fift' inning?" asks the attorney dramatically.

"Aw——"

"Answer the question," demands the court.

An air of intense interest settles over the citizen audience. "Hey, P-eye——" a boy in the back row begins.

"Order! Order!" shouts the judge. "Mr. Sheriff, put that citizen to bed."

"Beans!" shouts the offender.

"Order!" shouts the court. "Three hours on the merry-go-round for 'Nifty,' for contempt! Put him out, Stev—Mr. Sheriff! Witness will proceed!"

P-eye hangs his head in silence, shifting his weight uneasily from foot to foot.

"Does de court ketch de answer?" finally asks the attorney, after an impressive pause. "I t'ought not. Call Midnight ergain, if Yer Honor pleases.

"Yer heard de defendant say de words fer de court w'at I tells 'im, don't yer?" he asks the witness.

"Shuah."

"Sounds like w'at he says ta de dorg dis mornin', don't ut?"

"Yassah, soun's mighty like ut. Dat shuah am de same noise, w'istle an' all."

"I t'ought so," shouts the attorney with a wave of his hand toward the court. "Dat's all," exultantly. "Dere's no argamunt. Case 's up ta de judge."

"Case dismissed," announces the judge. "Defendant's attorney's fees and court costs assessed against the complainant. Be more careful after this, Mr. Daly. This court ain't just for gettin' even in."

"How much?" asks P-eye, sullenly.

"Two bits 'n' yer red top," demands the attorney. "Fork over. Now settle wit' de court. They fergits de pullin' de pig's tail part," he chuckles to his client; "you sure was strong on de 'stop' noise! Me fer de store now."

After the nightly pillow riot has been quelled by the sheriff—a duty which brings that official out of bed in his "shirt-tail," but armed with the cap and star of his rank—the immigrant's mind is left to wrestle with a bewildering jumble of new and strange impressions. Even considering the school service and the work, of both of which he is still "leary," Ford seems to be "not so much on de bum." His determination to grasp the first opportunity to "take de sneak" wavers,

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and he decides, as he closes his eyes in his double-decker bed, to stay at least a day or two "wit' de new gang."

Next morning he appears for entry in the republic school. In spite of his fifteen years, his tobacco-stunted brain places him little higher than a primary grade. But in class he at least learns that Ford's government is divided under four heads, the managing department, the lawmaking department, the administrative department, and the law-enforcing department. The lawmaking power is vested in the citizens, all of whom must have attained the age of ten years. A two-thirds vote of the citizens present at any state meeting is necessary to create a law; but any measure "trung down by Supsi" may be reconsidered and enacted over his veto upon a two-thirds vote of the entire population of the state.

At the head of the administrative department is the state president, a boy elected by the citizens for a six months' term. This official receives a salary determined by state meeting, and is not entitled during his term of office to receive other remuneration from the republic. He presides at all state meetings; appoints agents for the execution of foreign missions for the state; selects officers to fill any vacancy until such time as a special election may be called, and has authority to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the state, save in cases of penalties imposed by the state court. Like any other official, however, he may be removed from office on impeachment or conviction for any crime.

Though the immigrant must serve at least ten days before he may become naturalized, he is allowed to sit as a spectator in state meeting. This function is held in the court room, but in the place formerly occupied by the judge now sits the president.

"Cut out de rough house! Order!" roars the Father of his Country from the executive chair. "Shut up there, Whitey, 'n' pound yer patches [sit down] fer a while. The meetin' 'll come to order!"

Upon the appearance of the sheriff, every citizen scrambles into a seat, and the president begins the commonwealth's legislative session: "If yer all ready now, why, de first thing we'll do 'll be ter git down ter business wit' de minutes of de last meetin'."

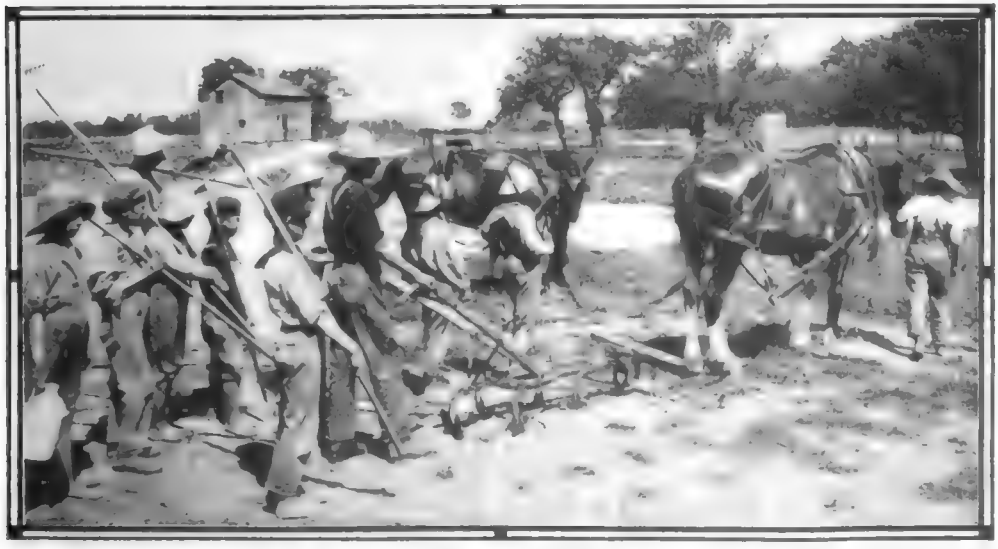
The state clerk, she who had served as court stenographer, reads:

"The weekly state meeting of the Ford Republic was held on Wednesday, April 28, 1909. Meeting called to order at 7:10 P. M., with President Nichols in the chair. Fifty-three citizens present. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

"Moved by Mr. Savitski, seconded by Mr. Novak, that no citizen be allowed to kick the pigs or chase them, or make believe to kill them. Carried.

"Moved by Mr. Eldrich, seconded by Mr. King, that breaking off branches from apple trees for bows and arrows shall be against the law. Carried.

"Moved by the matron, seconded by Mr. Savitski, that any citizen who breaks a dish in the kitchen is against the law and shall wash dishes two days extra for every dish he breaks. Carried.



A FORD CAPITALIST AND HIS LABORERS. HE MUST BE ABLE TO PAY HIS "HELP," HIS BOARD, AND HIS TAXES PROMPTLY, OR HE FORFEITS HIS LEASE AND THE STATE CONFISCATES HIS CROP.

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"Moved by Mr. Kendall, seconded by Mr. Butzinsky, that on the first Saturday night water is not hot enough for a shower bath, the superintendent of public works be ducked in the 'crick'; and that a committee be appointed to locate the baseball diamond and get one belly protector, one catcher's mask, two league balls—dollar-and-a-halfers—one mitt, five gloves, and two wagon-tongue bats, like Ty Cobb uses. Carried.

"Moved by Mr. Kuczborski, seconded by Mr. Brown, that when a citizen is too sick to do his work, he is too sick to go fishing; and that bringing rats or mice into the house shall be against the law. Motion lost.

"Moved by Mr. O'Hara, seconded by Superintendent Lane, that we have ice cream and apple pie every day for dinner for everybody. Carried.

"Citizens called to order during the meeting, seven. Citizens sent to bed by the sheriff for failure to come to order, two. Vice President dismissed to wash his neck. Meeting adjourned at 8:35."

"Providin' that they ain't none of you citizens got no kick a-comin' on these here minutes, why, then they're all right," declares the president. "Is there any business comin' 'fore this meetin'?"

"Mr. President! Mr. President! Mr. President!"

Half a dozen citizens address the chair frantically.

"Fat—Mr. O'Hara!"

A sturdy Irish citizen with a shock of red hair advances a step or two from his seat and regards the meeting impressively:

"The citizens has had ice cream 'n' apple pie a-comin' to 'em fer a week," he pronounces heavily, "but I ain't seen anny yet. I moves we begins havin' 'em fer dinner pretty quick."

"Mr. President!" A Polish boy waves his arms wildly at the executive. "I remove that Fat's motion be not passed," he shouts, "but we sends a committee ter ast de steward why we don't git ut *right-a-way.*"

"Secon' de motion!" . . . "Seconds de motion!" from both front and rear of the chamber.

The committee withdraws with blood in its vindictive eye, in quest of the steward. Upon finding him, the chairman announces:

"We're from de state meetin', 'n' we wants ice cream 'n' apple pie fer dinner *ter-morrer!*"

"I've seven dollars to spend for meat tomorrow," says the steward, "but we'll use it for ice cream and pie instead, if they are what the republic wants."

Upon the return and report of the committee, motions for and against the enforcement of the law fly thick and fast. The older Polish boys, accustomed to a meat diet and to out-of-door work, oppose the ice cream strenuously. Appalled at such heresy, the younger citizens urge the delicacies unanimously. Each side rallies its forces, while pandemonium reigns. The president pounds vainly with his gavel, but it is not until the captain of the baseball team addresses the meeting that order is restored.

"Ye're *all* dippy," he shouts. "How're yer goin' ter enforce the law ter buy stummick aches w'en we ain't got no belly-pertecter fer de catcher even? I moves we puts de motion under de table till we gits de pertecter, 'n' ut gits hot wedder."

Thus a compromise is reached. The republic and the immigrant have learned a lesson in sane legislation.

"Though our lawmaking is not always carried on in the most grammatical English, perhaps," says Mr. Lane, "there is no more patriotic eloquence to be heard anywhere than in Ford's state meetings. Here the self-government idea which has until now been designed to cover play only, is applied broadly to both work and play. To be successful it must originate, either directly or through suggestion, with the boys, and all argument must be expressed in accordance with the standards of the citizens. In this way every boy who offers a motion, seconds it, or is present when it is passed becomes firmly convinced that the measure originated with him. As a consequence he is always 'for it.'

"Every boy who is sentenced to the republic comes from what is to him an absolute monarchy. From his standpoint his parents, his teacher, and the policeman who drives him from his playground in the streets or the railroad yards are despots. Retaliation is instinctive, and he becomes an out-and-out anarchist, bending his every energy toward outwitting restraint, toward the destruction of law. Let him discover that he is a part of the government of the republic, however, and his social consciousness wakes up; the same energy becomes at once constructive. He becomes a good citizen, not because he is afraid to be a bad one, but because he must be in tune with the public opinion he helps to create.

"Our aim at Ford is to duplicate as nearly as possible those conditions the boy will necessarily encounter later in any community. Thus the republic becomes a preparatory or training school for citizenship, through the directed application of boy-power to the proper development of boy public opinion."

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# THE HEATHEN

By JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Martin Eden," etc

Illustrations by Anton Fischer

I MET him first in a hurricane. And though we had been through the hurricane on the same schooner, it was not until the schooner had gone to pieces under us that I first laid eyes on him. Without doubt I had seen him with the rest of the Kanaka crew on board, but I had not consciously been aware of his existence, for the *Petite Jeanne* was rather overcrowded. In addition to her eight or ten Kanaka seamen, her white captain, mate, and supercargo, and her six cabin passengers, she sailed from Rangiroa with something like eighty-five deck passengers—Paumotuans and Tahitians, men, women, and children, each with a trade-box, to say nothing of sleeping-mats, blankets, and clothes-bundles.

The pearling season in the Paumotus was over, and all hands were returning to Tahiti. The six of us cabin passengers were pearl-buyers. Two were Americans, one was Ah Choon, the whitest Chinese I have ever known, one was a German, one was a Polish Jew, and I completed the half-dozen. It had been a prosperous season. Not one of us had cause for complaint, nor one of the eighty-five deck passengers either. All had done well, and all were looking forward to a rest-off and a good time in Papeete. Of course the *Petite Jeanne* was overloaded. She was only seventy tons, and she had no right to carry a tithe of the mob she had on board. Beneath her hatches she was crammed and jammed with pearl shell and copra. Even the trade-room was packed full of shell. It was a miracle that the sailors could work her. There was no moving about the decks. They simply climbed back and forth along the rails. In the night-time they walked upon the sleepers, who carpeted the deck, two deep, I'll swear. Oh, and there were pigs and chickens on deck, and sacks of yams, while every conceivable place was festooned with strings of drinking cocoanuts and bunches of bananas. On both sides, between the fore and main shrouds, guys had been stretched, just low enough for the fore-boom to swing clear; and from each of these guys at least fifty bunches of bananas were suspended.

It promised to be a messy passage, even if we did make it in the two or three days that would have been required if the southeast trades had been blowing fresh. But they weren't blowing fresh. After the first five hours, the trade died away in a dozen gasping

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fans. The calm continued all that night and the next day—one of those glaring, glossy calms when the very thought of opening one's eyes to look at it is sufficient to cause a headache. The second day a man died, an Easter Islander, one of the best divers that season in the lagoon. Smallpox, that is what it was, though how smallpox could come on board when there had been no known cases ashore when we left Rangiroa is beyond me. There it was, though, smallpox, a man dead, and three others down on their backs. There was nothing to be done. We could not segregate the sick, nor could we care for them. We were packed like sardines. There was nothing to do but die—that is, there was nothing to do after the night that followed the first death. On that night, the mate, the supercargo, the Polish Jew, and four native divers sneaked away in the large whaleboat. They were never heard of again. In the morning the captain promptly scuttled the remaining boats, and there we were.

That day there were two deaths; the following day three; then it jumped to eight. It was curious to see how we took it. The natives, for instance, fell into a condition of dumb, stolid fear. The captain—Oudouse, his name was, a Frenchman—became very nervous and voluble. The German, the two Americans, and myself bought up all the Scotch whisky and proceeded to drink. The theory was beautiful—namely, if we kept ourselves soaked in alcohol, every smallpox germ that came into contact with us would immediately be scorched to a cinder. And the theory worked, though I must confess that neither Captain Oudouse nor Ah Choon was attacked by the disease either. The Frenchman did not drink at all, while Ah Choon restricted himself to one drink daily.

We had a week of it, and then the whisky gave out. It was just as well, or I shouldn't be alive now. It took a sober man to pull through what followed, as you will agree when I mention the little fact that only two men did pull through. The other man was the Heathen—at least that was what I heard Captain Oudouse call him at the moment I first became aware of the Heathen's existence.

But to come back. It was at the end of the week that I happened to glance at the barometer that hung in the cabin companionway. Its normal register in the Paumotus was 29.90, and it was quite customary to see it vacillate between 29.85 and 30.00, or even 30.05; but to see it, as I saw it, down to 29.62, was sufficient to chill the blood of any pearl-buyer in Oceania.

I called Captain Oudouse's attention to it, only to be informed that he had watched it going down for several hours. There was little to do, but that little he did very well, considering the circumstances. He took off the light sails, shortened right down to storm canvas, spread life-lines, and waited for the wind. His mistake lay in what he did after the wind came. He hove to on the port tack, which was the right thing to do south of the Equator, *if*—and there was the rub—*if* one were *not* in the direct path of the hurricane. We were in the direct path. I could see that by the steady increase of the wind and the equally steady fall of the barometer. I wanted to turn and run with the wind on the port quarter until the barometer ceased falling, and then to heave to. We argued till he was reduced to hysteria, but budge he would not. The worst of it was that I could not get the rest of the pearl-buyers to back me up. Who was I, anyway, to know more about the sea and its ways than a properly qualified captain?

Of course, the sea rose with the wind, frightfully, and I shall never forget the first three seas the *Petite Jeanne* shipped. She had fallen off, as vessels do when hove to,and the first sea made a clean breach. The life-lines were only for the strong and well, and little good were they even for these when the women and children, the bananas and cocoanuts, the pigs and trade-boxes, the sick and the dying, were swept along in a solid, screeching, groaning mass.

The second sea filled the *Petite Jeanne's* decks flush with the rails, and, as her stern sank down and her bow tossed skyward, all the miserable dunnage of life and luggage poured aft. It was a human torrent. They came head-first, feet-first, sidewise, rolling over and over, twisting, squirming, writhing, and crumpling up. Now and again one or another caught a grip on a stanchion or a rope, but the weight of the bodies behind tore such grips loose. I saw what was coming, sprang on top the cabin, and from there into the mainsail itself. Ah Choon and one of the Americans tried to follow me, but I was one jump ahead of them. The American was swept away and over the stern like a piece of chaff. Ah Choon caught a spoke of the wheel and swung in behind it. But a strapping Rarotonga *vahine**—she must have weighed two

* woman.

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THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN, THE BANANAS AND COCOANUTS, THE PIGS AND TRADE-BOXES, THE SICK AND THE DYING, WERE SWEPT ALONG IN A SOLID, SCREECHING, GROANING MASS.

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hundred and fifty—brought up against him and got an arm around his neck. He clutched the Kanaka steersman with his other hand. And just at that moment the schooner flung down to starboard. The rush of bodies and the sea that was coming along the port runway between the cabin and the rail, turned abruptly and poured to starboard. Away they went, *vahine*, Ah Choon, and steersman; and I swear I saw Ah Choon grin at me with philosophic resignation as he cleared the rail and went under.

The third sea—the biggest of the three—did not do so much damage. By the time it arrived, nearly everybody was in the rigging. On deck perhaps a dozen gasping, half-drowned, and half-stunned wretches were rolling about or attempting to crawl into safety. They went by the board, as did the wreckage of the two remaining boats. The other pearl-buyers and myself, between seas, managed to get about fifteen women and children into the cabin and battened down. Little good it did the poor creatures in the end.

Wind? Out of all my experiences I could not have believed it possible for the wind to blow as it did. There is no describing it. How can one describe a nightmare? It was the same way with that wind. It tore the clothes off our bodies. I say *tore them off*, and I mean it. I am not asking you to believe it. I am merely telling something that I saw and felt. There are times when I do not believe it myself. I went through it, and that is enough. One could not face that wind and live. It was a monstrous thing, and the most monstrous thing about it was that it increased and continued to increase. Imagine countless millions and billions of tons of sand. Imagine this sand tearing along at ninety, a hundred, a hundred and twenty, or any other number of miles per hour. Imagine, further, this sand to be invisible, impalpable, yet to retain all the weight and density of sand. Do all this, and you may get a vague inkling of what that wind was like. Perhaps sand is not the right comparison. Consider it mud, invisible, impalpable, but heavy as mud. Nay, it goes beyond that. Consider every molecule of air to be a mud-bank in itself. Then try to imagine the multitudinous impact of mud-banks—no, it is beyond me. Language may be adequate to express the ordinary conditions of life, but it cannot possibly express any of the conditions of so enormous a blast of wind. It would have been better had I stuck by my original intention of not attempting a description.

I will say this much: The sea, which had risen at first, was beaten down by that wind. More—it seemed as if the whole ocean had been sucked up in the maw of the hurricane and hurled on through that portion of space which previously had been occupied by the air. Of course, our canvas had gone long before. But Captain Oudouse had on the *Petite Jeanne* something I had never before seen on a South Sea schooner—a sea-anchor. It was a conical canvas bag, the mouth of which was kept open by a huge hoop of iron. The sea-anchor was bridled something like a kite, so that it bit into the water as a kite bites into the air—but with a difference. The sea-anchor remained just under the surface of the ocean, in a perpendicular position. A long line, in turn, connected it with the schooner. As a result, the *Petite Jeanne* rode bow-on to the wind and to what little sea there was.

The situation really would have been favorable, had we not been in the path of the storm. True, the wind itself tore our canvas out of the gaskets, jerked out our topmasts, and made a raffle of our running gear; but still we would have come through nicely had we not been square in front of the advancing storm-center. That was what fixed us. I was in a state of stunned, numbed, paralyzed collapse from enduring the impact of the wind, and I think I was just about ready to give up and die when the center smote us. The blow we received was an absolute lull. There was not a breath of air. The effect on one was sickening. Remember that for hours we had been at terrific muscular tension, withstanding the awful pressure of that wind. And then, suddenly, the pressure was removed. I know that I felt as though I were about to expand, to fly apart in all directions. It seemed as if every atom composing my body was repelling every other atom, and was on the verge of rushing off irresistibly into space. But that lasted only for a moment. Destruction was upon us.

In the absence of the wind and its pressure, the sea rose. It jumped, it leaped, it soared straight toward the clouds. Remember, from every point of the compass that inconceivable wind was blowing in toward the center of calm. The result was that the seas sprang up from every point of the compass. There was no wind to check them. They popped up like corks released from the bot-

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tom of a pail of water. There was no system to them, no stability. They were hollow, maniacal seas. They were eighty feet high at the least. They were not seas at all. They resembled no sea a man had ever seen. They were splashes, monstrous splashes, that is all, splashes that were eighty feet high. Eighty! They were more than eighty. They went over our mastheads. They were spouts, explosions. They were drunken. They fell anywhere, anyhow. They jostled one another, they collided. They rushed together and collapsed upon one another, or fell apart like a thousand waterfalls all at once. It was no ocean any man ever dreamed of, that hurricane-center. It was confusion thrice confounded. It was anarchy. It was a hell-pit of sea water gone mad.

The *Petite Jeanne?* I don't know. The Heathen told me afterward that he did not know. She was literally torn apart, ripped wide open, beaten into a pulp, smashed into kindling wood, annihilated. When I came to, I was in the water, swimming automatically, though I was about two-thirds drowned. How I got there I had no recollection. I remembered seeing the *Petite Jeanne* fly to pieces at what must have been the instant that my own consciousness was buffeted out of me. But there I was, with nothing to do but make the best of it, and in that best there was little promise. The wind was blowing again, the sea was much smaller and more regular, and I knew that I had passed through the center. Fortunately, there were no sharks about. The hurricane had dissipated the ravenous horde that had surrounded the death ship.

It was about midday when the *Petite Jeanne* went to pieces, and it must have been two hours afterward when I picked up with one of her hatch-covers. Thick rain was driving at the time, and it was the merest chance that flung me and the hatch-cover together. A short length of line was trailing from the rope handle, and I knew that I was good for a day at least, if the sharks did not return. Three hours later, possibly a little longer, sticking close to the cover and, with closed eyes, concentrating my whole soul upon the task of breathing in enough air to keep me going and, at the same time, to avoid breathing in enough water to drown me, it seemed to me that I heard voices. The rain had ceased, and wind and sea were easing marvelously. Not twenty feet away from me, on another hatch-cover, were Captain Oudouse and the Heathen. They were fighting over the possession of the cover—at least the Frenchman was.

"*Paien noir!*" I heard him scream, and at the same time I saw him kick the Kanaka.

Now, Captain Oudouse had lost all his clothes except his shoes, and they were heavy brogans. It was a cruel blow, for it caught the Heathen on the mouth and the point of the chin, half-stunning him. I looked for him to retaliate, but he contented himself with swimming about forlornly, a safe ten feet away. Whenever a fling of the sea threw him closer, the Frenchman, hanging on with his hands, kicked out at him with both feet. Also, at the moment of delivering each kick, he called the Kanaka a black heathen.

"For two centimes I'd come over there and drown you, you white beast!" I yelled.

The only reason I did not go was that I felt too tired. The very thought of the effort to swim over was nauseating. So I called to the Kanaka to come to me, and proceeded to share the hatch-cover with him. Otoo, he told me his name was (pronounced Ō-tō-ō); also he told me that he was a native of Bora Bora, the most westerly of the Society Group. As I learned afterward, he had got the hatch-cover first, and, after some time, encountering Captain Oudouse, had offered to share it with him, and had been kicked off for his pains.

And that was how Otoo and I first came together. He was no fighter. He was all sweetness and gentleness, a love-creature, though he stood nearly six feet tall and was muscled like a gladiator. He was no fighter, but he was also no coward. He had the heart of a lion, and in the years that followed I have seen him run risks that I would never dream of taking. What I mean is that, while he was no fighter, and while he always avoided precipitating a row, he never ran away from trouble when it started. And it was "'Ware shoal!" when once Otoo went into action. I shall never forget what he did to Bill King. It occurred in German Samoa. Bill King was hailed the champion heavyweight of the American navy. He was a big brute of a man, a veritable gorilla, one of those hard-hitting, rough-housing chaps, and clever with his fists as well. He picked the quarrel, and he kicked Otoo twice and struck him once before Otoo felt it to be necessary to fight. I don't think it lasted four minutes, at the end of which time Bill King was the unhappy possessor of four broken ribs, a broken fore-

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arm, and a dislocated shoulder-blade. Otoo knew nothing of scientific boxing. He was merely a man-handler, and Bill King was something like three months in recovering from the bit of man-handling he received that afternoon on Apia beach.

But I am running ahead of my yarn. We shared the hatch-cover between us. We took turn and turn about, one lying flat on the cover and resting, while the other, submerged to the neck, merely held on with his hands. For three days and nights, spell and spell, on

WE TOOK TURN AND TURN ABOUT, ONE LYING FLAT ON THE COVER AND RESTING, WHILE THE OTHER MERELY HELD ON WITH HIS HANDS.

the cover and in the water, we drifted over the ocean. Toward the last I was delirious most of the time, and there were times, too, when I heard Otoo babbling and raving in his native tongue. Our continuous immersion prevented us from dying of thirst, though the sea water and the sunshine gave us the prettiest imaginable combination of salt pickle and sunburn. In the end, Otoo saved *my* life; for I came to, lying on the beach twenty feet from the water, sheltered from the sun by a couple of cocoanut leaves. No one but Otoo could have dragged me there and stuck up the leaves for shade. He was lying beside me. I went off again, and the next time I came around it was cool and starry night and Otoo was pressing a drinking cocoanut to my lips.

We were the sole survivors of the *Petite Jeanne*. Captain Oudouse must have succumbed to exhaustion, for several days later his hatch-cover drifted ashore without him. Otoo and I lived with the natives of the atoll for a week, when we were rescued by a French cruiser and taken to Tahiti. In the meantime, however, we had performed the ceremony of exchanging names. In the South Seas such a ceremony binds two men closer together than blood-brothership. The initiative had been mine, and Otoo was rapturously delighted when I suggested it.

"It is well," he said, in Tahitian. "For we have been mates together for three days on the lips of Death."

"But Death stuttered," I smiled.

"It was a brave deed you did, master," he replied, "and Death was not vile enough to speak."

"Why do you 'master' me?" I demanded, with a show of hurt feelings. "We have exchanged names. To you I am Otoo. To me you are Charley. And between you and me, forever and forever, you shall be Charley and I shall be Otoo. It is the way of the custom. And when we die, if it does happen that we live again, somewhere beyond the stars and the sky, still shall you be Charley to me and I Otoo to you."

"Yes, master," he answered, his eyes luminous and soft with joy.

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"There you go!" I cried indignantly.

"What does it matter what my lips utter?" he argued. "They are only my lips. But I shall think *Otoo* always. Whenever I think of myself I shall think of you. Whenever men call me by name I shall think of you. And beyond the sky and beyond the stars always and forever you shall be Otoo to me. Is it well, master?"

I hid my smile and answered that it was well.

We parted at Papeete. I remained ashore to recuperate, and he went on in a cutter to his own island, Bora Bora. Six weeks later he was back. I was surprised, for he had told me of his wife and said that he was returning to her and would give over sailing on far voyages.

"Where do you go, master?" he asked, after our first greetings.

I shrugged my shoulders. It was a hard question. "To all the world," was my answer. "All the world, all the sea, and all the islands that are in the sea."

"I will go with you," he said simply. "My wife is dead."

I never had a brother, but from what I have seen of other men's brothers I doubt if any man ever had one who was to him what Otoo was to me. He was brother, and father and mother as well. And this I know—I lived a straighter and a better man because of Otoo. I had to live straight in Otoo's eyes. Because of him I dared not tarnish myself. He made me his ideal, compounding me, I fear, chiefly out of his own love and worship; and there were times when I stood close to the steep pitch of hell and would have taken the plunge had not the thought of Otoo restrained me. His pride in me entered into me until it became one of the major rules in my personal code to do nothing that would diminish that pride of his. Naturally, I did not learn right away what his feelings were toward me. He never criticised, never censured, and slowly the exalted place I held in his eyes dawned upon me, and slowly I grew to comprehend the hurt I could inflict upon him by being anything less than my best.

For seventeen years we were together. For seventeen years he was at my shoulder, watching while I slept, nursing me through fever and wounds, aye, and receiving wounds in fighting for me. He signed on the same ships with me, and together we ranged the Pacific from Hawaii to Sydney Head and from Torres Strait to the Galápagos. We blackbirded from the New Hebrides and the Line Islands over to the westward, clear through the Louisiades, New Britain, New Ireland, and New Hanover. We were wrecked three times—in the Gilberts, in the Santa Cruz group, and in the Fijis. And we traded and salved wherever a dollar promised in the way of pearl and pearl shell, copra, bêche de mer, hawkbill turtle shell, and stranded wrecks.

It began in Papeete, immediately after his announcement that he was going with me over all the sea and the islands in the midst thereof. There was a club in those days in Papeete, where the pearlers, traders, captains, and South Sea adventurers foregathered. The play ran high and the drink ran high, and I am very much afraid that I kept later hours than were becoming or proper. No matter what the hour was when I left the club, there was Otoo waiting to see me safely home. At first I smiled. Next I chided him. Then I told him flatly I stood in need of no wet-nursing. After that I did not see him when I came out of the club. Quite by accident, a week or so later, I discovered that he still saw me home, lurking across the street among the shadows of the mango trees. What could I do? I know what I did do. Insensibly I began to keep better hours. On wet and stormy nights, in the thick of the folly and the fun, the thought would come to me of Otoo keeping his dreary vigil under the dripping mangoes. Truly, he made me a better man.

Yet he was not strait-laced. And he knew nothing of common Christian morality. All the people on Bora Bora were Christians. But he was a heathen, the only unbeliever on the island, a gross materialist who believed that when he died he was dead. He believed merely in fair play and square-dealing. Petty meanness, in his code, was almost as serious as wanton homicide, and I am sure that he respected a murderer more than a man given to small practices. Concerning me, personally, he objected to my doing anything that was hurtful to me. Gambling was all right. He was an ardent gambler himself. But late hours, he explained, were bad for one's health. He had seen men who did not take care of themselves die of fever. He was no teetotaler, and welcomed a stiff nip any time when it was wet work in the boats. On the other hand, he believed in liquor in moderation. He had seen many men killed or disgraced by squareface or Scotch.

Otoo had my welfare always at heart. He

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"WHENEVER I THINK OF MYSELF I SHALL THINK OF YOU  WHENEVER MEN CALL ME BY NAME I SHALL THINK OF YOU  IS IT WELL MY LIFE?"

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thought ahead for me, weighed my plans and took a greater interest in them than I did myself. At first, when I was unaware of this interest of his in my affairs, he had to divine my intentions, as, for instance, at Papeete, when I contemplated going partners with a knavish fellow countryman on a guano venture. I did not know he was a knave. Nor did any white man in Papeete. Neither did Otoo know; but he saw how thick we were getting and found out for me, and that without my asking. Native sailors from the ends of the seas knock about on the beach in Tahiti, and Otoo, suspicious merely, went among them till he had gathered sufficient data to justify his suspicions. Oh, it was a nice history, that of Randolph Waters! I couldn't believe it when Otoo first narrated it, but when I sheeted it home to Waters he gave in without a murmur and got away on the first steamer to Auckland.

At first, I am free to confess, I resented Otoo's poking his nose into my business. But I knew that he was wholly unselfish, and soon I had to acknowledge his wisdom and discretion. He had his eyes open always to my main chance, and he was both keen-sighted and far-sighted. In time he became my counselor, until he knew more of my business than I did myself. He really had my interest at heart more than I did. Mine was the magnificent carelessness of youth, for I preferred romance to dollars, and adventure to a comfortable billet with all night in. So it was well that I had some one to look out for me. I know that if it had not been for Otoo, I should not be here to-day.

Of numerous instances, let me give one. I had had some experience in blackbirding before I went pearling in the Paumotus. Otoo and I were on the beach in Samoa—we really were on the beach and hard aground—when my chance came to go as a recruiter on a blackbird brig. Otoo signed on before the mast, and for the next half-dozen years, in as many ships, we knocked about the wildest portions of Melanesia. Otoo saw to it that he always pulled stroke-oar in my boat. Our custom, in recruiting labor, was to land the recruiter on the beach. The covering boat always lay on its oars several hundred feet off shore, while the recruiter's boat, also lying on its oars, kept afloat on the edge of the beach. When I landed with my trade goods, leaving my steering sweep apeak, Otoo left his stroke position and came into the stern sheets, where a Winchester lay ready to hand under a flap of canvas. The boat's crew was also armed, the Sniders concealed under canvas flaps that ran the length of the gunwales. While I was busy arguing and persuading the woolly-headed cannibals to come and labor on the Queensland plantations, Otoo kept watch. And often and often his low voice warned me of suspicious actions and impending treachery. Sometimes it was the quick shot from his rifle, knocking a nigger over, that was the first warning I received. And in my rush to the boat his hand was always there to jerk me flying aboard.

Once, I remember, on Santa Anna, the boat grounded just as the trouble began. The covering boat was dashing to our assistance, but the several score of savages would have wiped us out before it arrived. Otoo took a flying leap ashore, dug both hands into the trade goods, and scattered tobacco, beads, tomahawks, knives, and calicoes in all directions. This was too much for the woolly heads. While they scrambled for the treasures, the boat was shoved clear and we were aboard and forty feet away. And I got thirty recruits off that very beach in the next four hours.

The particular instance I have in mind was on Malaita, the most savage island in the easterly Solomons. The natives had been remarkably friendly; and how were we to know that the whole village had been taking up a collection for over two years with which to buy a white man's head? The beggars are all head-hunters, and they especially esteem that of a white man. The fellow who captured the head would receive the whole collection. As I say, they appeared very friendly, and this day I was fully a hundred yards down the beach from the boat. Otoo had cautioned me, and, as usual when I did not heed him, I came to grief. The first thing I knew a cloud of spears sailed out of the mangrove swamp at me. At least a dozen were sticking into me. I started to run, but tripped over one that was fast in my calf and went down. The woolly heads made a run for me, each with a long-handled, fantail tomahawk with which to hack off my head. They were so eager for the prize that they got in one another's way. In the confusion I avoided several hacks by throwing myself right and left on the sand. Then Otoo arrived—Otoo the man-handler. In some way he had got hold of a heavy war-club, and at close quarters it was a far more efficient weapon than a rifle. He was right in the thick

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of them, so that they could not spear him, while their tomahawks seemed worse than useless. He was fighting for me, and he was in a true Berserker rage. The way he handled that club was amazing. Their skulls squashed like overripe oranges. It was not until he had driven them back, picked me up in his arms, and started to run, that he received his first wounds. He arrived in the boat with four spear-thrusts, got his Winchester, and with it got a man for every shot. Then we pulled aboard the schooner and doctored up.

Seventeen years we were together. He made me. I should to-day be a supercargo, a recruiter, or a memory, if it had not been for him.

"You spend your money, and you go out and get more," he said, one day. "It is easy to get money, now. But when you get old, your money will be spent and you will not be able to go out and get more. I know, master. I have studied the way of white men. On the beaches are many old men who were young once and who could get money just like you. Now they are old, and they have nothing, and they wait about for the young men like you to come ashore and buy drinks for them.

"The black boy is a slave on the plantations. He gets twenty dollars a year. He works hard. The overseer does not work hard. He rides a horse and watches the black boy work. He gets twelve hundred dollars a year. I am a sailor on the schooner. I get fifteen dollars a month. That is because I am a good sailor. I work hard. The captain has a double awning and drinks beer out of long bottles. I have never seen him haul a rope or pull an oar. He gets one hundred and fifty dollars a month. I am a sailor. He is a navigator. Master, I think it would be very good for you to know navigation."

Otoo spurred me on to it. He sailed with me as second mate on my first schooner, and he was far prouder of my command than was I myself. Later on it was:

"The captain is well paid, master, but the ship is in his keeping and he is never free from the burden. It is the owner who is better paid, the owner who sits ashore with many servants and turns his money over."

"True, but a schooner costs five thousand dollars—an old schooner at that," I objected. "I should be an old man before I saved five thousand dollars."

"There be short ways for white men to make money," he went on, pointing ashore at the cocoanut-fringed beach.

We were in the Solomons at the time, picking up a cargo of ivory-nuts along the east coast of Guadalcanar.

"Between this river mouth and the next it is two miles," he said. "The flat land runs far back. It is worth nothing now. Next year—who knows!—or the year after—men will pay much money for that land. The anchorage is good. Big steamers can lie close up. You can buy the land four miles deep from the old chief for ten thousand sticks of tobacco, ten bottles of squareface, and a Snider, which will cost you maybe one hundred dollars. Then you place the deed with the commissioner, and the next year, or the year after, you sell and become the owner of a ship."

I followed his lead, and his words came true, though in three years instead of two. Next came the grass-lands deal on Guadalcanar—twenty thousand acres on a governmental nine hundred and ninety-nine years' lease at a nominal sum. I owned the lease for precisely ninety days, when I sold it to the Moonlight Soap crowd for half a fortune. Always it was Otoo who looked ahead and saw the opportunity. He was responsible for the salving of the *Doncaster*—bought in at auction for five hundred dollars and clearing fifteen thousand after every expense was paid. He led me into the Savaii plantation and the cocoa venture on Upolu.

We did not go seafaring so much as in the old days now. I was too well off. I married and my standard of living rose; but Otoo remained the same old-time Otoo, moving about the house or trailing through the office, his wooden pipe in his mouth, a shilling undershirt on his back, and a four-shilling *lava-lava* about his loins. I could not get him to spend money. There was no way of repaying him except with love, and God knows he got that in full measure from all of us. The children worshiped him, and if he had been spoilable my wife would surely have been his undoing.

The children! He really was the one who showed them the way of their feet in the world practical. He began by teaching them to walk. He sat up with them when they were sick. One by one, when they were scarcely toddlers, he took them down to the lagoon and made them into amphibians. He taught them more than I ever knew of the habits of

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fish and the ways of catching them. In the bush it was the same thing. At seven, Tom knew more woodcraft than I ever dreamed existed. At six, Mary went over the Sliding Rock without a quiver—and I have seen strong men balk at that feat. And when Frank had just turned six he could bring up shillings from the bottom in three fathoms.

"My people in Bora Bora do not like heathen; they are all Christians; and I do not like Bora Bora Christians," he said one day, when I, with the idea of getting him to spend some of the money that was rightfully his, had been trying to persuade him to make a visit to his own island in one of our schooners —a special voyage that I had hoped to make a record-breaker in the matter of prodigal expense.

I say one of *our* schooners, though legally, at the time, they belonged to me. I struggled long with him to enter into partnership.

"We have been partners from the day the *Petite Jeanne* went down," he said at last. "But if your heart so wishes, then shall we become partners by the law. I have no work to do, yet are my expenses large. I drink and eat and smoke in plenty—it costs much, I know. I do not pay for the playing of billiards, for I play on your table; but still the money goes. Fishing on the reef is only a rich man's pleasure. It is shocking, the cost of hooks and cotton line. Yes, it is necessary that we be partners by the law. I need the money. I shall get it from the head clerk in the office."

So the papers were made out and recorded. A year later I was compelled to complain.

"Charley," said I, "you are a wicked old fraud, a miserly skinflint, a miserable landcrab. Behold, your share for the year in all our partnership has been thousands of dollars. The head clerk has given me this paper. It says that during the year you have drawn just eighty-seven dollars and twenty cents."

"Is there any owing me?" he asked anxiously.

"I tell you thousands and thousands," I answered.

His face brightened as with an immense relief.

"It is well," he said. "See that the head-clerk keeps good account of it. When I want it, I shall want it, and there must not be a cent missing. If there is," he added fiercely, after a pause, "it must come out of the clerk's wages."

And all the time, as I afterward learned, his will, drawn up by Carruthers and making me sole beneficiary, lay in the American consul's safe.

But the end came, as the end must come to all human associations. It occurred in the Solomons, where our wildest work had been done in the wild young days, and where we were once more—principally on a holiday, incidentally to look after our holdings on Florida Island and to look over the pearling possibilities of the Mboli Pass. We were lying at Savo, having run in to trade for curios. Now Savo is alive with sharks. The custom of the woolly heads of burying their dead in the sea did not tend to discourage the sharks from making the adjacent waters a hang-out. It was my luck to be coming aboard in a tiny, overloaded, native canoe, when the thing capsized. There were four woolly heads and myself in it, or rather, hanging to it. The schooner was a hundred yards away. I was just hailing for a boat when one of the woolly heads began to scream. Holding on to the end of the canoe, both he and that portion of the canoe were dragged under several times. Then he loosed his clutch and disappeared. A shark had got him.

The three remaining niggers tried to climb out of the water upon the bottom of the canoe. I yelled and cursed and struck at the nearest with my fist, but it was no use. They were in a blind funk. The canoe could barely have supported one of them. Under the three it up-ended and rolled sidewise, throwing them back into the water.

I abandoned the canoe and started to swim toward the schooner, expecting to be picked up by the boat before I got there. One of the niggers elected to come with me, and we swam along silently, side by side, now and again putting our faces into the water and peering about for sharks. The screams of the men who stayed by the canoe informed us that they were taken. I was peering into the water when I saw a big shark pass directly beneath me. He was fully sixteen feet in length. I saw the whole thing. He got the woolly head by the middle and away he went, the poor devil, head, shoulders, and arms out of water all the time, screeching in a heart-rending way. He was carried along in this fashion for several hundred feet, when he was dragged beneath the surface.

I swam doggedly on, hoping that that was the last unattached shark. But there was another. Whether it was one that had at-

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tacked the natives earlier, or whether it was one that had made a good meal elsewhere, I do not know. At any rate, he was not in such haste as the others. I could not swim so rapidly now, for a large part of my effort was devoted to keeping track of him. I was watching him when he made his first attack. By good luck I got both hands on his nose, and, though his momentum nearly shoved me under, I managed to keep him off. He veered clear and began circling about again. A second time I escaped him by the same maneuver. The third rush was a miss on both sides. He sheered at the moment my hands should have landed on his nose, but his sandpaper hide—I had on a sleeveless undershirt—scraped the skin off one arm from elbow to shoulder.

By this time I was played out and gave up hope. The schooner was still two hundred feet away. My face was in the water and I was watching him maneuver for another attempt, when I saw a brown body pass between us. It was Otoo.

"Swim for the schooner, master," he said, and he spoke gayly, as though the affair was a mere lark. "I know sharks. The shark is my brother."

I obeyed, swimming slowly on, while Otoo swam about me, keeping always between me and the shark, foiling his rushes and encouraging me.

"The davit-tackle carried away, and they are rigging the falls," he explained a minute or so later, and then went under to head off another attack.

By the time the schooner was thirty feet away I was about done for. I could scarcely move. They were heaving lines at us from on board, but these continually fell short. The shark, finding that it was receiving no hurt, had become bolder. Several times it nearly got me, but each time Otoo was there just the moment before it was too late. Of course Otoo could have saved himself any time. But he stuck by me.

"Good by, Charley, I'm finished," I just managed to gasp.

I knew that the end had come and that the next moment I should throw up my hands and go down.

But Otoo laughed in my face, saying:

"I will show you a new trick. I will make that shark damn sick."

He dropped in behind me, where the shark was preparing to come at me.

"A little more to the left," he next called out. "There is a line there on the water. To the left, master, to the left."

I changed my course and struck out blindly. I was by that time barely conscious. As my hand closed on the line I heard an exclamation from on board. I turned and looked. There was no sign of Otoo. The next instant he broke surface. Both hands were off at the wrist, the stumps spouting blood.

"Otoo," he called softly, and I could see in his gaze the love that thrilled in his voice. Then, and then only, at the very last of all our years, he called me by that name. "Good by, Otoo," he called.

Then he was dragged under, and I was hauled aboard, where I fainted in the captain's arms.

And so passed Otoo, who saved me and made me a man, and who saved me in the end. We met in the maw of a hurricane and parted in the maw of a shark, with seventeen intervening years of comradeship the like of which I dare to assert have never befallen two men, the one brown and the other white. If Jehovah be from his high place watching every sparrow fall, not least in His Kingdom shall be Otoo, the one heathen of Bora Bora. And if there be no place for him in that Kingdom, then will I have none of it.

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# THE QUESTION "HOW?"

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

Author of "Brain and Personality," "What is Physical Life?" etc.

Physician to the Roosevelt Hospital; Consulting Physician to the New York State Manhattan Hospital for the Insane; formerly Professor of the Practice of Medicine and Diseases of the Nervous System, New York University Medical College; Ex-President of the New York Academy of Medicine, etc.

IN one of Carlyle's earliest productions, dealing with the philosophy of Clothes, he showed that a man quite plainly reveals his inner self by what he wears. So we would now discuss what the being, Man, reveals about himself by his eternal question, "How?"

As language is a lofty endowment and, moreover, on this earth exclusively human, we would lead up to the subject by stating what the parts of speech are.

According to the Arabs, who surpass all other peoples in the study of language—for they claim that they have twenty-five thousand books on grammar in their literature—the parts of speech are three; and, as one of their old scholars states, this threefold division of speech is not confined to one language, but is universal, because human speech does not differ with the difference of human tongues. These three parts are: first, nouns—the names of things; second, verbs—the names of events; and, third, the partitives—or the words which express the relations of things to events. Thus the most abstract of verbs, "to be," refers to an event; for when a man says, "I am," he is mentioning an event in the history of the universe which did not occur till he existed.

This division, however, necessitates that the adjectives should be regarded as nouns; and so they are classed in all Semitic languages, as the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Syriac, etc. The writers of the New Testament, therefore, could not write Greek without continually falling into their native Hebrew idiom; so that if the passages were translated literally, some modern expositions would have to be much modified. Thus, "Who created the worlds by the word of his power" means "Who created the worlds by his powerful word." "The body of our humiliation" is "our humiliating body." "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" is "from this deadly body," as the context of the passage clearly shows. In each case the second noun is the adjective modifying the first.

Moreover, the most interesting deduction from this division of the parts of speech is that the partitives are far the highest in rank among words, because they express pure relations, which only the royal mind of man can so distinctly perceive as to make words for them. Thus, a dog can learn his own name, and understand the verbs "go" and "come," especially with the imperative tone of his master; but he could never understand the words "outgoing year" or "incoming year."

Prepositions belong to the partitives, and, with different prepositions attached to one and the same thing or noun, the human mind can step through the vast regions of thought as easily as the ether can vibrate through space. Thus the Latin *scriptio*, the name of a thing, a writing, gives us the following changes, according to the preposition: An *a*scription is not a *con*scription, by any means; nor does a conscription mean anything like a *de*scription; nor is that the same thing with an *in*scription; nor when we *pre*scribe for

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a man are we *pro*scribing him; and every one of us knows, when the agent of a worthy cause enters, what the difference is between a *sub*scription and a *super*scription.

To the adverbs, however, must be given the preëminence among all human words. But even here there are gradations in rank. Thus the adverb, "Why?" may be nothing but a question of curiosity, and hence its idea may be suggested to an inquisitive monkey. But it is not so with the question, "How?" "Why?" may be answered by an affirmation, but "How?" can be answered only by a demonstration. Now, as our object is to call speech to witness as to what is in man, or, in other words, what man is himself, we will proceed to analyze the testimony of this word, "How?"

### "HOW" FINDS A PLANET

First: It does not refer to anything which appears on the surface. Instead, it seeks to find the hidden and the unknown by following up one clue after another. When the astronomer, Leverrier, found that the planets Saturn and Uranus did not come to time, he asked himself how that could be. Meanwhile, the answer to any number of "hows" must have been previously demonstrated by him and by other astronomers before the movements of these great and distant heavenly bodies could be shown as not according to the clock-like regularity of planets in their courses. He reasoned that only one probable "how" could account for the facts; namely, another planet of just such a size and weight, and moving at just such a distance, would suffice thus to hold back Saturn and Uranus in their orbits. And so he calculated how large this heavenly body was, how heavy it was, and then just where it was, until, by this human but sure detective system, astronomers caught sight of Neptune—after Leverrier told them where to look for it.

But, after all, to decide how the vast heavenly bodies move in space is easy compared with finding out how to make a sewing machine go. For a needle to thread itself and then rapidly proceed to sew without the help of fingers calls for the discovery of more "hows" than are needed to explain Laplace's "Mécanique céleste." Mass and gravity suffice for the one, but only a Yankee's mind could have created the other.

We have now come to a great word—"create." A creator is a being who gives origin to things which would not exist but for his intelligent purpose and design. Now, man has simply filled this earth with his own creations, all due to himself alone and to none other, and all again by pondering the question, "How?" He began, for instance, by putting a hole through a flint hatchet, and ended with putting a hole through the Alps. In this last, an engineer stood at the foot of the great mountain and asked himself how he could tunnel it for nations to pass through. He saw a small stream dashing down the mountainside and at once found his desired "how," for he made that stream work big drills by compressed air, till the everlasting rocks themselves had to give in.

But man is an infinite creator—by which we mean that his creative capacity is limitless and inexhaustible. No sooner does he create one thing than he turns to create another thing totally different from it. A locomotive thundering past with a long train has no resemblance to a telegraph line, nor that, in turn, to a great printing press. Man coolly sets at defiance the most fundamental laws of physical science.

Thus, a heavy load of passengers, sitting in no less heavy cars, if put on a smooth inclined plane must slide down faster and faster to the bottom, or Vulcan would be confounded. But man strings a thin wire overhead, which would snap instantly if the load gave it one pull; but something which, some "how," man causes to pass along that wire, makes the trolley with its live freight go uphill faster than a horse can run.

### THE ETHER ENSLAVED

And what about that mysterious ether? It can neither be seen, heard, felt, handled, smelt, nor tasted. Nevertheless, man has learned so much about its "how" that he is turning it into as menial a servant, obedient to his wishes, as he has made of electricity, the cause of sublime thunder; for man bids the ether carry his stock quotations or any other message of his to the ends of the earth.

These are great doings, but really no greater than his small doings, for the least of these is just as impossible for other earthly creatures as are an Alpine tunnel or a battleship. A large convention of chimpanzees could not combine to make one pin or one sleeve-button, if they tried.

All this is because man is native to the world of relations, which no other earthly be-

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ings are, because they cannot go beyond the information provided by their bodily senses. Man, on the contrary, gains infinitely more knowledge than his bodily senses can afford. By studying the relations of abstract points to abstract lines, he becomes a mathematician. Following up the many "hows" of chemistry, he talks about molecules, atoms, and ions as fluently as if he had seen or handled them.

### MAN IS INVISIBLE

This explains how man can and does create. Every great invention existed first in the mind of the inventor. So the great engineer who made the Brooklyn Bridge never had to handle one of the materials used in its construction, for every stone, wire, and bolt was provided for in that engineer's mind before any part of that tremendous mass of matter could be seen on the earth.

Moreover, this great human creator is as invisible as the Divine Creator Himself. People are continually saying that they will not believe in a thing till they can see it, thus pinning their faith to the testimony of that one of our senses which makes more mistakes than do all our other senses put together. When a man six feet high is a mile off, it says that he is only six inches high. The eye can see nothing of the vast microscopic living world which lies within six inches of the eyeball, and so we have had to invent a microscope to make up for this serious deficiency. But what would the Russian Witte not have given if he could have telegraphed to St. Petersburg that he had actually *seen* the Japanese Komura while they were talking about making peace at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and that he knew just what the courteous Jap thought and proposed! All that he saw was the Asiatic's smiling face and other things of his outside. Every human personality belongs to the real world, the world of the Unseen, and cannot be known except as he chooses to reveal himself.

### BRAIN NOT THE MAN

Some persons might object here that the brain is both visible and tangible in man, and that man is in his brain, and, therefore, the brain is man. Medical science, however, shows that the brain no more thinks than the hand and foot do, but is simply the instrument of the invisible thinker. The proof of this is that we have two brains, just as we have two eyes and two ears, but that only one of our two brain hemispheres is the instrument for talking, thinking, or knowing. Which one of the two hemispheres will be the mental one will depend altogether on how it has been *taught* by the invisible thinker, who will begin to teach the left hemisphere if he is right-handed, or the right hemisphere if he is left-handed. He will leave the other hemisphere in each case wholly speechless or thoughtless, and concerned only with the business of governing the muscles or receiving the bodily sensations of its corresponding side. If brain matter really itself thought, we should have two thinking and speaking hemispheres—and this the first case of loss of speech by an apoplectic clot would disprove.

"By thy words thou shalt be judged." This means that man is to be judged by his own creations, for it is only men who create words. By their words they show what is in them, both intellectually and morally. We have demonstrated that the being who can ask the question, "How?" naturally belongs to the universe. Already he knows what stuff inconceivably distant stars are made of; and the "how" to know that he found in a small glass prism.

### THE MORAL "HOW"

It would seem, therefore, as if it were by some temporary accident that he is held to this little material speck of matter called the earth. And this impression grows upon us as we study the greatest facts of human life. We enter this world knowing nothing and not nearly so well equipped to take care of ourselves as are other animals. There is no helplessness like that of a babe. But wonderfully early he begins to ask the question, "How?" A little boy will ask more questions in a day than his father will ask in a week; nor can he be stopped or deceived, because the question, "Why?" you can answer as you please, but not "How?"

He who can ask "How?" can be a learner as long as he exists, whether here or hereafter. In his life here he may become either a great financier or a great statesman, but certainly not either unless he knows how. Any education, in fact, is simply learning how.

What is true in the intellectual world is still more true in the moral world. Whenever a question bearing on morals enters, every

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one should stop and ask, "How?" A mistake here is like entering the wrong gate in a large railroad station. The longer you stay in its corresponding train, the farther it will take you from where you should go. For example, there are some who say that the human will is not free, but that our actions are all, in the last analysis, according to our make-up. In other words, we are machines which must go as they are made to go. There is, therefore, no right nor wrong in human conduct, for machines cannot be held responsible for conduct or the way they go—there can be no sinful automobile or wicked windmill.

According to these reasoners, therefore, when human law punishes one who has robbed a widow of all she had, or has seduced the daughter of a friend, or committed a cold-blooded murder, the law is wholly illogical in punishing him, because, since he is a machine, his punishment is like throwing a clock out of a window if it does not keep good time. The only answer to such a talker should be, "Get out!" with particular emphasis on the "out."

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# WHO WOULD BE A YOUNG LADY

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

1830

SISTER walks past the garden wall
In monstrous hoop, and slippers small,
And polonaise, and sash, and all,
To join the Dorcas Circle.

She'll sit indoors, and stitch, and moon,
And sip her tea, and clink her spoon,
This whole blue, breezy afternoon!
For so do all Young Ladies.

Come, Poll, come, Bet! Escaped from school,
We'll wade across the shallows cool
Of Roaring Tom and Silver Pool,
And climb the pines of Randal.

Far up the mountain path we'll go,
And leave the Raven Rocks below,
And creep inside the caves of snow,
To hear their echoes thunder!

Let briers scratch, let brambles tear
Our oft-patched frocks—we shall not care:
Green are the woods, and fresh the air;
Then who would be a Young Lady?

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# INSTEAD OF AN ARTICLE

## About Pittsburg and, Incidentally, about Editing a Magazine

Important articles in magazines of the type of "COLLIER'S," "MCCLURE'S," the "AMERICAN," and "EVERYBODY'S," like plays, are rewritten rather than written. To begin with, there must be the idea, then to find the man or woman best able to embody it. That settled, the author must steep himself in his subject. When he acquires mastery, his findings are written down and submitted to the editor. This may take months; it often requires years.

It has happened that the editor did not know what he wanted until he read this first draft. Now he has the subject spread before him by an authority. His associates all read it and criticise. Sometimes that first draft is flawless, but most often it is returned to the author with direction for reconstruction. The process may be repeated half a dozen times. Finally the manuscript is satisfactory, which means that it is valuable, simply expressed, and readable. It is in shape for publication. It is put into type and sent around to outside experts who are the representative authorities on the subject.

In these days a magazine can afford to have its conclusions disputed, but its facts must be incontrovertible. Perhaps the trouble the big publications take to be right—and that means square and just, as well as accurate—explains such prestige and influence as they now enjoy in America.

At a women's club gathering in Mississippi, recently, Harris Dickson told his audience something about an article of his that had recently appeared in "EVERYBODY'S." He explained that a manuscript written by another man had been sent him to put in shape. The facts were there, and the moral, but the treatment was technical. It lacked carrying power. Dickson knew nothing of the other author, and so proceeded to get up the subject at first hand. He took not one of the facts for granted. After three months he returned the revised manuscript to the magazine. It was sent back, with specific directions for rewriting. In due course he again remailed it to the editor, who congratulated him on his achievement—for that is what it was. Then the article, having attained a satisfactory form (it was on Fraternal Insurance), was sent round among the experts. The first man who read it was a high official of one of the old line insurance companies, but a hearty believer in the fraternal system. He returned it with approval and an elaborate criticism. Then it was submitted to the chief insurance commissioner of a western state—the undoubted political authority on the subject. The approval and criticisms of both men, with the manuscript, were again forwarded to Mr. Dickson. The necessary corrections having been incorporated, the manuscript was ready for the printer. To make assurance doubly sure, proofs were sent out to prominent officials of leading fraternal organizations, who returned them with most commendatory letters. And then, and only then, did it appear in the magazine.

Mr. Dickson's audience, doubtless under the impression that magazines are produced by editors out of the contributions sent them by mail, expressed surprise that so much time, effort, and money should be devoted to what seemed a comparatively unimportant subject. Yet it involved a matter that concerned five million men and their families, and a tremendous controversy. Its appearance has made the controversy even keener, and of course the enemies of sanity and good order in fraternalism are now hurling bolts at us. However, when we have done our part and know we are right, we stay put.

Mr. Dickson told part of what to us is a familiar story. In this instance he knew nothing of the time and trouble the author and ourselves had taken just to get together the facts and place them in the right perspective. We began on this particular article in November, 1906, and during the interval it

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was being worked at or over by one of some dozen men. The same is true of most of our big series. "The Woman's Invasion" represented two and a half years of work. Fifteen months elapsed between the delivery of Judge Lindsey's first manuscript and the beginning of publication in the magazine. Trained writers, the best men we know about, are out investigating and gathering the facts for the articles we will print a year hence. This is the process of magazine making to-day. It is not peculiar to "EVERYBODY'S"; it is the rule with "COLLIER'S," "MCCLURE'S," the "AMERICAN," and "SUCCESS."

### INSTEAD OF AN ARTICLE

This is all by way of introduction to the story of an article that was not written. About the time the Pittsburg flare-up began to show itself in the papers, it occurred to us that some exposition of the situation there would be of value and interest to our readers. Before going about it, we debated it very carefully. Some of us in the office (and this magazine is edited by all of us) were fairly familiar with the subject, and we believed it would subserve no useful purpose to tackle it along the "Shame of the Cities" lines. We agreed that the way to approach Pittsburg was to consider what had happened there, not as a sporadic outburst, but as an economic symptom. Whom could we get that was far enough from the controversies involved to treat the subject objectively and with a big perspective? Brand Whitlock. The Mayor of Toledo knows more about cities and their governments, and the evils that arise within them, than any other man, and he can write —with knowledge, with sympathy, with clarity. Also he knew Pittsburg. So we telegraphed to find if he was free to write an article, and, when he replied in the affirmative, the following letter was sent him:

April 1, 1910.

DEAR MR. WHITLOCK:

The article we want is on Pittsburg. It is neither our purpose nor our desire merely to "muckrake" Pittsburg or any other city. The eruption there is typical of similar conditions in other great civic centers throughout the country, and it seems to us it might be made the text of a diagnosis of the whole municipal problem in America.

Here are a few thoughts that occur to me which might be represented:

We have come to realize that the real trouble in our country is Privilege. Big business, in its ruthless pursuit of results, has the ultimate responsibility for the ills that confront us in political, social, and commercial life. The graft scandals, the bank defalcations, etc., are simply symptoms of internal disorders. They are the eruptions of the disease.

Pittsburg might be called the typical get-rich-quick community. Its great wealth is based on the abundant coal and iron with which the Creator loaded its environment. Down on those deposits fasten thousands of Americans seized with the mania of money-making. They coin the coal and iron into millions. They work feverishly; they work their men furiously. It's a mad, frenzied scramble for success and sensation. To get rich quicker, they exact excessive protection from Congress—first to prop up infant industries, then to consolidate abnormal profits. If the government undertakes to deny their demands, they bluster first, then intrigue, then intimidate. Mills are closed down; the "prosperity" of the country is threatened, lobbies are organized, corruption funds subscribed, until Congress succumbs and new "jokers" are written into steel tariffs.

In the meantime a huge city is upreared. But this city is run for the benefit of its industries, not for the comfort of its inhabitants. Street railway, gas, electric corporations are organized, ostensibly to serve the community, actually enabling a greedy group to make more money. Again, what cannot be gained by request is won by force and guile.

Over and over again the various processes are repeated, until you have built up a sort of City Monstrous, dedicated to machinery, in which all the men and many of the women are just machines, and there is no ideal save that of feverish industrial adventure and accomplishment. Power—blind, ruthless, marvel-working, bending backs and bodies to its will—is Pittsburg's god, and Success its divine attribute—Success that spells Gold, the instrument of exploitation and sensation. What wonder that weaker men, confronted by the colossal rewards of industrial conquest, are frenzied with the gold fever? In the absence of communal patriotism, graft becomes an incident. Graft and greed are the minor watchwords of success. Get money, any way—but get it. Is it surprising that cashiers graft, that aldermen graft, that city officials graft, that there's a very pandemonium of graft? Isn't it the way the other fellows get rich?

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All of a sudden the poison clogs the pores, and the infection blotches the surface—and every one is horrified. The great manufacturers, the great merchants, the great lawyers—high priests of the Power God—throw up their hands. Can such things be? Dreadful, horrible!—blindly oblivious of their own responsibility for the epidemic.

More startling still to the conquerors were the pitiless revelations of the *Survey*, exhibiting in mathematical terms the cost to the human factor of this monstrous material success. Hordes of anaemic, emaciated men and women, exhausted by long hours of toil, piled thick in wretched hovels, underfed, half-clothed, dragging out a miserable existence unrelieved by leisure or rest or recreation—the Juggernaut toll of efficiency—of the passion for results at any price. Against this horror, what avails Pittsburg's panorama of splendid churches, of lordly palaces, of noble art museums, of great orchestras, richly endowed educational institutions—the patriotic tribute of the conquerors to civilization? What is this boasted civilization of ours worth—not Pittsburg's only, for Pittsburg is an incident—if it be reared on the wrecked and depleted bodies of men at its base?

There would then be the opportunity in the article to suggest the regenerated Pittsburg—all this furious energy hitherto devoted to material success turned to social betterment and decent government. The turn of the worker comes. The conquerors, having learned that they cannot take greedily what belongs to a community, and find happiness, turn magnificently to the rescue of their own downtrodden. The old question—what does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his soul?—has been burned into Pittsburg humanity once again.

For several years the newspapers have carried stories about these successive scandals in Pittsburg, until people have in a measure become confused as to how they connect, whether all are really parts of the same story. I doubt if the average man who reads the article in the morning paper has a clear grasp of what has been going on, and he can't discover it without hunting back through the files. Once we published an article by Owen Wister about the Capitol frauds in Pennsylvania, after the newspapers had been printing countless columns on the subject for months, and it was one of the most successful articles we have used, because of the way it crystallized and interpreted the whole occurrence.

A similar service is here suggested. Write the story of Pittsburg dramatically; crystallize the big exposures of the last few years through which bankers and politicians have been going to prison, culminating with the present crisis in the City Council; bring out the economic significance of these occurrences to Pittsburg, to the United States. Such an article will help all of us to see where we are "at," will help develop civic consciousness in New York, Chicago, San Francisco. It is immensely well worth doing.

I'm not dictating your article. What is written here is purely suggestive. You must tell what you see and find in your own way. You will, anyway. You know most of the facts. You are in touch with the balance. We'll help to get material. If you will, you can put up an article that the country will read. We'd like copy as soon as possible.

Sincerely,
J. O'H. Cosgrave,
Editor.

Mr. Whitlock, replied, expressing willingness to handle the subject along the lines indicated, and asked for whatever assistance we could render him. William Hard, a member of our editorial force, had spent some time in Pittsburg, acquiring material for his "Woman's Invasion," and he recommended J. J. Nordman, a reporter of that city, as the best man to equip Mr. Whitlock with the historical details of the exposure. He would thus have immediately a succinct, up-to-date statement of the case for his use as a skeleton.

Mr. Nordman was willing to help, and soon after got into communication with Mr. Whitlock. Here is an account of his service, which was accompanied by a letter from District Attorney Blakeley, certifying to his reliability and knowledge of the facts.

May 10, 1910.

Hon. Brand Whitlock, Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Cosgrave has asked me to forward you matter bearing on the Pittsburg graft exposé and such clippings as I may have.

I shall weave the facts together with no effort towards literary form, but rather in letter form, and present it to you not later than Monday next.

Enclosed please find what I have termed a "Retrospect," being a review of the political conditions leading to and making possible the present exposé.

Such clippings as I have will be forwarded with matter. I enclose letter from Mr. Blakeley.

Very respectfully,
J. Jerome Nordman.

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After that we waited, rather impatiently, it must be confessed, for Whitlock's manuscript. After the passage of other admonitory letters and telegrams, we received the following letter. We print it "instead of an article." In our opinion, it is an extraordinarily valuable summary of the whole subject of municipal misrule. It goes far and beyond Pittsburg, and deep into economic, social, and national conditions of which that city is but an instance and an illustration. And, moreover, it sets forth just how such an article, could we find the right man to do it, should be written. Here it is:

Executive Offices
THE CITY OF TOLEDO
3 June, 1910.

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, Esquire,
Editor EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. COSGRAVE:

The Pittsburg story is big, too big and too important and too significant to do at second hand. I have had a valuable correspondence with Mr. Nordman, and he has most kindly put his information, and in clear form, at my disposal. He has sent me his scrapbook of newspaper clippings, and he has written me at length and in detail of the various exposures and prosecutions. I have made inquiries, too, from friends, and I have been thinking over the story that you propose. But it won't go, and I have concluded that it ought not to go in that form; and that is the only form in which it is possible for me now to tell it.

I find just what I expected to find, or I find the familiar symptoms of what I expected to find. The intelligent answers to the several questions I put to Mr. Nordman after our first few letters are exactly what I expected them to be. One city is all cities; and all exhibit the same effects, proceeding from the same causes. Look about you, anywhere, and if you see graft, and bribery, and corruption, you'll find a bi-partisan machine controlling nominations and elections to municipal offices, and representing the few who consider themselves privileged to exploit the people by means of franchises in public utilities, etc. It's as easy as it is for a physician to tell what ails a sallow and emaciated Southern "cracker" who shivers with chills one day, and burns up with fever the next.

And so, in Pittsburg, I found the usual Republican machine with its big boss, the usual Democratic machine and its little boss, and the two, as usual, working together, the Democratic boss and his tools rewarded by a few small offices on "bi-partisan" boards, and the like; then the street railway system and other public utility corporations which these bosses represent, and for which they procure franchises. And after this, the "better element," the "eminently respectable" citizens, supporting this combination, enjoying the fruits of its labor, and influencing the business interests of the city in the way that gives such perfect exemplification of the evils of class government in our cities—the same, old, sordid story.

The revelations, as they are called—though by this time they should have ceased to be revelations, and have become "recognitions" in this country—made by the newspaper clippings before me are the expected indications of the deeper, underlying causes. The superficial observer sees in them merely a corrupt council; and, from the fact that councilmen have taken bribes, he makes the daring deduction that some one gave them the bribes; he sees that councilmen have been grafting, and then is naïvely astonished by the revelation that some business men higher up, although not very much higher up, have been caught and publicly disgraced. He sees, too, a brave and fearless prosecutor who is sending these men to prison; and there are the usual predictions that out of all this there is to come to Pittsburg "good" government—that is, government by honest men, to be aided, perhaps, by the adoption of the commission plan. That is to say, we have here the subject only in its personal aspect, and not in its institutional, sociological, economic aspect.

### THE SAME OLD STORY OF GRAFT

Now, to be frank, the story of the grafting doesn't interest me much, though it is as saddening and depressing as ever; and I can't work up enough enthusiasm for that feature of it to write anything that would be worth your while to print, or worth anybody's while to read. Toward the subject I feel the same apathy that was felt toward the ordinary newspaper account of some casualty by Thoreau, who would not read, as you will remember, the accounts—for example—of crimes and accidents, because, having once grasped the principle, he felt it unnecessary to multiply, indefinitely, instances of that principle. The story of Pittsburg, so far as it has been related to me, is merely the old,

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squalid story of municipal graft. I have the names and the dates in an orderly and logical way—who were sent to the penitentiary, and when, and for what particular crime, and what the judge said in pronouncing sentence, etc. All of this has been told over and over and over again in the newspapers and magazines during the last few years; the only difference lies in the names and the dates and the place. Indeed, Pittsburg's story in this respect is hardly as interesting as the old stories—it is, if anything, more commonplace, more squalid.

But behind all this, there is, of course, a story, and a big one, as you unerringly divined. Reading between the lines of the dry recital of facts with which I have been provided, and peering a little way behind the scenes, I come, I think, upon the real story, the one that some one should write, the one that some one should print.

The first chapter, perhaps, is the story of the old political machines in Pittsburg, and of that interesting, and—in certain elemental, human senses—strong personality, Chris Magee, the boss—who has a monument.

Then, there is another personality, of a different sort, in Blakeley, the district attorney. My accounts are meager and bald, and yet I catch glimpses of a striking personality. This district attorney, I should imagine, is a man with the best ideals of the legal profession, honest, capable, sincere, and unafraid; a man, withal, who knows life and politics and can play the game without being soiled in its many contacts. What draws me to him, even at this distance, is that he seems to have little of the Puritan in him, as there is too apt to be in prosecutors who convict, and push their victims within prison doors. And he is another chapter of the story. But I don't know Blakeley; I can't describe him, I can't interpret him, and I haven't the time nor the opportunity just now to become acquainted with him.

Then there is the story of the organization of the Civic League, or whatever they call it, and especially the story of its operations. These good citizens, it seems, hired a detective to come and run their men down for them. To me the private detective is not the most inspiring and heroic figure on our modern scene; but that is neither here nor there. One of these detectives evidently has not only ability but versatility, and in an interesting manner combines the occupation of a detective with the profession of an evangelist. It was not, however, he who worked the old panel game—much as a black paramour might work it down in the Tenderloin—on certain councilmen, led them into a trap, and then exposed them—an achievement in confused morals that has not been permitted to go unapplauded. There are those, of course, in every city who could think fondly and smugly of themselves as doing, in this way, preëminently the will of God; and such deeds not infrequently make men self-righteous.

But, of course, I may be mistaken about the present application of this generalization, and, as I should like to be just, or, what is better, to be charitable, I should hesitate, on such unsupported conclusions, to write it down for the public eye. There are, of course, those who with logic can justify the larger end by the smaller means, and thus excuse certain deviations from the straight line of the moral ideal, and thereby hold one back from the temptation to divide his moral indignation about equally between pursuer and pursued. But, if he claimed one's sympathy for the pursuers, he could not prevent one's pity from going to the ruined councilmen.

### THE SHOCK TO CARNEGIE

But beyond all this—and here I think I touch on the real story—there is the peculiar temper and tendency of Pittsburg. Pittsburg is an artistic center; fortunes have been lavished in endowing schools and universities and palaces for art, on symphonies and oratorios. All the expressions of a new, ruling plutocracy are easily discernible here, as in all such epochs of society recorded in history; just, for instance, as Ferrero describes them in the last phases of the Roman Republic. And when Carnegie returns, he sheds tears and wrings his hands because of the corruption that has been exposed, and he fails, as many in Pittsburg seem to fail, to note the necessary, if subtle, relation that must exist between all this corruption and debauchery, between all this art and music, and—shall I say?—the tariff on steel.

This, however, isn't all; though this is part. Pittsburg is a moral town; the most moral, in the conventional sense, in all America. She won't even allow the kids to play baseball on a back lot on Sunday. A woman, an old friend of mine who lives in Pittsburg, said: "I think it very unfortunate that the *Survey* was published. It overlooks Pittsburg's good points. For instance, Pittsburg has more

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churches than any city of its size in America. More people of our class go to church than in any place I ever saw; more money is given to charity. People just pour out of their houses and into the churches on Sunday morning." She was quite serious—and she expressed Pittsburg, or the ruling class of Pittsburg, exactly.

Now I don't mean to say that Pittsburg is especially hypocritical; but she does seem to be pharisaical. The article about Pittsburg should find its beginnings, perhaps, away back in the days of scholasticism, and come down through the moss hags of Scotland; and its title should be "Pious Pittsburg," or something like that. Written properly—if I am right—it would be an eloquent exposition of phariseeism at its apotheosis.

### THE REAL STORY OF PITTSBURG

Now I can't write this, because I haven't the evidence to prove what I see, or think I see. All I have is the mere outline—and the outline applies, as I have said, to most cities. What one should have is the color, the detail, the thousand and one little things in the way of personality—you know what I mean; all that which is necessary to "lend artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." (I wish I were in New York to-night! I'd go to the Casino and see the revival of "The Mikado.") The Pittsburg story can't be written, and it should not be written, without this; and to do it properly one would have to spend much time in Pittsburg and become saturated with the atmosphere of the place; and when he emerged, if he ever did emerge, he would be ready to undertake this rather stupendous study in psychology. I do not feel at all equipped for this task, and no amount of material without the personal contact could equip me for this service. With my material, I could only write the old and squalid story of a rather commonplace exposure of municipal grafting, and that wouldn't be worth while.

The story of Pittsburg would be all that the story of any city is—as I have indicated: the bi-partisan machine, the public service corporation, etc.—but it would be more. It would illustrate the curious effects of long acceptance of cold, intellectual theories in place of religion, and how this develops the ability to separate morals and manners; how one's theology needn't interfere with one's religion, and all that. It would be the story of the union of politics and business; and the trail would lead up to those proud and insolent aristocracies that are founded on the purchase of the privilege of making the laws, and down to those stews of horror where they pay for the privilege of breaking the laws. It would be the story of Chris Magee, the good-natured, human boss; of Blakeley, the upright prosecutor; of the methods of hired detectives and the corruption of officialdom. Pittsburg has riches, art, organized charity, and piety; but she lacks wealth, beauty, social justice, and religion. And sending the "bad" to prison, and electing the "good" to office, and changing the paper charters of the city, are not going to work any real reform. They think they'll get "good government" and "civic righteousness," and then their problems will be solved. This is what they propose to do; this is all they tell us now, and I can't write a story on that. The story would be as futile as little legal reforms.

It is, however, consoling and inspiring to believe—yes, to know—that there are in Pittsburg—as in all cities—hundreds of thousands of decent, virtuous, wholesome, toiling people; that these make up by far the larger part of the population, too, and that they will save Pittsburg, and make her as good as she is great. It is a fact stimulating to the imagination and encouraging to the soul that, in all these stores and shops and mills, there are hard-working, modest, unknown thousands who are pure and loyal, who are humanity's hope; that even the most stunted and abused figures out of the *Survey* give more promise than that class which rides upon their backs and devours them as it rides.

Good government, efficient government, if by those phrases is meant, as is usually meant, government by the "good"—whoever they may be!—and the efficient, will not do; it will avail nothing to Pittsburg or to any city, to substitute for grafters, great or petty, personally honest men who will legally give away franchises for nothing, instead of bartering them illegally for big bribes. Pittsburg can't be saved by an aristocracy of the better element; she can be saved only by democracy—with a very little "d." And she will be saved that way some day, never fear, though not until all the other cities are similarly saved.

I shall await with interest what you think of my suggestions.

Your ever sincere friend,

BRAND WHITLOCK.

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# THE WOMEN OF TO-MORROW

## By WILLIAM HARD

*EDITOR'S NOTE: It is commonly supposed that only the women of poverty are affected by modern industrial conditions. On the contrary, modern industrial conditions are having their greatest influence among the women who, before marriage, enjoy wide educational opportunities, and who, after marriage, enjoy the blessing of partial leisure. It is among these women that economic developments are producing the profoundest changes in habit of life and in character of mind. Mr. Hard, who will be remembered by all readers of the "Woman's Invasion," has spent two years in the diligent investigation of this subject, and has acquired an authoritative knowledge of it.*

EVERY Jack has his Jill." It is a tender twilight thought, and it more or less settles Jill.

When the Census Man was at work in 1900, however, he went about and counted 2,260,000 American women who were more than twenty-five years old and who were still unmarried.

It is getting worse (or better) with every passing decade, and out of it is emerging a new ideal of education for women, an ideal which seems certain to penetrate the whole educational system of the United States, all the way from the elementary schools to the universities.

The Census Man groups us into age periods. The period from twenty-five to twenty-nine is the most important matrimonially, because it is the one in which most of us get pretty well fixed into our life work. Out of every 1,000 women in that period, in the year 1890, the Census Man found 254 who were still unmarried. In 1900, only ten years later, he found 275.

There is not so much processional as recessional about marriage at present. In navigating the stormy waters of life in the realistic pages of the census reports, it is not till we reach the comparatively serene, landlocked years from forty-five to fifty-four that we find ourselves in an age-period in which the number of single women has been reduced to less than ten per cent. of the total. The rebound from this fact hits education hard. As marriage recedes, and as the period of gainful work before marriage lengthens, the need of real technical preparation for that gainful work becomes steadily more urgent, and the United States moves steadily onward into an era of trained women as well as trained men.

In Boston, at that big new college called Simmons—the first of its kind in the United States—a regular four-year college of which the aim is to send out every graduate technically trained to earn her living in a certain specific occupation, there were enrolled last year, besides some five hundred undergraduate women, some eighty other women who had already earned their bachelor's degrees at other colleges, such as Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Radcliffe, Leland Stanford, and the University of Montana.

These eighty women, after eight years in elementary schools, four years in high school, and four years in college, were taking one year more in technical school in order to be—what? Not doctors or lawyers or architects. Not anything in the "learned" professions. But to be "social workers" in settlements or for charity societies, to be librarians, to be stenographers and secretaries.

The Bachelor of Arts from Vassar who is going to be a stenographer, and who is taking her year of graduate study at Simmons, will go to work at the end of the year and then, six months later, if she has made good, will get from Simmons the degree of Bachelor of Science. At that point in her life she will have two degrees and seventeen years of schooling behind her. A big background. But we are beginning to do some training for almost everything.

Did you ever see a school of salesmanship for department-store women employees? You can see one at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston. Under the guidance of Mrs. Lucinda W. Prince, the big department stores of Boston have come to think enough of this school to send girls to it every morning and to pay them full wages while they take a three months' course.

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If you will attend any of the classes, in arithmetic, in textiles, in hygiene, in color and design, in demonstration sales, in business forms, you will get not only a new view of the art of selling goods over the counter but a new vision of a big principle in education.

In the class on color, for instance, you will at first be puzzled by the vivid interest taken by the pupils in the theory of it. You have never before observed in any classroom so intimate a concern about rainbows, prisms, spectra, and the scientific sources of æsthetic effects. Your mind runs back to your college days and returns almost alarmed to this unacademic display of genuine, spontaneous, unanimous enthusiasm toward a classroom study of a theoretical subject. At last the reason for it works into your mind. These girls are engaged in the practice of color every afternoon, over hats, ribbons, waists, gloves, costumes. When you begin once to study a subject which reaches practice in your life, you cannot stop with practice. A law of your mind carries you on to the philosophy of it.

Right there you see the reason why trade training, broadly contrived, broadens not only technique but soul, trains not only to earn but to live. "Refined selling," some of the girls call the salesmanship which they learn in Mrs. Prince's class. They have perceived, to some extent, the relation between the arts and sciences on the one hand and their daily work on the other.

To a much greater extent has this relation been perceived by the young woman who has taken the full four-year course in, say, "Secretarial Studies" in Simmons and who, throughout her English, her German, her French, her Sociology, and her History, as well as throughout her Typewriting, her Shorthand, and her Commercial Law, has necessarily kept in mind, irradiating every subject, the light it may throw on the specific work she is to do.

"Ah! There, precisely, is the danger. Every Jack should have his Jill; but if every Jill has her job, why, there again the wedding day goes receding some more into the future. Let them stop all this foolishness and get married, as their grandparents did!"

Poor Jack! Poor Jill! They get lectured at all the time about the postponement of marriage, and they can no more control it than they can control the size of the city of New York. Theoretically, everybody on Manhattan Island could get up and go away and leave the island vacant. Actually, it can't and won't be done. Theoretically, we should all of us get married young. We fall in love young enough. But, actually, we can't get married young, and don't. The reasons are given later. Meanwhile, just notice, and just ponder, the following facts.

It was in the United States as a whole that the Census Man found 275 out of every 1,000 women in the twenty-five-to-twenty-nine age-period unmarried. But the United States consists of developed and undeveloped regions. The cities are the high points of development. Look at the cities:

In Chicago, out of every 1,000 women in the age period from twenty-five to twenty-nine, there were 314 who were unmarried. In Denver there were 331. In Manhattan and the Bronx there were 356. In Minneapolis there were 369. In Philadelphia there were 387.

Southern New England, however, is the most industrially developed part of the United States, the part in which social conditions like those of the older countries of the world are most nearly reached.

In Fall River, out of every 1,000 women in the twenty-five-to-twenty-nine period, the unmarried were 391. In New Haven they were 393. In Boston they were 452.

In view of such facts, how can anybody object to the steps which have been taken recently toward giving the women in the manufacturing trades, as well as the women in the commercial trades, some little preparation for the work in which they are likely to spend so many years?

In the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, in the last eighteen months of record, the enrollment was 1,169. More and more the girls in this school are willing to stay in it for a full year. They have finished at least five grades of the public school, and they are now learning to be milliners, to be dressmakers, to be operators of electric-power machines, to be workers in paste and glue in such occupations as candle-shade-making, to be workers with brush and pencil in furnishing the manufacturing trades with designs.

It is not only a matter of learning to do one particular thing in one particular department in one particular trade. That they could learn in a factory. It is a matter of getting some understanding of a whole trade, or getting some kind of a view of how the world is run. Nobody wants to make people into machines. The object of a good trade school is precisely the reverse. It is the common school which makes people into machines,

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when it sends them directly from books, which do not explain the working world, out into that world to become uncomprehending appendages to minute processes in infinitely subdivided manufacturing organizations.

courses in, for instance, "Civics" and "Industries."

"Nothing to it," says an irritated manufacturer. "Nothing to it at all! I can't get a good office boy any more. I can't get

*Photograph by Chester A. Lawrence, Boston.*

JOHN SIMMONS, MERCHANT, A PIONEER IN EDUCATION, WHO LEFT A FORTUNE TO ESTABLISH SIMMONS COLLEGE, IN BOSTON—THE FIRST SCHOOL OF COLLEGE RANK IN THE UNITED STATES DEVOTED WHOLLY TO GIVING WOMEN A DEFINITE TRAINING FOR SELF-SUPPORT.

A good trade school, besides teaching the technique of the machine, covers what Mrs. Woolman, the director of the Manhattan School, in her wonderful report of last year, called the "middle ground" between general academic preparatory work on the one hand and practical trade training on the other. In this "middle ground" the pupil takes simple

anybody, boy or girl, who wants to do anything but just hold down a job and grab a pay-envelope. Too much schooling! Those inventors and pioneers who came out of New England and made this country from a hunting-ground into an empire—they didn't have all this monkey-business in technical schools and trade schools. They just went

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to work. That's all. I say send 'em to work young and let 'em sweat. That's what makes men and women."

My dear sir, those early New Englanders were in trade schools from the time they began to crawl on the floor among their mothers' looms and spinning-wheels. There was hardly a home in early New England that didn't give a large number of technical courses in which men and women were always teaching by doing, and the boys and girls were always learning by imitating.

The facts about this are so simple and so familiar that we don't stop to think of their meaning. When in the spring the wood-ashes from the winter fires were poured into the lye-barrel, and water was poured in with them, and the lye began to trickle out from the bottom of the barrel, and the winter's savings of grease were brought out, and the grease and the lye were boiled together in the big kettle, and mother had finished making the family's supply of soap for another year, the children had taken not only a little lesson in industriousness, by helping to make the soap, but a little lesson in industry, too, by observing the technique and organization of the soap business from start to finish. A boy from that family, even if he never learned to read or write, might some day have some *ideas* about soap.

The curriculum of an old New England home, so far as presided over by the wife, may be incompletely suggested as follows:

(N. B. The reader will note the inappropriateness of congratulating the daughters of that home on their not wanting a job. They had it.)

VEGETABLES DEPARTMENT.

1. A course in Gardening.

> "In March and in April, from morning to night,
> In sowing and setting good housewives delight."

2. A course in Medicinal Herbs. Borage, fennel, wild tansy, wormwood, etc. Methods of distillation. Aqua composita, barberry conserve, electuaries, salves, and ointments. A most important course for every housewife.

> "A speedy and a sovereign remedy,
> The bitter wormwood, sage and marigold."—FLETCHER: "*The Faithful Shepherdess.*"

3. A course in Pickling.
   In this course pretty nearly everything will be pickled, down to nasturtium-buds and radish-pods.

PACKING-HOUSE DEPARTMENT.

1. A course in Salting Meat in the "powdering" tub.
2. A course in Smoking Hams and Bacons.
3. A course in Pickling Pig's Feet and Ears.
4. A course in Headcheese and Sausages.

LIQUOR DEPARTMENT.

1. A course in Beer. The making of wort out of barley. The making of barm out of hops. The fermenting of the two together in barrels.
   (This course is not so much given now in New England, but it is an immemorial heritage of the female sex. Gervayse Markham, in his standard book, "Instructions to a Good Housewife," says about beer: "It is the work and care of woman, for it is a house-work. The man ought only to bring in the grain.")
2. A course in Light Drinks, such as Elderberry Wine.

CREAMERY DEPARTMENT.

1. A course in Making Butter.
2. A course in Making Cheese, Curdling, breaking curds in basket, shaping in cheese-press, turning and rubbing cheese on cheese ladder.

CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

1. A course in Soapmaking.
2. A course in Making Brooms out of Guinea-wheat Straw.
3. A course in Starch-making.
4. A course in Cleaning.
   (This last course is very simple. Having manufactured the things to wash and sweep with, the mere washing and sweeping won't take long.)

FRUIT DEPARTMENT.

1. A course in Preserving—everything that can't be pickled.

BREAKFAST FOOD DEPARTMENT.

1. A course in Mush and forty kinds of Bread—Rhineinjun (sometimes called Rye and Indian), bun, bannock, jannock, rusk, etc., etc.

LIGHTING DEPARTMENT.

1. A course in Dips. The melting of tallow or bayberries. The twisting of wicks. The attaching of wicks to rods. The dipping of them into the melted mass in the kettle. Patience in keeping on dipping them.
   (Pupils taking this course are required to report each morning at five o'clock.)
2. A course in Wax Candles. The use of molds.

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These departments might give a girl a pretty fair education of the hand and a pretty fair acquaintance with the technique and organization of the working world; but we haven't yet mentioned the biggest and hardest department of all.

Before mentioning it, we call attention to a picture reproduced in this article from a book published in the year 1493. The book was a French translation of Boccaccio's collection of stories called "Noble Women." The picture shows a woolen mill being operated in the grounds of a palace by a queen and her ladies-in-waiting. It summons back the days when even the daughters of kings and nobles could not help acquiring a knowledge of the working world, because they were in it.

One of the ladies-in-waiting is straightening out the tangled strands of wool with carding-combs. The other has taken the combed and straightened strands and is spinning them into yarn. The queen, being the boss, has the best job. She is weaving the yarn into cloth on a loom.

The daughters of the Emperor Charlemagne, who was a very rich man, learned how to card and spin and weave. Noble women had to boss all that kind of thing on their estates. They lived in the very midst of Industry, of Business.

So it was with those early New England women. And therefore, whether well-to-do or indigent, they passed on to their sons as well as to their daughters a steady daily lesson in the world's work. The most intelligent mother in the United States to-day, let her be kindergartner and psychologist and child-study-specialist as much as she pleases, cannot give her children that broad early view of the organization of life. The only place where her children can get it now is in the school.

On the first of January of this year Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools in Chicago, took algebra out of the eighth grade of the elementary schools, and, in its place, inserted a course on Chicago. Large parts of what was once the Home are now spread out through the Community. The new course will teach the life of the community, its activities and opportunities, civic, æsthetic, industrial. Such a course is nothing but Home Training for the enlarged Home.

But we must go back for a moment to that biggest and hardest department of all in the old homes of New England.

> "Deceit, weeping, spinning, God hath give
> To women kindly that they may live,"

said Chaucer in a teasing mood.

*Photograph by Burke & Atwell, Chicago.*

THIS SKETCH OF A WOOLEN MILL OPERATED IN THE GROUNDS OF A PALACE BY A QUEEN AND HER LADIES-IN-WAITING IS TAKEN FROM A MEDIEVAL FRENCH TRANSLATION OF BOCCACCIO'S BOOK ON "NOBLE WOMEN." IN THOSE DAYS EVERY HOME WAS A FACTORY AND A TRADE SCHOOL.

But spinning was a very small part of the Department of Textiles. We forbear to dilate on the courses of instruction which that department offered. We confine ourselves to observing that:

First. In the Sub-Department of Flax, after heckling that flax with combs of increasing degrees of fineness till the fibers lay pretty straight; after spinning it into yarn on her spinning-wheel; after reeling the yarn off into skeins; after "bucking" the skeins in hot lye through many changes of water; and after using shuttle and loom to weave the stuff into cloth, the home woman of those days had to accomplish some twenty subsequent processes of bucking, rinsing, possing, drying, and bleaching before the cloth was ready for use.

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Second. In the Sub-Department of Wool, in addition to being carders, spinners, and weavers, women were dyers, handling all the color resources of the times, boiling poke-berries in alum to get a crimson, using sassafras for a yellow or an orange, and producing a black by boiling the fabric with field-sorrel and then boiling it again with logwood and copperas.

We pass over, as trivial, the making of flax and wool stuffs into articles of actual use. We say nothing about the transformation of cloth into clothes, table-covers, napkins; nothing about the weaving of yarn on little lap looms into the narrow fabrics for hair-laces, glove-ties, belts, garters, and hat-bands; nothing about the incessant knitting of yarn into mittens and stockings; nothing about a host of other details. They were for idle moments.

Sweet domestic days, when girls stayed at home and helped their mothers and let father support the family!

It seems as if even Rip Van Winkle, in his most shiftless mood, ought to have been able to support a large number of daughters under such conditions.

Does it astonish you that they matured young? There, all about them, from babyhood, were the basic processes by which the world was sheltered, clothed, and fed. Those processes were numerous but simple. Boys and girls observed them, absorbed them, through eyes, through finger-tips, all through those early years when eyes and finger-tips are the nourishing points of the intellect.

John Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, was married at seventeen. His parents were not only willing, but aiding and abetting. They considered him a man.

Mercy Otis, in Revolutionary days, in Massachusetts, the wife of the patriot, James Warren, and Abigail Smith, the wife of the future president, John Adams, both married before twenty. A study of their lives will show that at that age they were mature.

To-day, in Boston, a woman of twenty is considered so immature that many of the hospitals will not admit her even to her preliminary training for the trade of nurse till she has added at least three years more to her mental development.

Who has thus prolonged infancy; who has thus postponed maturity? No individual.

Science has done part of it.

By the invention of power-driven machines and by the distribution of the compact industries of the home through the scattered, innumerable business enterprises of the community, Science has given us, in place of a simple and near world, a complicated and distant one. It takes us longer to learn it.

Simultaneously, by research and also by the use of the printing-press, the locomotive, and the telegraph wire (which speed up the production as well as the dissemination of knowledge), Science has brought forth, in every field of human interest and of human value, a mass of facts and of principles so enormous and so important that the labors of our predecessors on this planet overwhelm us, and we grow to our full physical development long before we have caught up, in any degree,

*Photograph by Cesford, New York.*

MARY SCHENCK WOOLMAN, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, WHOSE DIRECTION OF THE MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS HAS MADE IT ONE OF THE BEACON-LIGHTS IN MODERN AMERICAN EDUCATION.

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with the previous experience of the race. And till we have done that, to some degree, we are not mature.

With this postponement of personal maturity, there is an even greater postponement of what might be called "technical" maturity. The real mastery of a real technique takes longer and longer. The teacher must not only go to college but must do graduate work. The young doctor, after he finishes college and medical school, is found as an interne in hospitals, as an assistant to specialists, as a traveler through European lecture-rooms. The young engineer, the young architect, the young specialist of every sort, finds his period of preparation steadily extending before him.

What is left undone by Science in keeping us immature is finally accomplished by System.

The world is getting organized. Except in some of the professions (and often even in them) we most of us start in on our life work at some small subdivided job in a large organization of people. The work of the organization is so systematized as to concentrate responsibility and remuneration toward the top. In time, from job to job, up an ascent which grows longer as the organization grows bigger, we achieve responsibility. Till we do, we discharge minor duties for minimum pay.

This is just as true of the boy from a "middle class" family as it is of the boy from a "working class" family. There follows, however, a most important difference between them. The "middle class" boy will have to work longer and go farther than the "working class" boy in order to rise to the financial standards of his class. In this respect the "working class" boy will be a man, ready for marriage, long before his "middle class" fellow-worker.

It is among "middle class" boys, then, that the period of infancy is most prolonged. They get a good deal of schooling. The stores of human knowledge are put in their hands, to some extent, and, to some extent, they catch up with the experience of the race. This takes a longer and longer effort, partic-

ROCKFORD COLLEGE, IN ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS. IN ITS OLD-FASHIONED BUILDINGS, WHICH PRESERVE THE SPIRIT OF ACADEMIC LIFE OF THE OLD DAYS, THERE IS NOW A VERY MODERN DEPARTMENT OF SECRETARIAL STUDIES. ROCKFORD IS THE FIRST OF THE OLD FIRST-RANK WOMEN'S COLLEGES TO INTRODUCE SUCH A DEPARTMENT.

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ularly if real mastery of any real technique is attempted. Then, on going to work, they find that System, supplementing Science, has perfected such an organization of the world of work that they must stay for quite a while in the ranks of the organization. They will not soon be earning what is regarded among their friends as a marrying income. In money, as well as in mind, they approach marriage with increasing tardiness. Their prolonged infancy is financial, as well as mental.

They say that college girls marry late. It is true enough. But it isn't properly stated.

The girls in the kind of family which college girls come from marry late.

It can be definitively established by statistics here considerately omitted that the age of marriage of college girls is no later than the age of marriage of their non-college sisters and acquaintances.

College is not a cause. It is a symptom.

Out of the prolongation of infancy in the "middle class" has come the conquest by women of the intellectual freedom of the world.

It was by no vagary of chance that the demand of women for the higher education came simultaneously with the change from the old industrial home to the new, more purely domestic home. (It may be a higher, nobler type of home. We are not here discussing that point.)

As the home ceased to provide its daughters with adequate education and with adequate employment, what was their situation? In the "working class" it was simply this: That they went into factories and that their sweethearts married them somewhat later than had previously been the case, because their share as wives in the support of the family was increasingly smaller. But the "working class" man soon reaches his maximum earning capacity in his craft and stays there. His financial infancy is short, compared with that of the "middle class" man. He therefore marries younger.

In the "middle class," however, Science and System began to lengthen the mental and financial infancy of the men to such an extent that the "old maid" of twenty-three became common. What were the girls in the "middle class" to do while the boys were growing up to be men, in mind and in money?

The father of Frederick the Great used to go about his realm with a stick, and when he saw a woman in the street he would shake the stick at her and say: "Go back into the house. An honest woman keeps indoors."

Probably quite sensible. When she went indoors, she went in to a job. The "middle class" daughter of to-day, if her mother is living and housekeeping, goes indoors into a vacuum.

Out of that vacuum came the explosion which created the first woman's colleges.

There was plenty of sentiment in the explosion. That was the splendid, blinding part of it. That was the part of it which even to-day makes us veil our eyes before the nobility of such women as Emma Willard and Mary Lyon. They made Troy Female Seminary in the twenties and Mount Holyoke in the thirties in the image of the aspirations, as well as in the image of the needs, of the women of the times.

But the needs were there, the need to be something, the need to do something, self-respecting, self-supporting. The existence of these needs was clearly revealed in the fact that from the early women's colleges and from the early coeducational universities there at once issued a large supply of teachers.

This goes back to the fountainhead of the higher education of women in this country. Emma Willard, even before she founded Troy Female Seminary, back in the days when she was running her school in Middlebury, Connecticut, was training young women to *teach*, and was acquiring her claim (which she herself subsequently urged) to being regarded as the organizer of the first normal school in the United States.

From that time to this most college women have taught school before getting married. The higher education of women has been, in economic effect, a trade school for training women for the trade of teacher.

But isn't it the purpose of the colleges to avoid training their pupils for specific occupations? Isn't it their purpose to give their pupils discipline and culture, pure and broad, unaffected by commercial intention? Isn't that what colleges are, and ought to be, for?

On the shore of this vast and violent controversy we discreetly pause and stealthily sidle off, taking note of just three reefs of solid fact which unsubmergably jut out above the surface of the raging waters.

First. The colleges instruct their pupils in the subjects which those pupils subsequently teach.

Second. The pupils specialize in the subjects which they are going to teach.

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*Photograph by Burke & Atwell, Chicago.*

THESE CHILDREN IN THE FRANCIS PARKER SCHOOL IN CHICAGO ARE GETTING AN EARLY START IN THEIR TRAINING FOR THEIR FUTURE WORK IN THEIR HOMES.

Third. The colleges, besides providing the future teachers with subjects, almost always offer to provide them with instruction in the principles of education, and frequently offer to provide them with instruction in the very technique of classroom work.

Our verdict, therefore, which we hope will be satisfactory to counsel on both sides, is that the college is by no means a trade school, but that if the woman who is going to earn her living will choose the one trade of teaching, she can almost always get a pretty fair trade training by going to college.

We are more interested in observing that the amount of trade training which a teacher is expected to take is increasing year by year. In teaching, as in other trades, the period and scope of preliminary preparation continue to expand.

In the last calendar of Bryn Mawr College, the Department of Education, in announcing its courses, makes the following common-sense remarks:

"It is the purpose of the department to offer to students intending to become teachers an opportunity to obtain a technical preparation for their profession. Hitherto practical training has been thought necessary for teachers of primary schools only, but similar training is very desirable for teachers in high schools and colleges also. Indeed, it is already becoming increasingly difficult for college graduates without practical and theoretical pedagogical knowledge to secure good positions. In addition to the lectures open to undergraduates, courses will be organized for graduate students only, conducted with special reference to preparation for the headship and superintendence of schools."

But the teaching trade is getting choked. There is too much supply. Girls are going to college in hordes. Graduating from college, looking for work, there is usually just one kind of work toward which they are mentally alert. Their college experience has seldom roused their minds toward any other kind of work. They start to teach. They drug the market. And so the teaching trade, the great occupation of unmarried "middle class" women, ceases to be able to provide those women, as a class, with an adequate field of employment.

It is a turning point in the economic history of the class.

At the 1909 annual convention of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, in Cincinnati, Miss Susan Kingsbury (acting for a committee of which Mrs. Richards, of the Massachu-

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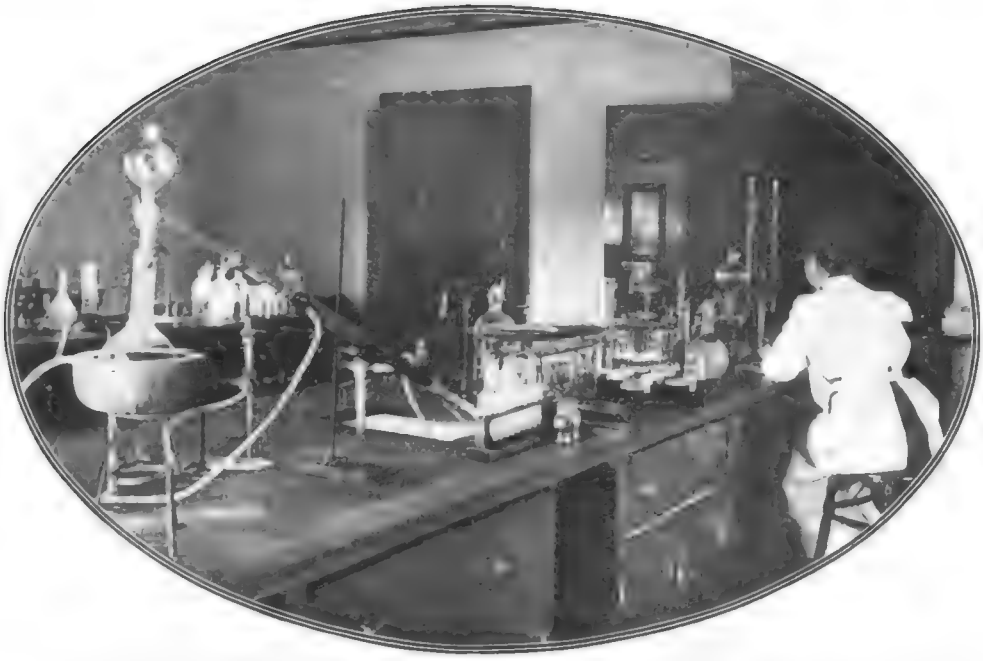

IN THIS LABORATORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS VERY IMPORTANT POSTGRADUATE RESEARCHES HAVE BEEN MADE BY MISS NELLIE GOLDTHWAITE INTO THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF JELLIES. IS HOUSEWORK BECOMING A TECHNIQUE, LIKE ENGINEERING?

setts Institute of Technology, and Miss Breckenridge, of the University of Chicago, were members) read a real essay on "The Economic Efficiency of College Women."

This essay was not written till detailed reports on income and expenditure from 377 self-supporting college graduates had been got together.

Out of these 377 there were 317 who were teachers. There were 183 who had followed up their regular college course with from one to eight years of graduate study. The capital invested in education was from $2500 to $3500 and often amounted to $7000 because of advanced work and travel. After all this preparation, the average income achieved may be sufficiently disclosed in the one fact that, among those graduates who had been at work for from six to eight years, more than seventy per cent. were still earning less than $1100.

After drawing a complete statistical picture of the case, Miss Kingsbury concluded with certain questions and recommendations, here condensed, which show the new economic needs of "middle class" women knocking at the door of present "middle class" education:

"Should not the over-supply of teachers be reduced by directing many of our graduates into other pursuits than teaching? This will place upon the college, just where the responsibility is due, the obligation of discovering what those opportunities are and what preparation should be given.

"This organization should endeavor to arouse in our colleges a sense of responsibility for knowing the facts with regard to their graduates, both social and economic, and should also endeavor to influence our colleges through appointment secretaries, to direct women, according to fitness, into other lines than teaching.

"Should not courses be added to the college curriculum to give women the fundamental principles in other professions, or lines of industry or commerce, than teaching?

"May not required courses be added to the college curriculum to inculcate business power and sense in all women?"

This philosophy seems to aim at making the modern school as informative about modern industry as the primitive home was about primitive industry. It seems to be the same educational philosophy which produced the course on Chicago in the Chicago elementary schools, which produced the Manhattan

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Trade School in New York, which produced the School of Salesmanship at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston.

At that Women's Educational and Industrial Union, at 264 Boylston Street, you may see the evolution toward the age of trained women proceeding at all levels of educational equipment.

There, before you, at one level, are the Trade School Shops—a shop in hand-work and a shop in millinery. The pupils are graduates of the Boston Trade School for Girls. They have had one year of training. They are now taking another.

Florence Marshall made the Boston Trade School, with a committee of women to help her. It has now been taken over by the public authorities and merged into the public-school system. What looked like a private fad has become a public function. The training of women for self-support has been recognized as a duty of the state.

The Trade School Shops at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union were started for the express purpose of supplementing the work of the Boston Trade School for Girls. One year was not enough.

In the Trade School the prospective milliner had spent four months on plain sewing, four months on summer hats, four months on winter hats. She had also taken short courses in Personal Hygiene, Business Forms, Spelling, Business English, Color Design, Textiles, Industrial Conditions. These latter courses were not, strictly speaking, "technical." They were "vocational." They were in the "middle ground" between general and technical training. They went beyond the general training of the elementary schools and furnished the girl with the background of her future vocation. But she often needed a little more of the foreground, a little more of actual trade technique.

Thus does her education divide itself up into periods:—general, vocational, technical.

The Trade School Shops are designed to give the girl her final technical finish. They are really more like a factory than like a school. Although the object of them is to convey a broad instruction, the pupil gets wages, the stuff she makes is sold, and the organization is that of a commercial establishment.

So, at the end of two years from the time she left the elementary school, the young milliner is ready to go out into the world organization. She is better fitted for her world than many a college girl is for hers.

On a different level of educational equipment from the Trade School Shops stands the School of Salesmanship. It gets many high school girls and even, occasionally, a girl who has been to college.

Finally, there is the Appointment Bureau, for college girls in particular.

This Appointment Bureau is the most extraordinary employment agency ever organized. Its object is not merely to introduce existing clients to existing jobs (which is the proper normal object of employment agencies), but to make forays into the wild region of "occupations other than teaching," and find jobs, and then find girls to fit those jobs. In other words, it is a kind of "Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay" for the purpose of exploring, surveying, developing, and settling the region of "occupations other than teaching" on behalf of college women.

It is managed by Miss Laura Drake Gill, President of the National Association of Collegiate Alumnæ and former Dean of Barnard College. She is assisted by an Advisory Council of representatives of near-by colleges —Radcliffe, Wellesley, Simmons, Mount Holyoke, Smith, and Brown.

There is no more important work being done for women to-day.

In connection with it, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union has just issued a handbook of three hundred pages, entitled "Vocations for the Trained Woman." It is an immense map of the occupational world for "middle class" women, in which every bay and headland, every lake and hill, is drawn to scale, from Poultry Farming to Department Store Buying, from Lunch-Room Management to State Child-Saving.

The responses made to this movement by certain educational institutions (including particularly Simmons College) will be observed in a future article. Just one response, from an unexpected quarter, must be noticed here.

In a small Illinois city there is a woman's college, founded as a Preparatory School in the forties and soon advanced to be a Seminary, which, with Anna P. Sill for its first head, Jane Addams for its best-known graduate, and Julia Gulliver for its present president, has come to be a college of standing and of leading. Only Troy Female Seminary and Mount Holyoke Seminary preceded it,

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in date of foundation, among the important women's institutions.

Rockford College is ranked to-day, by the reports of the United States Commissioner of Education, in rank one—among the sixteen best women's colleges in the United States. It hasn't risen to that rank by any quick, money-spurred spurt. It brings with it out of its far past all the traditions of that early struggle for the higher education which, by friction, kindled among women so flaming an enthusiasm for pure knowledge. It remains "collegiate" in the old sense, quiet, cloistral, inhabiting old-fashioned brick buildings in an old-fashioned large yard, looking still like the Illinois of war times more than like the Illinois of the twentieth century, retaining all the home ideals of those times—a large interest in feminine accomplishments, a strict regard for manners, a belief in the value of charm.

But here, in this quiet, non-metropolitan college, so really "academic," so really—in the oldest-fashioned ways—"cultural," here is a two-year course in secretarial studies.

It is the first time (within our knowledge) that such a thing has happened in any of the old first-rank women's colleges.

The course in secretarial studies at Rockford gives the pupil English, Accounts, Commerce, Commercial Law, and Economic History in her first year, and Political Science, English, and Economics in her second year. Shorthand and Typewriting are required in both years, and a few hours a week are reserved in each year for elective courses to be chosen by the pupil among offerings in French, German, Spanish, and History.

This is a notable concession not only to the increased need of "middle class" women for "occupations other than teaching" but also to the increased recognition of those other occupations as being worthy of "cultural" training.

We keep moving forward into an era of trained women as well as trained men. The extraordinary prolongation of mental and financial infancy in the "middle class," bringing with it an extraordinary postponement of marriage, makes this training particularly necessary in the case of the women of that class. But the contraction of the home as a field of adequate employment for daughters exists everywhere, increasing the cost of living for the family and driving daughters to supplementing the family income.

What futility, as well as indignity, there is in the idea that the query of support for women gets its full answer in a husband!

In the United States, in the year 1900, among women twenty years of age and over, the married women numbered 13,400,000. The unmarried women and the widows together numbered 6,900,000. For every two women married there was one woman either single or widowed.

If education does not (1) give women a comprehension of the organization of the money-earning world, and (2) train them to one of the techniques which lead to self-support in that world, it is not education.

Just at this point, though, we encounter a curious conflict in women's education. Just as we see their urgent need of a money-earning technique, we simultaneously hear, coming from a corner of the battlefield and swelling till it fills the air with a nation-wide battle-cry, the sentiment: "The Home is also a technique. All women must be trained to it."

At Rockford College, illustrating this conflict, there exists, besides the course in Secretarial Studies, an equivalent course in Home Economics.

In one photograph in this article we show the tiny children of the Francis Parker School in Chicago taking their first lesson in the technique of the home. In another picture we show the post-graduate laboratory in the technique of the home at the University of Illinois. And the space between the kindergarten and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy threatens to get filled up almost everywhere with courses in cooking, sewing, chemistry of diet, composition of textiles, art of marketing, and other phases of home management.

The money-earning world, a technique! The home, a technique! The boy learns only one. Must the girl learn two. be twice a specialist?

(In the September number Mr. Hard will discuss **The Home Economics Movement.**)

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# THE STAR OF THE O'DONOJÚS

By THOMAS P. BYRON

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

IT was ages ago that one of the O'Donohues took a little jaunt over into Spain—which is the source and font of all *real* Irish families—after having kissed the Blarney stone and more pretty colleens than a man might find in a lifetime in these degenerate days. I say *real* Irish families, and I quote from my friend Patricio O'Donojú, who gave me this yarn, and who refuses to consider as Irish the invaders and other riffraff that the devil has sent to the Emerald Isle to fill a certain slimy vacancy that was made when Saint Patrick—more power to his holy foot!—kicked the snakes to the divvle and all across the Irish Sea.

Now the stepping-over into Spain of the aforementioned O'Donohue, who became O'Donojú and a Knight of Santiago, was an event of historical significance, for it was he and none other who led the exodus of all those O'Donojús who have cut such a figure and so many windpipes not only in the Spains themselves but in every last Spanish republic of them all, from the Río Grande to the Reaches of Magellán.

Never a pronunciamento or a *coup d'état* or any other social event but you may be sure there was a fist named O'Donojú in the pie——either breaking the crust or pulling out a nice little plum, for I need hardly tell you that they were and *are* a turbulent set of rogues, always shooting somebody or scribbling a *billet doux* to his widow—merely by way of consolation; gentry that would break out of Paradise to go play hocus-pocus with the devil if they were obliged to sit tight and quiet and respectable in the holy place.

And apostles of fun! Sure, the O'Donojús will laugh while they are being cut into cat's-meat for a friend, or a cause, or a pair of blue eyes; they will laugh when their breeches are as thin as the skin of one toy balloon and their stomachs as vacant as another one—they will laugh at any time, place, or thing under the sun, moon, and stars, except—and I beg you to speak aisy—except the name of O'Donojú.

Colonel Patricio O'Donojú, one-time chief of *guerrilleros* in the Asturias for His Unemployed Majesty, Don Carlos, was the last but one of his name, and 'twas good advice that he gave to Patricio el Último, as the colonel lay fighting the last battle of his campaign against the White Plague, in his little adobe house forninst Chihuahua Hill in Silverado.

"Me red-headed gossoon," he said slowly, "the United States is the fine country, *but*—when I'm gone, buckle on the forty-fives and get you down somewhere under Cancer or Capricorn and shoot yourself into fame and fortune. 'Tis where they lisp Castilian that your star will be risin', my bhoy; you have your pick of all Spanish America for your inheritance, and two lovely forty-fives to win it with. Famous weapons they are—with the trigger-springs filed away. Always keep them, use them frequently—and never let any one laugh at the name of O'Donojú."

"The O'Donojús shall have their due respect," promised Patricio, laughing and crying, "if me and the forty-fives have to exterminate the human species."

The Colonel smiled wanly. "I told Don Carlos once," he said, "when he hinted that our name had a barbarous sound, that it was not for every monarch out of a job to be speakin' light of an ancient institution such as the O'Donojús, and I towld him to his teeth that they were not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Bourbons, who have been on the gallows time and again, and have been kicked in and out of France and Spain as often as the proletarian foot felt husky and



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tingled for the coat-tails of royalty. 'Twas then we parted," finished the Colonel, his eye alight with a solemn waggishness, "and from that day Carlism was a lost cause."

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy," cried Patricio, "'tis yourself will joke with your dying breath."

Colonel O'Donojú was seized with a spasm of coughing; his lips were stained with red. "Lad," he whispered feebly, when it was over, "some day go back to Burgos where you were born—where your mother lies. God grant, *hijo mío*, that some day you'll find another like her—sure the sweetest girl in all the Spains——"

Another paroxysm seized him, and, turning his face toward the wall, Colonel O'Donojú coughed his life out—bravely, uncomplainingly, as he had lived.

## II

But botheration and all, the Colonel—peace to his soul—had been dead a good three years the day that my friend Patricio, but an hour arrived in Parral, sat in the Owl Club looking across a jack pot at a haughty Mexican whose face was strangely familiar.

"I have three kings," said the Mexican, "What have you?"

"Five diamonds," replied Patricio, displaying them.

"You win," said the Mexican sullenly; "you win, señor—*dispense, su gracia*—it is Beel Jones, is it not?"

"Bill Jones is a nice name," said Patricio coolly, raking in the pot.

"I had fear," said the Mexican, poisonously, "that your name might be O'Donojú. *¡Qué barbaridad!* O'Donojú! Name of a dog!"

Patricio's jaw set, his face whitened. The other players, although not understanding, drew back. The French proprietor hastened to intervene.

"*Baraje*—shuffle the cards, Señor Jones," he said hastily. "Won't you take something to drink?"

Patricio shook his head and dealt the cards. "'Tis the same," he muttered to himself, "'tis the same coffee-colored bandit that I caught cheating in El Paso. He knows me, and he's looking for trouble. Something tells me that he's going to find it—in lavish quantities."

So Patricio loosened the renowned forty-fives in their holsters, watched closely the haughty one's play, and some ten minutes later demonstrated irrefutably to the assemblage in general and his *vis-à-vis* in particular that, according to either Hoyle, Bradstreet, Debrett, or the Marquis of Queensberry rules, one could not, should not, and *must* not issue to one's self four royal portraits from the southerly side of the deck.

The cheater's gun came out like lightning, a bullet touched Patricio coyly on the left ear and found its billet in the heart of General Porfirio Diaz, who, young and serene as on the day he trounced the French at Puebla, looked down on the scene from a gilded frame. With a curse the Mexican cocked his pistol again; but the half of Patricio's renowned inheritance spoke *once*—the curse died into a soft little gurgle, and he fell forward, face down across the table, plus a fragment of lead, and minus his immortal soul.

Patricio moved to the door. "*Caballeros*—all," he murmured over the tops of his guns—"*Adiós.*"

"*Adiós*, Señor Jones," rang the faint chorus, and while they still stared dumbly at the figure across the table he was out into the night and away.

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy!" he muttered bitterly as he spurred his horse out the Guadalupe Calvo trail, "'tis naught but throuble I have with that same pair of famous pistols. Sure I'll gamble no more. The forty-fives are a bit too waspish when they sit in a poker game."

He had half a notion to throw the murderous half of his patrimony to the divvle and all; but he reflected that the noble hand of Colonel O'Donojú had once clutched it in many a scrimmage; besides, he—Patricio—was a fugitive and might be needing it shortly to shoot some one else with. For killing is just like gambling or making love—once you start, you never can stop.

Then, like a true O'Donojú, he cheered up a bit as he reflected that the name of O'Donojú and the rules of the great structure that gives American finance its training should and *must* be held sacred.

## III

Patricio took a keen glance down the back trail. A month of time, half the state of Michoacán, the whole of Jalisco, the Hot Country of Sinaloa, the width of the Sierra Madre—all these separated him from Parral. Nevertheless he stared back with as much anxiety as could possess the soul of an O'Donojú.

A dripping, swollen sun bursting through a

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bank of clouds horizon-high had filmed with blue gauze the green of the jungle, and turned to gold a river of quicksilver that writhed in agonized twists, like a snake dying on a hot stove or a section of turf from the bog of Allan. Black specks stained the gold for a moment, and Patricio knew that certain gray-clad gentlemen, who would follow his trail, if need be to the border of Guatemala, were close behind him—looking for Señor Beel Jones, wanted in Hidalgo de Parral.

Ahead, the Hot Country lay flat as a billiard table and green as a Munster vale; beyond rose the sheer wall of the Madres, enchanting in a quivering veil of distance; and crouching at their feet lay a great, gray, sprawling monster of a house, whose countless windows blinked like the eyes of Argus.

In a moment the whole wide world was black, the stars were twinkling like lights on the mountain peaks, a single light from the distant *casa* sent a will-o'-the-wisp glimmer through the night, and over the wall of the Madres the moon rose and drenched the world in a flood of quicksilver. As he climbed the hill to the *casa*, Patricio hummed a song; for, bedad, it is only once that one can be twenty-three years of age and be chased by Rurales through the witchery of a night in far, tropical Michoacán.

The road led past a great buttress where burned a light beneath a shrine of the Madonna and Infant, set in a niche in the wall. The great patio gate was closed and barred, the house towered black and silent, the enormous pepper-trees crowded close about it, and moonsprites, struggling through their thick foliage, fought fantastic battles with legions of gloom below.

Patricio's horse gave a skittish side-step, and something struck man and beast a stinging blow. The animal leaped forward. A thin, snaky finger tightened about Patricio's neck and jerked him to the ground. Holding his throat as if awakened from a dream of being hanged, he stared upward. The pale light filtering through the tree branches shone on something that swung down from the wall. Patricio seized it. It was a rope ladder.

"Throuble or a lady," he muttered gayly, and I give you my word he was up it like a lamplighter, inwardly hoping it was *both*, and humming a refrain that the gallant Colonel—his father—had been wont to sing anent the Blarney stone:

The story this is——
Whoever kisses,
He never misses
To grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber
Or become a member
Of Parliament.

When he was safe some forty feet above in a window seat that was almost a room in the thick wall, Patricio stopped for breath and purposes of observation. The moonlight cut from out the darkness of the room a dappled lane that danced to the swaying of the trees outside, and sorrow a bit could he see save a table holding an immense unlighted candelabrum and a door beyond.

But by some subtle Celtic instinct, he knew he had happed upon a lady's chamber sure enough.

"Does any one want me?" he called out softly.

He scratched his red head, perplexed. "Sure, 'tis a mistake I've made," he thought. "But I thought whoever roped me off my horse must have wanted me mighty bad."

Patricio turned to go down again, for he knew that ladies' chambers—especially in Mexico, where the people are hot-blooded, incredulous, and far from philosophical—are filled with trouble for those who have no right there.

A soft sigh came from the darkness at the left of the room. Patricio turned like one stung and advanced upon it with a forty-five in each fist.

"Who is there?" he whispered. "What is going on here?"

Another, louder gasp was his answer, and he glimpsed dimly a white figure that fled before him. He thrust his pistols back into their holsters and laughed softly.

"Sure 'tis the frightened ghost you are," he muttered, as he chased it into a corner and stretched forth a grasping hand, his heart thumping a bit in response to some mysterious stimulus that seemed to permeate the air.

The ghost shrank before him, gasping, and Patricio's hand closed upon something soft and silky and thick that gave him a shock of ten thousand volts at least.

Sure, 'twas a braid of hair he had seized—ergo, the ghost whose heart thumped so loudly could be naught but a girl, and Patricio was willing to wager his two famous six-shooters and his immortal soul to boot that she was a pretty one.

Now so strange and delicate a situation re-

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HALF OF PATRICIO'S RENOWNED INHERITANCE SPOKE ONCE

quired expert handling. But, bedad! And likewise *caramba!* When one is twenty-three years old on a moonlight night in Michoacán, there is only *one* thing to do. And Patricio did it promptly—the way such things should always be done: He seized the ghost—a most slim and agile spook—in his arms, and he *almost* kissed her.

She wriggled and panted for a moment, and then—Patricio felt a shock and a sharp pang in his left side, and, as he reeled back and clasped it, it was wet and warm.

"I beg your pardon," he said slowly.

"If you touch me again," whispered the specter, "I will kill you. Now go—as you came—without noise."

The door in the mane of moonlight flew open with a bang. "Doña Luisa," called a woman's voice, "are you there?"

Patricio's heart jumped in his throat; his hand was seized in a soft clasp, and he was pushed down the wall and through a door just as the intruder called out again—

"Doña Luisa, are you there?"

"Yes, yes," answered a sweet, frightened voice, "in a moment. Light the candles."

Presently a soft light came through the cracks of the door that had shut on Patricio. His exploring hands met nothing but walls and soft garments, and he knew that he was in a lady's wardrobe—to say nothing of a deuce of a fix.

"'Tis adventures I'm having," he told himself contentedly, and then he began to speculate as to whether the kiss he did not get was worth the knife-thrust he *did* get. As for the pursuing Rurales, he had forgotten them entirely.

Not a sound could he hear save sobbing and an occasional fragment of a sentence. So he began to finger the forty-fives and look about fiercely in the dark, waiting for the cue to rush forth and break heads in the service of beauty in distress—that is to say, the weeping ghost outside.

He kept perfectly silent so as not to betray the specter, and soon grew a trifle faint, for he had lost a bit of blood, and the whole left of him was wet. He stuffed a handkerchief tight against the cut, and the smart revived him just as he heard the sobs stop and the ghost speak in tones of surprise and terror.

"Don Beltrán! What is the matter? Is he——?"

"He is just the same, Doña Luisa," came the rasping answer.

"Then why do you come here?"

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"Because I wish to speak to you."

"You wish to speak to me! You enter my room thus—unannounced—to speak to me! I think you forget—" The voice died away in a gasp.

"Go, Dolores," grated the man; "I wish to speak to your mistress."

"Yes, go!" said the ghost brokenly.

There ensued a silence in which Patricio heard a door closed softly, and the man spoke again, threateningly: "What is that?"

"Why—why—" she stammered, "it looks like—"

"It looks like blood. Blood coming from under your closet door! From where—from whom—does it come?"

"It comes from me, if you please," said Patricio quietly.

He had swung the door open and stood blinking in the bright glare of innumerable candles. A face danced before his gaze, and for a moment he and the ghost stared at each other.

Sure, it was a slim little girl of not more than sixteen he saw—a girl he could have broken between his thumb and forefinger. Her features were delicate and regular, she was pale and slim, and her frightened eyes held that expression of gentle Spanish melancholy that you may see in the paintings of Velázquez; her face was framed by a wealth of jet-black hair that ended in the magnetic braid which had caused so much trouble.

"May I shrivel in torment!" thought Patricio conscience-stricken. "Sure, she is only a child. And what a mess I have got her into!"

His heart was sore within him, for all that he had a faith like that of the twelve apostles to unravel any mess he had made; and—he whispered to me when he told me the story—he would have traded kisses against knife-thrusts as long as there was a drop of blood or a square inch of unpunctured hide to his carcass.

The girl flushed to the roots of her hair and turned away, and Patricio took a good look at the man with the nasty voice. He might have been either Cardinal Richelieu or Cortés or the devil himself, but it was not his sinister looks that made Patricio drop his hands to his guns. No, indeed, it was not that, although Don Beltrán thought that it was.

"Well," he said, sneering at Patricio's shrinking, "who are you and what are you doing here?"

"A pure accident, I assure you," said Pa-

PATRICIO KNEW THAT CERTAIN GRAY-CLAD GENTLEMEN WERE CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

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A FACE DANCED BEFORE HIS GAZE . . . HE AND THE GHOST STARED AT EACH OTHER.

tricio lightly. "I was riding past when a rope ladder, dropped from a window, jerked me from my horse. I stepped up to see about it."

"Take your hand from your pistols and do not speak so loudly," responded the Mexican. "There is a gentleman on his death-bed in the next room."

Patricio looked at the drawn, white face of the girl and the fierce, determined eyes of the man, and shivered a bit; for he knew that here was a game that must be played on the carpet and in a whisper; so he continued that soft-spoken that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

"When I came in, the room was dark. I heard something moving and chased it. I seized it and found it was a girl. She struck me with a knife and forced me to release her. Some one entered, and I hid in the closet to await an opportunity to leave."

"Ah, that is it," said Don Beltrán, turning to the girl.

"Yes," she began eagerly. "That was—"

"It may be true," he interrupted; "but if I raise my voice and your kinsmen who watch by the bedside of your grandfather, Don José, come in—they will hardly believe. They would wonder how a rope ladder came to be hanging so opportunely from your window."

"It is the old rope ladder that hung in the *sala*. I was going down it myself to Tío Pepe's—to get him—"

"To get him to do what?"

"To get him to stop Andrés."

"It is an incredulous world, Doña Luisa. They will wonder why you did not go out the door."

"You know why," replied the girl scornfully. "Because you have watched me all day. Because you would have found some way to hinder me."

"Or to hinder Tío Pepe. It is as clear as day to us three, but the others would be hard to convince. For example, none but you and I knows that my son Andrés will be here tonight, and none knows that when he does come Don José will ask you to marry him—*verdad?*"

The girl's head drooped.

"He does not know it himself yet, but just the same, when Andrés arrives, it will be the dying wish of Don José de Valladares to see you and my son married. You could hardly refuse your grandfather's last request—his command."

"I would rather die than marry Andrés," she said bitterly.

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"Perhaps. However, if this man is found here in your room, the shock will kill your grandfather. And you know that if he is kept perfectly quiet he may live."

The girl winced as if she had been struck.

"Then," said Don Beltrán, deliberately, "since you will not marry Andrés, you shall marry this one instead. He has compromised you. You shall marry him."

Doña Luisa turned red, then white.

"Oh!" she gasped—"marry him! A stranger—"

"Who comes climbing up out of the nowhere with nothing but pistols, red hair, and a Castilian accent. Yes, you shall marry him or I raise my voice—the room will be filled with people in a moment. And they will be hot-blooded kinsmen of yours. This gallant young climber will be killed, Don José will be dead, the name of Valladares will be disgraced. Come, what is your answer? One of two things! Either promise to marry Andrés when he returns or marry this one now!"

"Rather him than Andrés," she whispered pitifully.

Don Beltrán smiled. "I will call the padre from the bedside of Don José. He knows the code for a girl who has been compromised, and will perform the ceremony at once."

"Am I not to be consulted?" asked Patricio, with a sneer.

"I will convince you in two minutes," was the answer, in excellent English.

"Luisa! Luisa!" called a plaintive voice from the adjoining room.

All three started.

"Your grandfather," muttered Don Beltrán. "Go at once and return as soon as you can. If not—"

The unfinished sentence was ominous, and the girl gave Patricio a look, half-pleading, half-searching.

"Señorita," he said softly, "you shall marry neither Andrés nor myself."

She ran to the far end of the room and disappeared through a door, from beyond which came for a moment the sound of a voice lifted in prayer.

"Now, Mr. Bill Jones," said Don Beltrán, "let us get down to business."

"My name is Patricio O'Donojú."

"*¡Que barbaridad!* But if it is O'Donojú now, a month ago it was Bill Jones—when you killed a man in Parral."

"As surely as yours is Beltrán Cruzado."

"Where did you learn my name?"

"Where did you learn mine?"

HE SWUNG THE DOOR OPEN AND STOOD BLINKING IN THE BRIGHT GLARE OF INNUMERABLE CANDLES.

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"From the Rurales who wait below—who were not two hundred yards behind you. You are a reckless scamp to go exploring about ladies' chambers with pursuers so close behind you."

"My ancestors contracted the habit in Spain. I fear they were gay dogs."

"No doubt many of them have climbed to fortune that way—as you have done to-night."

Patricio moved toward the window. "I think I'll climb back into misfortune again. The Rurales are waiting."

"The instant you touch the ladder, I cry aloud. Don't touch your pistols. *I* am playing for *my* neck to-night as well as you."

Patricio stopped short, the sweat on his brow.

"You looked droll when you were jerked from your horse," continued Cruzado coolly.

"You saw it?"

"I saw it. I was below—waiting for Andrés."

"And now you know he is not coming?" Patricio's eyes watched his antagonist tensely.

"No—the stubborn young fool! He may come, but I fear he will be too late. I have not heard from him for over a month, but he promised to return to-night. No matter. You shall take his place."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Patricio.

"Don't refuse," was Cruzado's grim reply.

"Do you think," asked Patricio softly, "that any man could refuse to marry a girl like that?"

"No reasonable man. But you—you might refuse. From your speech your mother must have been of old Spain. Your name is O'Donojú, too. *Por Dios*, it will be a vice-regal alliance, and here is your vice-royalty waiting. As far, Don Patricio, as those keen eyes of yours can stare out over the *tierra caliente*, all—forests and rivers and haciendas of coffee and sugar and maguey—all is the domain of Casa Hualpa and the property of Luisa de Valladares when Don José gives up the ghost. And she—do you know that she is a descendant of that Count of Montezuma who was thirty-second viceroy of Mexico—whose wife was a lineal descendant of the Aztec emperors?

"Your name, be it Jones or O'Donojú or any other barbarity, ought to be Aladdin," went on Cruzado. "Fleeing for your life one moment, and wedding the richest heiress in Michoacán, the daughter of viceroys and emperors, the next! And a girl like little Luisa! By the soul of Cortés, were she a beggar a king would be proud to win her. Don Patricio, when she returns do you offer to go down the ladder. That will force the choice on her. She has already said she prefers you to Andrés. She can never reproach you. By marrying her, you save both her and perhaps her grandfather, and in a month—she will love you. And you—"

Patricio turned away to the window with his hand to his side, for he knew that under whatever star of Cancer or Capricorn he might forty-five his way to fame and fortune, never—no, never—would he forget the face and the haunting melancholy of the eyes he had beheld this night in the glare of the candles.

"I will tell you my reasons," went on Cruzado, "and you will see that I am absolutely determined. You are the card that falls unhoped for to my hand to-night—to save my neck. You yourself shall make the choice—but I shall play you to win or I shall tear you to shreds.

"Listen!" he ordered. "I, too, am a Valladares—but with humbler blood in my veins. Don José has the name and lands of the *conquistadores*, I have the heart that won them. We both have our inheritance. Since I have been here at Casa Hualpa, I have ruled—the estate and the master and all that finds life here. Don José leans upon me, trusts me, obeys me, and if Andrés were here to-night he would command Luisa to marry him and she would obey. You see, he—Don José—is weak and I am strong. But to-night he is dying, and when he dies—I must go. It means prison, even death. His relatives hate and fear me, and they have many wrongs to avenge. You see—my stewardship of Casa Hualpa has been a little—"

"I understand," said Patricio; "but Luisa would gladly agree to spare you."

"She would, perhaps, but she could not. She is under age, and a guardian would be appointed. No, Andrés has failed me and you must take his place. You shall marry her and I will still rule Casa Hualpa."

"I see," said Patricio. "You will force this girl to marry me—a fugitive who comes climbing up out of the night with a posse at his heels. And when she is the wife of Patricio O'Donojú, 'tis very complacent that same Patricio will be to Beltrán Cruzado, who holds the life of a scamp named Bill Jones in the hollow of his hand."

"That is it exactly."

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The door at the end of the room opened, and Luisa, white-faced and silent, her hands pressed to her heart, advanced, gazing piteously from one to the other. Cruzado seized her by the arm. "Luisa," he grated harshly, "once for all make your choice. Promise to marry Andrés when he returns, or marry this one now. If not, I call aloud."

"Andrés—never," she whispered.

"Don Patricio O'Donojú," said Cruzado, "the word is yours. Do I play you to win or do I tear you to bits?"

Patricio stared at the two.

"Marry her," something seemed to whisper, "marry her—protect her from her enemies and, as Cruzado says, when she learns to know the honor and courage that are yours from your father, the gentleness and cleanness of heart that your mother has left you—she will love you. Through all the Americas and all the world you will never find a treasure like her. Let her be the star on which to fasten your dreams. And when she is yours and rests upon your heart—erase Beltrán Cruzado as you did that one in Parral."

The last words seemed to thunder in his ears; their faces danced before him in the candle-light; they whirled about him; and one seemed to be the face of Colonel O'Donojú looking at him reproachfully, while the other was a countenance that owned soft eyes and a proud gentleness like that of Luisa de Valladares, and it was a face that Patricio had last beheld in Burgos when he had promised—

"*Madre mía*," he whispered, "*hermosísima madre mía*—"

"What is your answer?" demanded Cruzado harshly.

Patricio's fantasy was gone; once again he was clear-headed, and he looked upon a frightened little girl and an iron-faced *conquistador*.

"Give me a word with the señorita," he said calmly, "and I think I can persuade her that the better way will be to marry Andrés."

The girl shrank; Cruzado regarded Patricio closely.

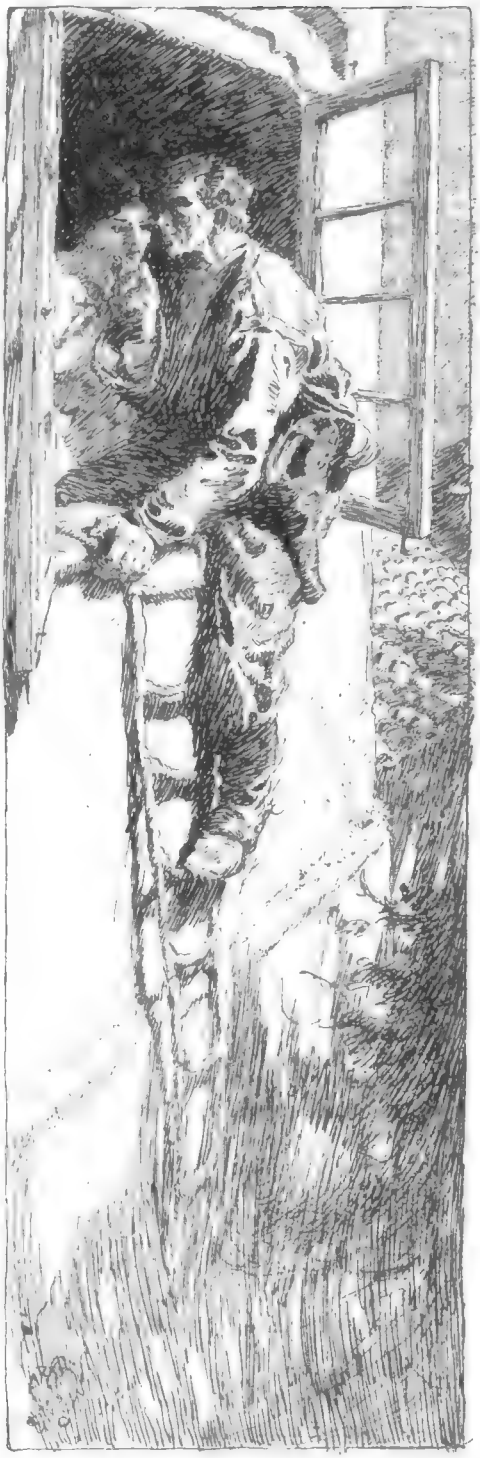
"You have some plan," he said; "I cannot trust you."

Patricio smiled and bent forward until his lips touched Doña Luisa's ear, and whispered.

"Oh," she gasped, "it cannot be true."

"It is true," he whispered again. "The Rurales were pursuing me when I climbed the ladder. They wait below now to take me back to Parral. Is it not so, Don Beltrán?"

"Is not what so?"



AND THEN HE TURNED HER FACE TO THE MOONLIGHT

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"Am I not wanted for—for killing a man in Parral?"

"Yes," said Cruzado eagerly. "It is true, Luisa. Look below in the moonlight—you can see the Rurales. Andrés—at least he is not a murderer. Promise to marry him when he comes back, and we will let this one go."

The girl's eyes seemed to read to the depths of Patricio's soul.

"Promise," he urged her.

"I promise," she whispered.

"On your honor as a Valladares," cried Cruzado.

"On my honor as a Valladares."

"Swear it on the cross."

Patricio silently offered a small crucifix of jet. She pressed it to her heart.

"I swear by my hope of salvation," she said faintly, "that I will marry Andrés Cruzado when he returns."

Don Beltrán's face flamed with joy. Patricio moved to the window. The girl seized him by the arm.

"If you go below," she whispered, "they will take you back to Parral to execute you."

"There will be a lovely row, señorita, but they will *not* take me back to Parral."

Doña Luisa turned to Cruzado. "You must save him," she said passionately. "He has done me no harm—he has refused to save himself at my expense."

Don Beltrán nodded. "I am satisfied. If Don José dies to-night, I shall leave Casa Hualpa in the morning—but I shall return with Andrés and then you shall marry him. Look, Señor Jones"—he pointed from the window—"you see that open space where a man stands in the moonlight by the side of his horse? That is where the trail up the Madres begins, and the gray blot high above it is where the trail is cut from the living rock. The Rurales have caught your horse and they know that you are afoot; but they do not pursue you to-night, for the road is so narrow that two mules can scarcely pass. One man, afoot and unarmed, could stand up there and push all the soldiers in Mexico over the precipice one by one as they came around the turns. I will have the Rurales invited in the patio to clear the trail, and when you see me pass below leading a horse, do you come down the ladder and make your escape. I will put your own saddle on the best horse in Casa Hualpa. You can gain the mountains, and then—you must do the rest yourself."

He turned to go, and Patricio took him by the arm. "Don Beltrán," he said earnestly, "think once for all what you are about to do. This girl is your kinswoman. Do not force upon her a marriage that she hates. Think of what she is and what it will mean to her. Sure, it's a man of iron you are—a last *conquistador*, and 'tis not for such as you to make war upon little girls. Give her back her oath and let me go down to whatever fate is awaiting me."

Cruzado's face, still blazing with joy, sneered at him. "You are a fool. Things are very well as they are. I hold her to her promise."

Patricio smiled a bit sadly and drew one of the famous twins from his belt. The Mexican started, but Patricio handed it to him butt first. "This is the weapon that killed in Parral. I give it to you," he said.

Cruzado looked at him strangely. "There is motive in what you do. I cannot understand you," he said doubtingly.

"I will explain myself below. Go, and do not lose time."

Don Beltrán, with a last dubious glance, left the room, and Patricio and Luisa were alone.

The night was an Aztec princess that held all Michoacán in a soft embrace and breathed upon it until every growth and every creature—and every heart—trembled under the caress. The sleeping Hot Country was gauzed with the white magic of the moonlight that coated every bush and leaf, and the jagged peaks of the Madres stood up like silver cathedral spires among the stars. It seemed to Patricio, staring out into the night, that the embrace of the princess held his heart in a grasp that would never loosen.

Doña Luisa had extinguished all the candles save one, and now she stood at his side, for he could hear her quick breathing. He was spinning the cylinder of the bereft twin that remained to him.

He turned to look into the face that was turned up to him and to the moon. "Why didn't you cut the ladder?" he whispered.

"I don't know. I think it was because you did not hesitate. Tell me," she said earnestly. "You whispered to me that Andrés was dead. How do you know?"

"I killed him in Parral."

She gave a little cry.

"I played cards with him," said Patricio. "He cheated. When I exposed him, he tried to kill me. I let him fire once, and then—when he was about to shoot again—I killed him to save my own life."

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"It is written that we shall defend ourselves."

"They are a bad breed—the Cruzados. I would have spared Don Beltrán when I offered to go down the ladder, but he would not play fair."

"Spared him! Then you are going to tell him when you go down?"

"Yes; it will be fair. I have given him a pistol—*the* pistol."

"Oh, no, no! For my sake . . . What am I saying?"

"Doña Luisa, this man is the curse of your family. He has mismanaged your grandfather's estate. Should your grandfather live, he will still be free to conspire against you. No, I will tell him."

Patricio looked out the window again. There were two men in the patch of moonlight now, and as he looked they moved slowly toward the house. An instant later Cruzado passed, leading a saddled horse.

Doña Luisa held out something as Patricio took the ladder in his hand. It was the crucifix on which she had sworn.

"Keep it," he begged. "It was my mother's. Señorita—it was a mad impulse that sent me climbing up here to-night. It was another that made me try to kiss you. Am—am I forgiven?"

"Yes," she whispered, and turned her head away.

"A kiss for a knife-thrust," he breathed in her ear. "Who shall say it is not a fair exchange? But—I didn't get the kiss."

He bent until his lips touched her hair, and then he turned her face to the moonlight—to see if she were angry.

Sure, what happened next is known to none save Patricio O'Donojú and to the moon; and, I give you my word, the silent moon—who has heard every tale of love worth the telling since ever the world began, and never whispered the breath of a hint concerning them—the moon is the veriest telltale in such affairs compared to Patricio O'Donojú.

He whispered a single word and was gone, and a moment later, when two pistol-shots rang out as one and she saw a white rider pass up the gray patch where led the road across the Madres, she whispered it over and over again—to the night and to sleeping Michoacán to carry it to him as he rode on to forty-five his way to fame and fortune, with hope in his heart and the reunited, famous twins in his belt.

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# GENTLEMEN OF THE SOUTH

## The Imitation and the Real

### By HARRIS DICKSON

"YOU'LL never destroy another man's home!"

The exclamation, the shot, the fallen man, the smoking weapon—for one tense moment that was all. A dozen people saw and heard, but no hand could be lifted to prevent. Some one darted out of the drug store, grappled with John Ragland, and caught his pistol.

"Don't shoot any more! What's the trouble?"

"My private affair; a matter of honor—gentlemen do not discuss their domestic troubles in public."

Ragland spoke deliberately and loud enough to be heard by all the street. He laid especial stress upon the words "gentlemen," "domestic," and "honor." A guess at the cause for the shooting passed in whispers from lip to lip.

In that small community everybody knew everybody else. Even during the first excitement most of the men commented guardedly, or not at all. It was too delicate a subject for street talk. A few spoke openly:

"Served him right."

"Some things a man can't do in *this* country."

"Well, I never would have suspected *her*."

"It is a lie," came a low voice from behind, and the last speaker turned abruptly. He



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faced a tall old man, slender and white-haired, with thin nose and clear blue eyes.

"It is a lie," he repeated, almost in a whisper.

"But, Judge—" the man protested; "I didn't mean no harm. Everybody said—"

"Then everybody lied, and you must not repeat it."

Each man nudged his neighbor. The discussion ceased. Judge Greer stood erect and silent. Then he touched his hat with a courteous "Good evening," and passed on. But the example and influence of a gentleman remained.

Fortunately for Ragland, the wounded man did not die. Long before the day of trial the issue shaped itself. John Ragland's unforgivable crime was not the shooting of Dan Sevier, but the slander of his own wife. Throughout the rough and tumble of pioneer days men had slain each other in passion, and public opinion had been all too lenient. But this unspeakable enormity put Ragland beyond the pale of toleration or sympathy.

For ages it had been the law—written upon the hearts of the people, if not upon their statute books—that no guilt attaches to the man who defends his home. Old Bill Newman voiced the universal sentiment: "Everybody is got plenty of sympathy for the feller that protects his women folks; and we's disposed to allow him some kind o' leeway ef he loses his temper and acks hasty—*pervided he acks honest.* But hangin' is a lot too good fer a feller what lies about his wife."

John Ragland got ten years in the penitentiary, and nobody felt sorry for him.

"Well," said Bill Newman, "jes' as soon as Jedge Greer volunteered to prosecute that feller, I'd 'a' been willin' to convict him thar and then. He don't do nuthin' 'cept what's right. *He's* a gentleman."

Old Bill could not have given a reason for placing Judge Greer somewhat above the ordinary level of humanity. He knew many other good lawyers, other honest and truthful men; others who were well-educated, polite, and kindly. Among his personal acquaintances were hundreds who had been fearless soldiers. Yet, unhesitatingly, he accorded the eminence to this simple, plain-mannered, unpretentious man. All of the Judge's good qualities entered into old Bill's calculations, but beyond them there was an intangible something else.

This intangible something else came to the Greers from the same fountain whence they drew their blood—from old Virginia, and a long line of English country gentlemen. But the gentleman is, of course, not peculiar to the South, nor to English-speaking people, nor to modern times. In his great essentials he is the product of all races and the flower of all civilizations—the Robert E. Lees, Sir Philip Sidneys, Chevalier Bayards, and Abou ben Adhems of the world. Latterly, the word has been sadly debased by usurpation and affectation—applied indiscriminately to the "gent bouncer" on the Bowery and the "cullud gentleman who removes the ashes"; and some of our business men to-day have come to sneer at the term as if it were the badge of a fop, implying a lack of manhood's rugged virtues. Perhaps it may be worth our while to seek, through a study of the gentleman in his peculiar environment of the South, the true significance of this elusive word.

Taking the Greers as a type, their psychology is simple and direct.

In no part of the world were social distinctions more rigidly defined than in colonial Virginia. The founders of that colony stepped from the brilliant court of Elizabeth into the forests of Virginia. The lord-proprietor transported to his estate a little army of gentlemen and indented servants, and afterward came the negro slave. Each formed a class apart from the others, and almost at once there was created a quasi-system of aristocracy.

The proprietor obligated himself to protect his tenants from the Indians; they in turn agreed to follow him to battle—precisely the system inaugurated by William the Conqueror for the military defense of his realm. His environment naturally bred certain habits of command, fostered a capacity for directing the efforts of others, and imposed a sense of responsibility upon the planter for the lives that were in his keeping.

Above all else, the planter jealously guarded his rights as an English freeman. When liberty languished in England, the Virginian sturdily resisted every aggression of royal tyrants. One husband, one wife, one home, one king, one God—this was the planter's creed. But he reserved the right to renounce a monarch who violated the ancient compact between king and people. No other people, numerically as unimportant as that group of Virginia settlers, has given to humanity so many statesmen, soldiers, orators, patriots, and philosophers.

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Judge Greer came from this kind of stock. His father, Colonel Greer, had emigrated from Virginia and settled with his slaves on new lands in Alabama. Greer House—white and spacious and open—fronted a public road along which passed the westward tide of travel. But the traveler did not pass—he stopped in and rested a week or two. Few were brisk enough to escape the Colonel's watchful eye. And once inside his gate, the wayfarer found it harder yet to leave.

When the weekly stagecoach came rattling along, two negro boys waited for it at the top of the hill, one with a bucket of ice water, the other with a pitcher of sangaree. Added to this was an invitation from the Colonel for the strangers to rest beneath his roof. At meal times Isom, the butler, went down to the big gate and blew the dinner horn, a broadcast invitation to the wide, wide world.

Why should not the Colonel invite all within hearing to partake of his dinner? He had more than he could eat; there were no hotels for the stranger; travelers must get very hungry—and thirsty. The underlying spirit was not new; it was the same simple spirit which graced Sir Roger de Coverley. But the manifestation was different, a manifestation that suited the country.

Colonel Greer felt deeply his obligation to those who honored him by making his house their temporary home. Did they not bring him political news, tell good stories, and keep him informed as to the current events of three states? All they got in return was a few fried chickens, home-cured ham, cornbread, fruits, melons, cigars, wines, and—the Colonel admitted that his toddies were fairly good, for he made them himself.

Everybody laughed and prospered on Deerfield Plantation. Sleek horses drew the carriages; cows waddled to the milking; shiny mules marched before the plows; fat negroes grinned with dazzling teeth at fatter chickens that tempted the frying-pan.

When the Colonel returned from a journey, every human being on the plantation gathered around him before he could shake off the dust—and he had a present for every one. His pockets bulged with gewgaws and trinkets, pocket-knives, band-combs, tobacco, and sardines.

Somehow the droughts managed to skip Deerfield, and destructive storms went around it. Bad years didn't hurt the Colonel, and he made the good ones an excuse for helping his neighbors. He wrote freely—not for profit, but for accommodation—on the back of various promissory notes drawn by his acquaintances. His rich acres gave value to the autographs. When pay day came, he had to sell his plantation and move to Mississippi. That is one reason why Judge Greer, his son, studied law and set out to make a living in town.

The social system of Colonel Greer's time—which was not a system at all, but an atmosphere—bred its abuses. It even made possible such sporadic instances as John Ragland, with his shameful perversion of the Southern spirit that sprang from the old Code Duello. But the Code Duello itself, paradoxical as it may seem, had its distinct influence in making the old-time Southerner softer of voice, more tolerant, and more kind. If gentlemen differed, they disagreed courteously, each being reluctant to give offense for which he might be called to the point of a rapier or the muzzle of a pistol. The code was not a savage and bloody-minded institution. It was primarily the go-between of peace. An actual combat was the last resort, and few quarrels arose that could not be healed. There could be no more flagrant breach of this code than to withhold an apology when one gentleman unnecessarily offended another. Nor could the olive branch be turned aside when frankly tendered. And, if a fight could not be avoided, it was fairly, even generously, conducted, and always with scrupulous politeness. These practices brought into the daily life, even the business life, of the country, a finer conception of courtesy. It was considered beneath the dignity of gentlemen to brawl and bicker.

The Code Duello passed away, but it left an indelible impression. The Southerner does defend his home, and sets so much peril in the way of its violation that there are no breach of promise suits, and cash claims for alienation and seduction are totally unknown. Rich rounders might be willing to take gamblers' chances on the verdict of a jury; but they are skittish about following a path that leads to the muzzle of a shotgun. For it is well known in advance that such cases will not go to the courts for settlement, and this keeps the country free from salacious trials and scandalous divorces. The method may be lawless, but the result is wholesome.

These are the traditions, modified by changing environment, which descended to Southerners of Judge Greer's generation, and through him passed to his son. Even at this day they are powerful.

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By the son's time it had come to be pretty well accepted that a gentleman might live in town, and be something else besides a planter, a soldier, an officer of state or church. These had formerly been the only careers open to the aristocracy. But the results of the war scattered the old families, drove them from their plantations into the towns, and overturned the entire social system of the South. In many communities, as the negroes say, it "put de bottom rail on top."

Everett Greer, son of the Colonel, was born in 1867. He inherited the old instincts and traditions, but found his environment totally different from his father's. War had destroyed the ancient landmarks. Colonel Greer spent the best four years of his life in the army. During the reconstruction period there were so many important things for him to do toward the redemption of his country that he forgot to make money.

Everett learned the three R's at his mother's knee, and clerked in a store until he saved money enough to go to college. But well-bred poverty did not matter at the University of Virginia—it was too common. He managed to secure the room that had been occupied by his grandfather. He visited the same houses, dined at the same tables, and passed his final examinations under the same honor system.

He returned home and stuck out his lawyer's shingle, with no capital except his character and the respect of the community. Practice came by degrees, and small honors—a term in the legislature, a term as county attorney. Many of his early clients were negroes. Old family servants and their children flocked to him for help. In the attitude of Everett Greer toward these negroes were kindliness, toleration, and, above all, a sense of responsibility. This curious relationship between whites and blacks in the South has had the greatest influence in shaping the thought and manner of high-class Southerners—an influence all powerful, yet so vague that words fail to interpret it.

One morning Everett Greer looked up from his desk as an old negro came in and dropped his hat at the door.

"Well, Uncle Aaron, what have you been doing this time?"

"Nuthin' 'tall, Mr. Everett; hits jes' a case o' prejudy—dat 'ooman run to de constable an' sez I hit 'er wid a stick o' wood—"

"Beating your wife again? This makes the third time I've defended you for whipping Ella—"

"Dis ain't Ella. Ella lef' me, an' I married Kate las' week."

"Married Kate? Did you get a divorce from Ella?"

Old Aaron laughed: "Naw suh, naw suh, dat's whut dem big church niggers gits. Us common niggers ain't got no use fer 'voces."

"Now, look here, Aaron, I'm going to get you out of this—just one more time. After that you can go to jail, for all I care."

Aaron hobbled out the door; then came back and stood fumbling his hat:

"Mr. Everett, please doan' tell yo' pa. De only whipping he ever let de overseer gimme war fer beatin' my wife. He useter say I'd bust into jail ef I didn't quit it. I ain't mindin' de jail, but I sho' does hate fer old marster to find it out."

The young white man, who was little more than a boy, looked upon this old negro as a child who should be corrected but not permitted to suffer. He did not really think less of the negro for beating his wife, nor for having a new wife every season. The old negro, on his part, while most anxious to keep the good opinion of his "white folks," knew that they would not hold him seriously responsible for his peccadillos. But it would have broken Aaron's heart to hear that "Mr. Everett" had done something unbecoming the family name. There were things that the Greers could not do.

No observer of men is half so shrewd and accurate as the old-time negro. He knows "quality folks" by sight; searches them out by a mysterious intuition, and never goes wrong. An adventurer may happen along and deceive the master; but the cook and the butler shake their heads and mumble to themselves.

"Dat sho' is one fine gent'mun," remarked Uncle March, smacking his lips in pleasant retrospection; "he jes' handed me de glass to he'p myself; den he looked outer de winder whilst I war pourin' my drink." True: the gentleman knew that Uncle March would dislike to appear hoggish, and yet would hate to set down a decanter of good whisky. So the kind-hearted giver turned his head and thus relieved the old negro's embarrassment—an act which was in itself the essence of comprehension and the pink of courtesy.

Uncle March had always been the butler and general utility man for the Bowmars on Albion Plantation. A matter of eighty years—slave and free—in one family gave the old man much experience, and certain privileges. The house-parties in summer were his sea-

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Courtesy of The Frank Presbrey Co

THE TRAVELER DID NOT PASS—HE STOPPED IN AND RESTED A WEEK OR TWO.

sons of joy, when carriages came and went, when guests on horseback clattered up to the wide gallery. There were rides and drives and walks by day; music and dancing by night. Uncle March felt responsible for the entertainment of every comer; he was the first man up in the morning and the last to bed at night. Before breakfast he made a round of all the rooms, waked the young men, and saw that they lacked for nothing. With the family's more intimate friends he stopped to put buttons in their shirts and "pass the time o' day"— as was right and proper, since he was an old friend as well as an old servant.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ROBERT COSTER

"Thankee, Mister Fenton"—he pocketed a cigar which the smiling young man held out to him; "as I war jes' about to say, dat Mister Crandall—he's de mos' qualified young gent'mun whut's been here dis summer."

Bert Crandall was a lad of colonial stock, who worked in a neighboring town. Among the guests were many who tried to catch with silver bait the good opinion of Uncle March. Crandall had scarcely a penny to give him. Fenton knew this, and was curious to know why the negro had singled Crandall out of twenty-five men as "de mos' qualified young gent'mun whut's been here dis summer."

There was nothing noticeable about young Crandall; nothing in manner or speech to attract attention. Wherever he happened to be, he merely seemed to

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fit and to be at ease. Yet, for some unexplainable reason, every negro about the place wanted to do something for Mr. Crandall—to bring his horse, polish his shoes, or go fishing with him. Some of the other men paid liberally for these trifling services—tossed out their money in a way which reminded the negro that he was a negro, being paid as a menial. Not so with Crandall —with a nod or a smile he thanked the negro for a friendly act; if he slipped him a coin, it was done so quietly that no one saw it. His meager gifts were bestowed in the spirit of expressing appreciation, not as a grudging part of a commercial transaction.

What did the negro see in this to admire? Nothing that he could have explained. In Crandall's environment this was the most natural expression of his innate kindliness and consideration. The spirit does not differ North and South—the inner and spiritual grace is the same; but the outer and visible sign is different.

Crushing poverty does not reduce "quality folks" in the negro's eyes. While Mrs. Everett Greer was struggling with the problem of keeping house on contingent fees, she resorted to many a makeshift. One morning Mammy Liddy came to help with the housecleaning. It was not a big job—three rooms and a kitchen—but Mammy had presided at this semi-annual function for more than forty years and clung to it as her fixed prerogative. The rented cottage was on a side street, yet Mammy approached it in the same spirit of respectful importance with which a Grand Vizier comes to the Sultan's palace. Mammy knew and loved every stick of the ancient furniture which had been crowded into these narrow rooms. She had patched the curtains, hemmed the rugs, turned and re-turned the carpets until every thread had become an old friend.

The two children swarmed over Mammy and possessed her. She and "Miss Janie" spent a happy day mending and cleaning, Mrs. Everett listening to Mammy's stories, and laughing at her continual grumble because "dese here chillun humbugs me so I can't hardly work." When Mammy left, she carried a half dollar as her day's wages. The children followed her to the corner; then she decoyed them to the store and spent half of her money for peanuts, oranges, and candy. "Now run to yo' ma, an' lemme 'lone. You chillun is been pesterin' me all day." She stood watching until the toddlers got safe inside their own gate, then waddled on.

At the next corner Mammy met a decrepit negro woman. "Bress de lawd! Ef dat ain't

*Photograph by A. B. Pheasan.*

ON THE OLD-TIME PLANTATION THE DINNER HORN BLEW A BROADCAST INVITATION TO THE WIDE WORLD.

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Sis Patty!" ejaculated Mammy. "I ain't seed you sence de stars fell. Whar you been?"

"Over in Loozianny—jes' come back."

"What's de matter, honey? 'Pears like you's pestered in yo' mind."

"I sho' is. Who is dem po' white trash what lives in ole Gin'l Robb's house?"

"Dat's Mr. Mann's folks. He bought dat house when Gin'l died."

"Huh! I knowed 'twarn't my kind o' folks. Look at dat—an' dat—an' dat!" The indignant woman opened a bundle and displayed three worn-out garments.

"I went in dar jes to see how de Gin'l's folks wuz a-gettin' on. Dar wuz a white 'ooman settin' on de back gallery wid a silk dress on, an' she 'low she lived dar. So I up an' axed her couldn't she gimme some ole clo'es. Now whut you think she done? She went in de house, an' come out wid dese rags in one han' an' de scissors in de udder. Dar she sot an' cut off every frazzlin' button befo' she gin 'em to me."

"Dar now!" exclaimed Mammy. "Did anybody ebber hear de beat o' dat fer a po' white trash trick!"

The Manns were very rich. But they made the old negro feel like a common beggar, and poisoned their charity as they bestowed it. Millions did not save them from being "po' white trash."

Money has never been a standard of gentility in the South; and occupation has ceased to be regarded as a test of quality. With the breaking up of old families and the destruction of old communities, the right of birth and the magic of a name became no longer conclusive. The misfortunes of war cut queer pranks in the South, oftentimes setting adventurers in the governor's chair and placing the lady behind a ribbon counter. After the war, the best blood of the South went into the workshops, the fields, and the trades. But the people continued to be, socially, what they had always been.

For instance, this situation is not uncommon:

Rich old Jere Mann—whose wife cut off the buttons—had bought General Robb's ante-bellum mansion from its impoverished owner. He vainly supposed that he was buying also the intangible "something else" that marked the Robbs. His daughter, Marguerite, came home from college and brought Jennie Ware, her chum. The family was exceedingly anxious that Jennie should "have a rush," as girls express it.

On the first morning after her arrival, Jennie sat on the gallery alone. A wagon

*Photograph by A. B. Phelan.*

THE NEGRO QUARTERS ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION—PART OF THE PECULIAR ENVIRONMENT OF THE SOUTH.

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drove in, and turned toward the rear of the house. Two strange young men occupied the front seat, and in the back, with his legs dangling, sat a negro boy. As they passed, both young men smiled and lifted their hats. "I beg your pardon," one of them said audibly, and drove on. The girl held her head stiffly and did not acknowledge their salutation; but she could not help observing them. "What nice-looking butchers," she thought.

During the morning Marguerite and Jennie drove out gayly behind the Mann's handsome blacks, and went to the millinery store. Another carriage came up—a great lumbering coach of the olden day. Jennie watched it curiously. A tall, sunburned young man sprang to the sidewalk, and helped out a white-haired lady.

"What a dear old lady," thought Jennie.

"That is Mrs. Carewe"—Marguerite nudged her; "that's Warren Carewe, her son. I wish he would come over here so I could introduce him—he's president of the Country Club, and——"

Jennie looked more closely at the young man, and laughed: "I declare, he looks exactly like one of the butchers that came to the house this morning."

"Butcher?"

"Yes—on a wagon."

"Maybe he was; Mr. Carewe comes by there sometimes on his wagon. They raise sheep, and bring them to town. But I never thought of him as being a butcher."

"Then he doesn't really *sell meat*, does he?"

"Yes; the family is dreadfully poor. They have one of those big old houses in the country. I hope Mrs. Carewe will let me take you through it; it's one of the show places—beautiful paintings, statuary, and all that sort of thing. If Mr. Carewe takes a fancy to a visiting girl, she's sure to have a rush.

*Photographs by A. E. Pecaut.*

NO OBSERVER OF MEN IS HALF SO SHREWD AS THE OLD-TIME NEGRO

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You must be specially nice to him."

Jennie remembered the snubbing she had given young Carewe that morning, and said nothing.

With such indefinable standards of quality, of course there are many counterfeits. A most amusing imitation is one that often passes for the typical Southerner in New York. This satchel-mouthed braggart infests the cafés and demands attention by abusing the waiter for offending his delicate sense of honor. "I hate a nigger, suh," he loudly proclaims—which is a sentiment that one never hears from those to the manner born. He haunts the theatres and parades the streets, since it is poor fun to practice his gentility in private.

This kind of fellow has gained his entire knowledge of the South by going on a Sunday excursion to Baltimore. In a beer garden he heard the band play "Dixie." The crowd applauded, and somebody put the idea into his head that Southern gentlemen were the "real thing." Upon his return to New York he set up in business as a professional Southerner—and became prevalent.

He wears a wide black hat; mounts the table and yells whenever the band plays a Southern melody. Such a pretentious caricature would be harmless enough but for the ridicule he brings upon the South. Unfortunately, popular authors seem to accept him at face value and exploit him in novels or plays where a "Southerner" is a necessary part of the stage machinery.

There are genuine Southern gentlemen in New York, to be sure—thousands of them. Their manners are not spectacular; they do not proclaim themselves so as to be heard from the Battery to the Bronx. Many have lived in the city so long that their localisms have been lost. They pass quietly in the crowd.

Now and then an old-timer comes along, fresh from the plantation, on his annual visit to New York. His habits of dress and manner and speech are bred in the bone, and he cannot lay them aside. The most casual glance singles him out for a Southerner. He wears the same linen suit, puff-bosomed shirt, and broad Panama hat in which he would be dressed if one should find him sitting upon his gallery overlooking the cotton field.

He strolls along the street, frankly interested in what he sees. If he buys a penny newspaper, he gives the boy a nickel and forgets the change—there's nothing smaller than a nickel in the South. This man is easy prey for the hard-luck story, especially if the beggar be a negro. If a stranger be assigned to his table at the hotel, he welcomes him with the same kindly greeting that would be extended to the stranger at his own plantation table. Was he not at the table first? Is it not, in a sense, *his* table? If these be eccentricities and provincialisms, they are agreeable, and do no harm.

His table companion for the moment may feel just as kindly, but he has a different way of expressing his feeling. The externals of the two men's lives are different—naturally and necessarily so. The Southerner of to-day differs in no *essential* from his Northern prototype; but his environment is so different, his traditions are so different, the whole course of his life is so different, that the man from 'way down East and the man from 'way down South find it hard to comprehend each other.

For one difference, the old planter is accustomed to speaking to every person he meets in the road—man, woman, and child, white or black. If he meets a stranger, he may stop him and ask: "Where are you from?" "Where are you going?" "Have you had your dinner?" "Has your horse been fed?" He feels a kinship with all he meets, bound to them by the freemasonry of the crops. The New York man is accustomed to fighting crowds at the ferry, and has no time for foolishness.

The Southerner meets a stranger in the

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WHITE AND SPACIOUS AND OPEN—FRONTING A PUBLIC ROAD ALONG WHICH PASSED THE WESTWARD TIDE OF TRAVEL.

public road and takes him into his house to spend the night. The New Yorker meets a stranger in a lonely street; the stranger accosts him. The New Yorker feels for his watch and pocketbook—and touches the fire-alarm.

Doubtless much of this difference lies in the fact that most Southerners come from the country, or from small towns. They spend their lives in the midst of their friends. The planter knows every human being in his county, and consequently is easy and unsuspecting. The Northern city man hasn't the faintest idea who lives in the house next door, or in the next flat in his apartment house. He dwells among strangers, in an atmosphere of greater or less distrust; he must be constantly on guard.

Certain personal customs, when pursued in the different atmosphere of Northern cities, draw upon the Southern man an attention which he would gladly avoid. For instance, he gives up his seat to a lady in a crowded car. He knows it is not by any means the universal custom; he dislikes being conspicuous, and he is not always thanked. Yet the habit is so strong that if he cowers behind a newspaper and permits the lady to stand, he will remember it with shame. Perhaps, after being laughed at for a few weeks, he holds on to his seat. But it is like sitting on a griddle, and he prefers to get up. Gradually he drops back into his old ways, simply because he feels less awkward in the observance than in the breach.

When ladies come into the elevator, he removes his hat—just as the pointer comes to a stand, because he has been trained that way.

He meets unpleasant situations, and has disillusionments: He holds the door open for a richly-dressed woman; she sweeps by as if he were a flunky. He lifts a package on to the car to relieve a tired working girl; she glances around for a policeman. For a moment this makes him angry—at himself. Then he thinks of the pathos of this obscure girl, who, like a hunted creature, suspects his simple act of kindness.

At home he has known most of the young women since their babyhood. They are as much under his protection as under that of their fathers and brothers. They accept his invitations without question, and go with him wherever he suggests, knowing full well that

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he will take them nowhere that his own sisters might not go. The formal chaperon is an official for state occasions, the spirit of the country being more effective than any system of espionage.

We have allowed for the inevitable differences between the Northern city and the Southern community. But comparing city with city and village with village, Northern and Southern attitudes are still distinct.

At Mardi Gras time in New Orleans, if a stranger steps into a store and inquires a direction, the proprietor will say: "Wait a moment; one of my young men is going that way—he will show you," or the proprietor will go himself. I know of no Northern city where this would happen. But perhaps the comparison is not fair in Carnival time.

For these differences there may be a multitude of causes. The South draws its inspiration from the Cavalier; northern modes of thought are influenced largely by the Puritan. Conditions of life among all classes are easier in the South; climatic influences bear strongly upon semi-tropical peoples. Competition is not so keen; the struggle for existence is not so fierce; the winter is not so cold. Nature is bountiful and pours the horn of plenty into her children's lap.

They may laugh and be happy. In colder climates and crowded cities the demands upon a busy man are so great that he has no time to think of a thousand little courtesies which the leisurely Southerner rarely forgets.

The gentleman—wherever he may live—must possess certain basic qualities. Beyond this we come to the intangible and indefinable "something else"—a kindliness which never wounds; a fineness of tact which adapts this kindliness to environment, giving to the king what is suited to the king, and to the kitchen-girl the consideration that is her due.

Hundreds of writers in all ages have attempted to describe the ideal gentleman and have failed. They will continue to fail. As for myself, I may recognize such a man when I meet him; it may be easy enough to guess at his weight, or give the color of his eyes, to speak of his pleasing manner and sympathetic interest. The dry statistics are at my finger tips—but that intangible "something else" is more elusive than a perfume.

Sir William Blackstone, in the quaint phraseology of the common law, lays down the legal requirements:

"As for gentlemen, they be made good cheap in this kingdom, for whosoever studieth the laws of the realm, who studieth in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, and, to be short, who can live idly and without manual labor, and will bear the port and countenance of the gentleman, he shall be called master, and shall be taken for a gentleman."

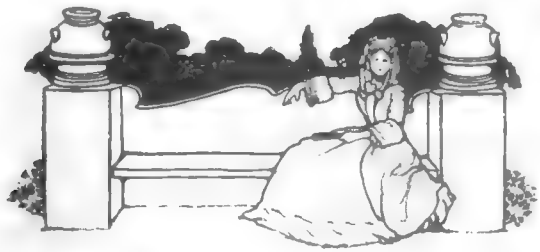
In the days of King James one hundred men advanced each a thousand pounds to aid in subduing the rebellious Province of Ulster. In return they received the title of "Baronet" and had the arms of Ulster superadded to their family coats.

In a footnote Blackstone makes this comment:

"There is something very ridiculous in the *bought* honour. An unbought grace of life has an elevation about it, but to buy honour at so much for the penny laid down, seems to mow at honour."

Here it is, at last, the touchstone, the "unbought grace of life." Uncle March recognized that unbought grace of life in the gentleman who "looked outer de winder." He found it in the penniless boy who visited the mansion.

Crowned with this unbought grace of life, the modest gentleman bears a title which the king cannot create, for which no party can nominate a standard bearer, which even the might of the sovereign people cannot confer.



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I WENT AND SAT BY HIM ON THE SOFA.

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# A SUCCESSFUL WIFE

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

## CHAPTER LII

ONE bitter winter day Stephen had gone to a directors' meeting of the Big N, and from there he was going to Reno to meet Mr. Hendricks and Mr. Thompson in regard to the Wildwood Mines company and its combination with the Big N interests. He was likely to be away until the next day. I had decided to go over the linen and things with Miss Purchase, when I heard sleigh bells. There was marvelous sleighing.

I went to the window of the front sitting-room and looked out. A cutter with two horses was before the door, a big man in a fur coat just crawling out from among the furry rugs. He gave the lines to the boy, who stayed behind in the sleigh, and, though he didn't look up as he came along the walk to the porch, I knew him, and I was downstairs before they brought me word. It was Will Falsworth.

They had shown him in to the library, and he stood there in his big coat, his cap in his hand, and the first thing I saw was how gray he had turned. I shut the door. He didn't cry out as he used to do, or come forward. He seemed bowed and strained, and the hand that he held out to me and that I took in both of mine, shook like a drunkard's.

"It must be nearly six years," he said; "but time agrees with you."

He was awfully changed. His face had grown heavier, and yet it wasn't one of those quiet, full faces; he looked nervous and worried to death, and pulled at his mustache. Will had always been the easiest-going kind of a man, with no nerves. He threw his furs on the table and asked:

"Do you think I can see you alone—I mean to say, could we talk like this for a while without a thousand infernal interruptions? *Just for once in six years?*"

I told him my husband was out of town at a meeting, and his lips curved.

"I know that the Governor has a board meeting to-day," he said, "and the Big N will go up five points to-morrow."

He sat down on the sofa nearest me and laid his arm up along the back, and I sat opposite. It was like having a character out of a book come to life to see him again, but he wasn't as my old dreams of him were. He ran his hand through his hair.

"Gray, hey? Gray as a badger? But I find you just the same"—and he said it still with a curl of his lips. "You struck the right man, Esther, after all, though God knows what I wouldn't have done, with you, or how far I might have gone."

"What *have* you been doing with yourself?" I asked him. And he laughed, a wretched sort of laugh, that it hurt me to hear. Still, it gave me a thrill, too, and I felt my cheeks grow red and my heart begin to pound.

"That's what I've come to see you about," he answered slowly. "I've played fast and loose with everything that came my way."

"What's the matter, Will?"

"Why, after I saw there was no good waiting for a virtuous woman who loved me to stand by, I took a sudden turn to the reckless women. Never mind"—he nodded gently—"I won't go into that vulgar story. It isn't your fault—I never blamed you. Then I married again." He stopped here and looked in his vest, for a cigar, I thought. I remembered that he had never smoked with me before, but I said:

"Stephen's cigars are right there."

And he flashed out: "Don't you remember I don't smoke with you? I'm looking for a picture." He found a small photograph and held it between his hands. "I married a chorus girl. We had a little time of hell, then she ran away with another lunatic and left me—with this." He handed me the picture of a sweet, sweet little girl, little bare neck and bare arms and little bare feet.

"Oh, Will!" I cried. "Oh, Will!" My heart all melted up and ached over it. She had his face and his eyes.

"Beauty Bright," he said in a low tone;

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"isn't she, Esther—Beauty Bright? Her name was Esther."

I couldn't speak.

"I kept straight as a string," he continued, "for a long while. I lived out West with the child, making money hand over fist. Then she died."

I knew it. Will needn't have told it to me. I knew it from the minute I looked at the sweet, dear little face: there was the Call in the eyes—and the Answer, too. It didn't mean anything else.

I didn't say anything; he didn't seem to notice my silence, either.

"After that" . . . I waited a long time. Then of a sudden he put his face down on his hands and kept so. I went and sat by him on the sofa—I didn't touch him, and by and by he uncovered his eyes and I saw the tears. Then he seized both my hands and laid them against his wet eyes.

"Thank you, thank you," he said. "Go back and sit as you were, or I can't tell you what I have to say."

I took the chair in front of him and leaned forward, his hunted look on me.

"Things are in a pretty bad shape, pretty serious. I have been letting the whole business go, and running the wagon downhill, and there's been a great smash at last."

"Money?" I asked him, and for the first time it seemed to me that my money could be some real comfort.

"Um," he nodded, and drew his lips in.

"I've got money of my own," I told him; "quite a little."

Then he stared and made a repelling gesture. "For God's sake," he breathed, "I'm not as low as that." And I blushed like fire at his words. He didn't speak again at once.

"Can't you tell me how things are going, Will?" I urged him.

"Well, you know I was interested in the Wildwood Mines. Do you remember it? I made a heap of money there, and little by little I sold out my holdings, and when I married I had quite a fortune. She showed me how to get rid of it, though. Meanwhile, knowing my connection with Wildwood and my insight, some New York bankers gave me a big sum of money to invest in Wildwood when I saw fit."

I had to say to him, "Go on, Will—yes, I understand"—he waited so long.

"Well," he finally continued, "I had every reason to believe, the way things stood, that Wildwood would drop to 25, and that I could buy it in cheap. I banked on that, you see, and sold the whole business short. And, instead, the Big N interests talk of combining with Wildwood, and as soon as the rumor got abroad that a certain financial clique were interested, why, the blamed stock went up 75 points."

I remembered what Stephen had said to me about its going to 200.

"Of course, I am personally ruined," he said, "and that doesn't make any difference; but I don't want to go to jail."

"Will!" I cried out at him.

He held my hands as if they were the things by which he was pulling to shore through a beating sea.

"No," he repeated, "I don't want to go to jail."

"Why should you? What do you mean?"

"Why, I was so sure of the state of Wildwood that I put in all my friends' money when I sold short, and I've got to make an accounting within this month."

I didn't speak. There is something in the people you care for, no matter what they do—you just keep on caring, just the same—as much anyhow, or more perhaps. That's why it doesn't seem to matter to a woman about the ideal man—the real ones need her so.

Will didn't make any exclamation or go into any dramatics—he wasn't that kind. He just told it to me as it was, and I waited.

"You see how it stands," he said. "If this stock by some miracle doesn't touch where I thought it would——"

I was perfectly sure he had looked upon it as a business deal in which he could recoup for his clients. "What's to be done?" I asked him.

"Why," he said slowly, "the Governor would be the man to know. A man like Governor Kirkland, men like that financial set, can and have manipulated all the speculative interests in Wall Street for the past eighteen months. It seems the limit, doesn't it, to have me speak to you of your husband as a possible savior for me?"

I didn't answer.

"You had a right inspiration when you stood by Kirkland," he said. Then he let my hands free and added with a sudden change of tone, as though he were coming out of a dream: "Understand me, Esther, I have faced this out alone with a revolver by my side, and I couldn't do that. For the sake of that little picture, I want to go on and make

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good and keep out of jail. Any man who has been a father knows what I mean. I had a child—I am not a heathen—I believe in the next world." The little photograph was in my lap; he took it and held it as he had held my hands, almost crushing it, yet so tenderly.

"I want to see her again, straight, and not with the prison stench on me."

"There," I said, "don't, don't." I guess I cried.

He asked me: "Do you care?"

Oh, I didn't care in any way that could have helped him; I don't know what I answered, but he said:

"Bless you, bless you, you're a woman such as men would die for."

He got up, put the picture in his pocket, seemed to straighten a little, and took up his coat and cap. "I drove over from Stanway Mines," he said, "where I had some business; you wouldn't get your hat and coat and muffle up, would you, and take a turn in the country with me?"

I went. Nobody in Carson City knew who we were that day. I wore a veil of Miss Purchase's, black as death itself, all wound round my face, and a little fur collar up to my chin. We flew through the town—the horses went like mad. Will was as white as the snow, and under his cap and over his eyes his hair was white. I sat close to his furry arm. The air came icy to our lips. That ride seemed a race for some place we were trying to get back to, some place we would never see again. I didn't feel a bit that he was reckless or that he would be glad if the horses ran away and threw us out and settled things in that way—I was certain he had something before him he wanted to do, and I liked him all the better for it. I thought of the painting in the Metropolitan Museum that he had showed me—the soldier coming home from the war bleeding and weak; and the sad part was there wasn't any woman who belonged to Will to take him in and heal his wounds.

## CHAPTER LIII

THE meeting called to discuss the buying of the Wildwood Mines was on for the following day. I got Miss Purchase to telegraph to Stephen to come home at once. It was the most daring thing I had yet done; it was so big that I felt rocking from it; but all the same, I was glad. I was so wrought up and so excited I hadn't planned out anything to say in order to excuse my summons, and I never asked myself what such a peremptory message might mean or how frightened he might be.

It was a bright, cold night. I had them make a fire in Stephen's library and leave a big scuttle of coal. He would arrive at midnight, and I sat in his library trying to read, and on every page I kept seeing that dear little face of Will Falsworth's child. Miss Purchase I sent to bed. I was never so nervous as that waiting time found me, as I sat there listening to the coals drop down and the clock tick.

Part of the time I thought of Will—what the years had done to him; and part of the time of the little child he must have loved so very much. But nothing of any of this was real to me. I couldn't hold on to thoughts that made Will real. I couldn't make myself follow along with his struggle and his failure; but when the idea of the child came—so to speak, I just knelt down by its side. Then and there I knew that I was fond of children. The rest of the time I thought of my husband—I could make that real enough. The room where I waited for him to come home every day was full of him—the boxes of cigars, his books, and a pile of unopened Washington papers. We took everything, and there was a copy of a magazine with an article about the Governor of Nevada. The more I thought of how important he was, the wilder my telegram seemed. He certainly would think that the house was burned down or that I was dead. I almost wished that I could be sick; but I couldn't even scare up a headache.

At midnight I heard the sleigh drive up, and I looked out between the shades and the window. Stephen was bundled up as Will had been, and stopped to get a match from Sullivan, the man, and stood to light his cigar outside. That cheered me—and made me a little mad, too. He couldn't be badly scared, then, though I knew of course, Sullivan must have told him I wasn't dead.

He came slowly up the walk, big and dark in his long coat. The furnace man let him in.

"Well," I said from the top of the stairs. "Coming up?"

He came into the sitting-room still in his things, and I saw how big he was, how quiet, and how perfectly elegant in his coat with the astrakhan collar, with his dark, sleek head and his big, dark eyes, and I was proud of him down to the ground. He smiled at me peacefully and said:

"Good evening, my dear girl." He put his

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hat down and took off his coat and gloves. "I expect Ferguson will lock up all right." And I said of course he would, and how early Stephen's train was—it wasn't due for half an hour. "Why, I took a special engine," he replied; "that's the reason. Let me get up to the fire, will you? I'm frozen. What an infernal climate! I don't believe the United States was ever meant to be inhabited. What have you got for me to eat?"

I told him that Ferguson would bring it right up.

"I never come in from any place," he said, "but I'm grateful for a home. Wouldn't you call me distinctly a domestic animal, Esther?"

I said yes, and sat down on the other side of the fireplace. I could see he was full of things to tell me, and that there were subjects on hand for a good two hours' talk. Ferguson brought up a tray that Miss Purchase had fixed for Stephen. Then, when he had eaten, and had drunk two bottles of ginger ale, he began:

"The boys," he said, "sent a delegation to meet me"—and he stopped a moment to smile and mentally live over the pleasure their greeting was to him. "There isn't a finer set of men in the West than the party behind Collins and the others." He put out his long, brown hand to me. "Shake hands with Senator Kirkland, Esther. I told you when we were in Washington that I should go back there, and in what way I was willing to return. If uncertainty is a stimulus, I haven't that; for as I carried the election for governor, I shall carry this. How will it please you?"

I told him; and he went on to give me a few further details of the campaign. He would resign his governorship and go to Washington at the next elections. He sat back in his chair, put his hands in his pockets, and stretched out his long legs.

"Just one thing has annoyed me," he said: "that Wildwood mine deal." He smoked a few minutes and then went on: "The others, Hendricks and Thompson and Rose and the rest of them, have set their minds on this special purchase, and I have let myself be influenced, partly from indifference, partly because I have never felt myself a fixture in Nevada, and I have been bored and let things drift. But I've really been averse to this purchase and the floating of the company."

"Why?" I asked. "Isn't it a good thing?"

"No," he said shortly; "not as it stands. The output of the Wildwood mines in no wise justifies the scheme on foot, and I should have persisted in discouraging the deal; but I've been indifferent and neglectful about the matter."

"Then they held the meeting?" I said.

"It was to have been held after dinner tonight. I went on expressly to attend it. The boys took this occasion of buttonholing me, pinning me down and making me give my word to run for the Senate." He smiled again—he was perfectly delighted. He knocked his ashes off against the chair on the carpet—he never broke that habit, anyway. "There is only one way to make the Wildwood Mines a success," he said, "and that is to reorganize from A to Z, buy in the adjoining tracts, form a company under a different name, and float the stock at par."

"Well," I asked, "they'll do what you say, won't they?"

"Not by a jugful," he answered. "Rose and Hendricks don't think me half the man my backers do—and that you do, Esther. They're worth a hundred times as much money as I am, and they are years older, and have back of them all the experience I am to gain."

"Not one of them has the talent you have," I said.

He bowed in thanks to me and answered: "They are wrong about Wildwood, at any rate." He took a Washington paper off the table and ripped open the wrapper. Now, I thought, if he goes to reading! For when he did read, you couldn't get him away from the book or the article. However, he only opened the paper and laid it down on his knee.

"You know what a weak coward I am, Esther, in many ways—don't you? And I assure you I dreaded that committee meeting. I had gone so far I couldn't very well have dropped out, and I am confident that I should have made the mistake of my life. To begin with, I have no time to attend to new financial schemes. I shall need all my force and energy for this election. As for Wildwood, it isn't worth it—it isn't worth it!"

Once again I asked him if he didn't believe in it at all, and he said: "The stock was down to 25 before we stirred up the country, and, at any rate for the present, I honestly think that's all it's worth. The rise is purely fictitious." He was now behind the newspaper.

"Have you said this to any one else?" I asked.

"Under the circumstances, hardly."

"It might get into the papers, Stephen."

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"I'm sure it's a matter of perfect indifference to me," he said, and laid the paper down. "I should have tried to infect the meeting with my ideas, but it would have been in vain. When Rose gets an idea about money, it's like a dog on the scent: you have to let him go for it or ruin his strain. I was never so glad in my life, my dear girl, as when your telegram came. I sent a chap over to the station to order a special put on at once, and it seemed like a providence. By the way, *why did you send it?*"

"Then the meeting would be held, anyhow?"

"They put it off until next week," he said, "as I couldn't tell what my news from home might be, and I was unable to promise anything. But now that your despatch has given me time, and I have accepted the nomination, I shall definitely get out of the Wildwood."

"But if this is generally known, Stephen, and published about, won't it be bad for the stock?"

"Bad?" he exclaimed irritably. "But I've been telling you, my dear Esther, I think it isn't worth the paper it's written on."

"Well, will it do you any harm to have it publicly known that you withdraw from the purchase?"

"No," he said slowly. "I rather think, under the circumstances, that it will do me good. But," he added, "you haven't told me what was the matter. Sullivan told me at the station there wasn't anything the matter that he knew of. What has happened?"

"Did I scare you?"

"For the moment, yes. Then I knew you so well that I argued, 'If Esther's ill, she'd say so,' and I figured out that you probably thought for some reason or other that it was for my interest to be at home. Now what was it?"

"Why," I answered him, "I had a sort of queer feeling about the Wildwood mine."

My husband was so honorable, so clear-minded, that he just believed me, and he exclaimed with interest: "Why, how *very* curious, Esther! How curious! I never knew you were superstitious before."

I felt perfectly dreadful, like a traitor, like a thief. And I asked him again to assure me that it would do him no harm if it were known that he felt as he did about the deal, and he said:

"Since this thing has gone so far now, and I have said so much to you, I'll go on to say that this is the last financial deal that I shall ever touch with Rose and Hendricks. I saw Hendricks just as I was leaving Reno and told him in a few words my opinion of the whole Wildwood affair."

As we went upstairs to our rooms together, my husband said: "Two great tragedies of history might have been avoided, you know, if Cæsar and Pontius Pilate had respected their wives' superstitions."

And I thought to myself: "He doesn't dream what tragedy has been avoided."

Stephen's opinion of the Wildwood mine got into the papers. It was just a simple, plain statement. No one ever knew how it crept in. The Oretown *Cry* in its editorials puffed him up about it, and they say it made a difference in the feeling of the state toward him. It came out just about the time of his nomination, and from then on Rose and Hendricks were his mortal enemies. They worked for all they were worth against his nomination, but he went into the Senate with an overwhelming vote.

Some day, I thought, when he's older, I'll tell him. He didn't need the millions that were made and lost in the Wildwood speculation. After the reports in the papers, the stock fell below 25, and whether or not it touched its legitimate level I do not know. *But I knew that one man who had sold short was satisfied, and that he could pay back what he owed.*

## CHAPTER LIV

We seemed to have been just carried along, lifted up and picked up and set down; and when, months afterward, I could really breathe a little, I felt as though the repose went straight through me, right down to my boots. Speaking of boots, I think when I observed mine first they were kid slippers with high heels and buckles. I had on silk stockings at last—openwork, thin as a cloud. Fanny brought me things like that from Paris. She had just arrived and was going to stay a few weeks with us in Washington, while her husband had remained behind in Athens. Her little boys were playing that afternoon on the floor of my bedroom—they had a French nurse and spoke broken French, too cute for anything—and Fanny was out making calls in our carriage.

Our house stood on —— Street, and it doesn't need me to describe that street. It

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was like some wonderful kind of book cover, waiting for the new volume to be slipped in. Our history slipped in with the new administration, and a lot of brilliant people came in with this new President. It isn't good taste, perhaps, to say what Stephen was among them or how he towered: he won hearts and held men's minds even in these times of stress and mental tension, and he passed through the Senate like a flame.

Our house had been the Roxburgs'. The day I walked in for the first time, I felt faint. The old dinner company confusion came back, and Mrs. Roxburg, big and handsome, and me in my Worth gown, were vivid once again. . . . I have worn many Worth gowns since in that house, but never such a pretty one as that was! There had been a glamour over it, and the light never died. I had it on that night in our rooms when I called my husband *Stephen* for the first time.

We had been settled about a week or two when Fanny and the little boys arrived. She was prettier than ever—a loud kind of prettiness. She knew it. She said her eyes and her hair were fast. But, as far as I could see, she did credit to her position. She had grown foreign in manner, and talked in a foreign voice, like Miss Pagee, only more so, and put red on her lips and dark about her eyes, and laughed up high and flashed her rings, and manicured all the time. I told her I didn't see how she could help making her nails sore. Her rooms were full of pictures of foreign personages, kings and queens and princes, and the eldest boy was named after the Crown Prince of Greece. And there were little lace pillows everywhere on Fanny's chairs and sofa, and she had flowers sent in for her vases. She never let her little boys play in her sitting-room, so I could have them all I liked.

"Esther," she said on this day that I remember, "come into my boudoir with me, won't you, and let Félicité take the children. You'll spoil my rules. Foreign children aren't 'around' as we used to be."

"Well, Fanny," I answered, "I don't know what they would have done with us if we hadn't been 'around'; there wasn't anything else."

"Bracketsville again!" she exclaimed. "Can't you let the old, dreary horrors be? Heaven knows we've got enough to talk about!"

"Yes," I agreed, "there are ten servants' wages due to-day right here, and I've got to write the checks."

She had on a beautiful dressing-gown like an evening dress, and among her pillows she looked like a princess.

"My poor Esther," she murmured, "how will you ever pull this thing off? I mean," she explained, "how will you carry your husband and the social part of his career? You don't know, you don't *realize* what a fearful responsibility——"

"That's just what Senator Bellars told me years ago, Fanny."

She didn't notice this. "You've improved immensely," she conceded. "I didn't know you at all at the station. Your clothes can be managed." She was awfully serious. "You don't mind my saying these things, do you, Esther?" I assured her that I did not, and that I knew she had learned a great deal about things abroad.

"You must get a secretary first of all," she said, "and a maid."

"Well," I said, "I never knew a time when there weren't a lot of applicants for both those situations. As for a secretary, I'd like one; but if a maid came, Purchase would tear her eyes out."

"And you should have your hair done every day until you get it into some kind of training."

"It will never be like yours, Fanny."

"Perhaps not," she granted, "but it will be conventional, at any rate."

"*I won't dye my hair*," I said firmly, "not even if Stephen has to leave the Senate"—and she laughed.

"Who wants you to? You'll have it curled, won't you?"

And I said yes, but I'd *rather* do it up in papers and pinch it myself.

"You'll have to give dinners and lunches and call everywhere and be up on everything; and you ought to have more manner, Esther—can't you?"

I said no, I was afraid I couldn't.

"It's too bad," she said, and seemed deeply disappointed, "because you are not dull." Then she gave me up, right then and there, because some one brought in a note. She read it like lightning and reread it, and jumped up to answer it while the man waited. It took her ten minutes. She rang for her maid and said she would have to dress, that a friend from Rome was in Washington, that he had just sent round to say that he would be over in an hour, and, as far as my social struggle was concerned, Fanny abandoned me. She was too busy from then on. She

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had her own set and her own friends, and Count di Falleri was one of them. That first afternoon he called, he stayed two hours.

The hairdresser came that afternoon, and I had him do my hair. Every separate pin stuck in me like a live wire, and my cheeks were hot from the nervous strain of it.

I was ashamed to come downstairs as I was, but I made up my mind to do exactly as Fanny had said, and look the best I could for my position. She had asked the Count di Falleri for dinner, and there were two friends of Stephen's, Mr. Collins and a man from San Francisco. I came into the drawing-room a few minutes before dinner, and Stephen looked at me. He came over to me quickly and under his breath he said:

"For heaven's sake, what has happened to you, my dear girl?"

"I guess it's my hair, Stephen. Don't you like it?"

He made a queer sound in his throat. "Go upstairs," he said, "and take that horror off your head. We'll go in, and you come down when you are ready."

The horror was my own hair. I was never so glad of anything as to get those pins out! Nobody noticed anything but Stephen, I guess, and afterward he said to me:

"Remember, Esther, I never want you to change one iota of your looks or yourself. Buy all the clothes and jewels you want. I like to have you spend money. But leave your face and your hair alone."

It was a great relief.

"But Fanny—"I began, and he interrupted me:

"She is a different piece of goods, my dear girl. I cut the cloth off the Carey bale where I chose, remember. There isn't an artificial crimp or a *mouche* that doesn't enhance the beauty of a certain type of woman. Your sister belongs to the eighteenth century—she's a bit of exquisite prettiness: you are elemental. You're the best in the world as you are. Stay so."

I was very much pleased. I thought of this several times—many times, and I took what pleasure I could out of it when the beautiful women he admired so, and the brilliant women who hung upon his words, and the fascinating women who magnetized him, sat at our table and had him at theirs. I thought about them when he came in late, and when he didn't come home at all, when Fanny and Count di Falleri were out together, and I was alone and could have the little boys as much as I liked.

## CHAPTER LV

THAT first year in Washington there was a long session of the Senate; and, although Stephen was new and from one of the most western states, still he at once began to attract the attention of his party and his contemporaries; and his constituents seemed to think that their affairs were in the right hands. I wondered, the first day that I heard my husband speak, how his uncle took it, for Senator Bellars, the other representative from Nevada, sat gazing from under his hand at my husband. I could see them both from the Members' Gallery, where I had taken my place.

That afternoon I was in the drawing-room with the children, who had come in from their afternoon walk, when the butler announced him. Senator Bellars came across the room fast, like a friend who has been a long time away and is glad to get home and see you. Before he reached me, he caught sight of Fanny's little boys.

"God bless my soul," he cried. "*Children?*" And he sort of stooped down. I shook my head.

"Not ours—they're my sister's little boys."

He held his hand out to me over them, and his face was perfectly wonderful—like a rugged cliff with a light shining on it suddenly, as if the thought of Stephen's children had cast a glamour over life.

"I've come," he said, "to thank you, Mrs. Stephen Kirkland, not to beg your pardon."

I asked him to sit down and have some tea. But he glared at me as he used to do, and I was nearly ready for him to begin to dictate when he said, shaking his fine head:

"She doesn't know it, doesn't *dream* it! I thought to-day when I listened to your husband speak, 'My God, *does she know?*' Of course you don't. . . . Well, if you had the kind of nature that could for a moment be vain of its power, the man I heard speak in the Senate would be dumb to-day."

He didn't drop my hands; he held them as though they were precious to him.

"You've changed, my dear. There's no doubt about it. When I first saw you, you were such a demure, meek little thing, such a dovelike creature." He laid his hand on my hair as a father might, and it made my heart beat faster. "You're the same gentle creature, honest, confident, patient, and

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there's the same charming beauty there, but it's deeper." He bent and kissed me quite solemnly. "There," he whispered, "I've made you cry, and I don't believe you do *that* often!"

He blew his nose and sat down; then he spoke to Fanny's little boys. Gustavus and Richard Baxfield they were, two and three years old. Pretty soon they were taken away, and we sat together, talking.

"You've a great position to fill here," he told me, and he spoke differently from my sister—as though he thought perhaps I *could* fill it! "Stephen's fortune, his position, will make him one of the men of the moment, if he chooses. Your house will be full, and your heart and mind, too. It will be a great experience."

I asked him to advise me, and he said:

"Be yourself. I can tell you some people to avoid and some people to seek. I only know one woman in Washington who is worthy to be your friend, your intimate friend, and she may be of some service to you: Mrs. Sidney Tempest; her husband is Speaker of the House. I'll send her to see you to-morrow"—and he got up to go. He wouldn't wait for Stephen, and I didn't urge him. I understood how he felt. Stephen should go to see him now. He had done his part in coming to tell me we were friends.

## CHAPTER LVI

THE whirl went round me like a tempest: things I must do, things I mustn't, what would be good for Stephen, and what wouldn't be. And in a little room upstairs (you couldn't call it a boudoir—there were no signed photographs) I used to shut myself up and think of it, and there the wind would calm down. My husband loved the social life, and he was fast developing into the sort of man that it would be difficult for a woman to keep up with.

I had a secretary, a Mr. Van Buren, an unfortunate individual who came to solicit a place from Stephen, and I said, "Let *me* have him!" He was a kind, calm, peaceful, browbeaten sort of man. I always thought he had a history, but I didn't have time to find it out. He came from a decayed New York family, and had written books on "etiquette." I grew fond of him, and so did Cornelia Purchase.

In the flurry my clothes came out pretty well. As soon as I saw that Fanny was too busy to be of any use, I went back to the place where Mrs. Margrette had bought my Worth gown. I put myself in these people's hands. It used positively to *hurt*—spending money the way I had to! I couldn't *make* it seem right. But I didn't dare to speak to Stephen about putting aside for a shower!

He liked an open house, and a kind of *sudden entertaining*, and after awhile I told Van Buren to see that the lunch table and the dinner table were always ready for from eight to ten people. Of course we had "regular dinners," when we knew who were coming, and those got to be celebrated and very much sought after. Fanny was so pretty, her clothes were so lovely—in her tulle ball gowns that year she used to look like a drift of snow, her sparkling little head all brilliant above the white. I saw to the menus with Mr. Van Buren, and I found out that I knew what was good to eat and how to get it, even if I had lunched on ten cents a day for years!

Mrs. Tempest came to call the week I saw Stephen's uncle, but I was out. Within ten days she asked us for dinner, and my husband told me to accept.

"Tempest, they tell me, is a wife-made man, Esther. So was Mr. Roxburg. Out of mediocrity Mrs. Tempest has pulled this fellow into position. I am curious to see her—I've heard my uncle speak of her often."

The Tempests had a handsome old house on I Street: my husband took our hostess in to dinner, and I went in with an Englishman. The moment I looked at Mrs. Tempest, and she gave me her hand and spoke to me in her rich, low voice, something went all through me. I recall her dress that night, of rich white satin, like ivory, and with no color about it. At her breast she wore one big gardenia, but after that night she wore only violets. Her hair was nearly black, and so heavy that it seemed aching to get loose from the pins and roll down. She wore it softly, held up by large shell pins, and her color was warm red under a bloomy skin, like what Stephen used to call "a sunset peach." And her lips were carved out boldly, with dents in the corners of her mouth, and so sharp a point on the upper lip that it made you want to put your finger there. Her eyes kept her from being boldly beautiful: they were soft and shining under her straight, fine brows, and her neck and arms were maternal, where children would want to nestle and put their heads. She couldn't have been less than forty years old, I believe: but she

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had no age, she was just superb and brilliant, and Stephen by her side at table turned to her as if she were a sun. I saw it, and right then and there I had a feeling of what was going to be.

It was a bright dinner, even for Washington: there were several cabinet ministers and a visiting prince; and Mrs. Tempest shone over the table and seemed to put every one at ease and to be very much liked. I said to myself, "I'll watch and see how *she* entertains"—but I gave *that* up! She had begun, I understood, where I could never get, even at the end. And then, too, my heart went out so to my husband, as he turned to her, that, after the soup was taken away, I didn't call it "*entertaining.*" Besides, I found out then that Washington wasn't Carson City, and I had to take a decided place at once. The men on either side of me turned to me, and began to ask questions.

After dinner nobody stayed in the dining-room to smoke. Mrs. Tempest didn't have it that way. Every one strolled into the big library, and I found a sofa behind a table, and the room sort of shook itself out round me—the people seeking the ones they wanted in groups and pairs—and before I realized it I myself was part of a circle and couldn't blot my personality out. The Englishman and Mr. Tempest and Senator Bellars, who had come in after dinner, and a Secretary, stood in front of me, and Senator Bellars just sort of dictated *at me*, and we all talked—I had to.

Later, Stephen joined us, and he appeared to have taken an elixir more stimulating than wine. When the man who was speaking as he joined us stopped, Stephen took up the subject and went on with it. And I was proud to have the others listen to my husband and to watch their faces.

One by one the others said good-night, and Stephen and his uncle and I were alone. They hadn't spoken directly to each other till then, and Stephen put out his hand.

"Uncle," he said, "I owe everything I've got to you."

Senator Bellars dropped my husband's hand like a hot coal, and he put his head back and gave a short, sharp laugh.

"Yes, yes, I *do*," my husband said earnestly. "You sent for me to France at a critical moment. You shaped my career."

Senator Bellars glared at him: "Blind as most egoists. But it's evident, my dear boy, that you haven't gone as high yet as you will. Perhaps when you *do* get to the top you'll . . ."

But Stephen was quite unconscious of what his uncle meant. "I want, above all, Uncle, to go on with some books of yours that I was absorbed in when you put me out of the Fifth Avenue house some years ago. I wonder if you have got them in Washington. You'll let me come in and see, won't you?"

I could tell that his uncle was perfectly delighted to see him again. There hadn't been anything dramatic or booky about their meeting; and yet there was something almost touching to me in it as I saw them shaking hands.

## CHAPTER LVII

We women would be saved a lot of bother, it seems to me, if we could learn we are not so awfully important, after all! We get spoiled by the men often, and have our heads turned. It was plain to me as the nose on your face that Richard Baxfield was simply crazy about his wife. Fanny talked about her husband in a patronizing way: she seemed to think she had done him a great honor in marrying him. He wrote her pages and pages every week, and he worshipped his little boys, and Fanny's flirtations seemed shameful to me. Before the Tempests' dinner, she had accepted an invitation from some people with whom she had crossed on the ship, to go West in a private car. The Count di Falleri was invited, and Fanny went and left her children with me. I never saw my husband as angry as he was when he heard that she had really gone—for he hadn't bothered much about Fanny, and neither of us discussed plans with him. He said that she was a wretched wife and mother, and that he wouldn't have his house made a rendezvous.

Driving home that night from the Tempests' dinner, he told me that he didn't admire Mrs. Tempest's type.

"She's too sensuous," he said, "too extravagant, too luscious. She represents the stormy part of a man's career. Every man," he went on, "has his special type, and he rarely admires out of it."

"Well," I thought to myself, "Miss Pagee and Fanny and Mrs. Tempest are all the same kind of woman, but Mrs. Tempest is the most beautiful of them all."

I asked him if he didn't think she was intelligent. He said:

"Very, and very charming. My uncle

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admires her. She has the social gift. She is a perfect hostess. I don't know when I've been in more agreeable company." And he added: "I daresay she will be a valuable friend for you this year if you care to consult her." Then he went on talking about other things, and all the way home he held my hand. It was a fine night for winter, the streets were still, the sky overhead was blue and bright with stars. He looked so big and dark, sitting there in his long coat, and I remembered how people's eyes had sought him at the Tempests', and how he had been listened to. It seemed to me as though Stephen *could get anywhere*. . . .

And I had the knowledge that he belonged to me; so, in spite of Mrs. Tempest's beauty, I wasn't unhappy that night.

## CHAPTER LVIII

NEXT day I had something to do which Stephen asked me to do, and I took the carriage and drove down to the shops. I was just getting out when Mrs. Tempest came out from the jeweler's where I was going in.

"Why, what errand are you on, Mrs. Kirkland? You look so—" and she paused for a word—"so radiant—that's it."

And I said: "I *am* radiant; I am going in to buy a solitaire diamond ring."

She stared and laughed. "Heavens! You speak as though it were a pound of tea." She was like some well-painted portrait, the fur in her dark hat coming down on her dark hair, and a big bunch of violets in her coat. "Mayn't I come in with you? *Do* let me, Mrs. Kirkland. I am awfully discreet."

I told her I would be glad if she would, that I wasn't a judge of stones, and that I just *had* to buy this ring.

"It's for some engagement, I expect, for some friend?"

And I said that my husband had told me to get it last year and that I really hadn't had time.

She exclaimed, "Oh, *really?* How amusing!" And we went in. She asked for the manager, and they took us into a private room and got out little tubes and cases and tissue papers full of stones. And we sat down with a black velvet cushion before us on the table.

It took a long time to choose. Personally, I would rather just have looked in the cases and selected something; but she was kind and interested and tried the rings on. Her hands were large, with pointed fingers and palms like rose leaves. I don't think her fingers had ever touched the keyboard of a typewriter or had their tips spoiled.

"This one," she said, "is superb, Mrs. Kirkland, isn't it? I should certainly advise you to take this one." As she turned it round on her finger it was like a star. I put it on above my wedding ring.

I drove her back to her house in our carriage, and went home to lunch. And when my husband came in for tea, late, I showed the ring to him.

He scarcely looked at it. "All right, Esther. It's a good stone, I daresay." And then he added: "Do you know, I think that Mrs. Tempest will be of enormous value to you in social ways. Cultivate her, my dear girl."

He had sent her the violets that she wore that morning in her coat. I knew it when the flower bill came in from the little man round the corner. There were many other flowers for her during this season, but the most costly of all was that first bunch of violets. It seemed to me like a purple blot on the bill. That was one of the strange things about it all: Stephen just sent the bill *home* with the bills for the rest of the household flowers, though he had never in his life sent me a single flower. I had bought a diamond ring worth hundreds and hundreds, but somehow that bunch of violets was the more expensive—so it seemed to me.

Sometimes I used to think Stephen looked upon me as though I were his sister. But one night at dinner, when we had a distinguished French writer there, my husband said: "*M. le Roux, permittez moi de vous présenter à ma mère.*" And right then and there I saw for the first time how bright French people are, and how polite! The gentleman bowed and smiled very charmingly, and later he said to me:

"Madame, I am inclined to wonder if you quite appreciate the compliment your husband unconsciously paid you a short time ago. Every perfect woman enfolds two natures—that of the mother and that of the wife."

I learned a great deal about politics and about my country, and I must have made a fairly good background, for men talked around me, and brought the questions of the times to our music room, where I sat every afternoon at tea. Pretty nearly every one worth knowing in Washington came and

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went, *every one except my husband.* I was very much surprised when somebody spoke about my having a *salon*, but I was glad people came. They kept me from feeling so keenly all the time. So I accepted every invitation my husband wished me to. Now and then I used to go up to the little room off my bedroom and shut the door and put my hands to my head, and say "Hush, hush," so that the whirlwind would die down a little, and let me hear a voice that would tell me what to do. Not about social things—when you spend money like water and keep open house, and don't force your opinions on any one, it's easy enough to get along in the world; but what I should do about my husband—that was what I wanted some voice to tell me.

## CHAPTER LIX

MRS. TEMPEST began by being fond of me. She was my first intimate friend. I hadn't missed having one—I was too taken up with Stephen, and women don't interest me, I am afraid. I never know what a woman is going to do next, whereas after a life with Stephen I think I could pretty well prophesy what any halfway extraordinary *man* would do under *unexpected* circumstances! But there must have been a lonely place in my heart, for Mary Tempest found an empty one. I used to love her flying visits in the morning.

And I took advice from her about my clothes. Fanny had given me up as a bad job from the first day, but Mary Tempest thought my style could be developed—she thought I had one of some kind or another. She made me laugh. Her way of telling a story and of saying things amused me; and she was what one doesn't often see, "a perfectly beautiful woman." And yet it wasn't the regularity of her features; it was the inspiration and brilliancy of her expression. That's what I heard my husband say about her once. I never asked her about "entertaining—" not because I was too proud; but I came to understand that I would never make a success in Washington in going any but my own way.

That first season she was in the South a good deal with her husband, who was very ill. But the next winter they wouldn't let her be with him, so she came back to Washington and opened her house for the season; and it was a long session. For the first few weeks we saw each other all the time. Mary Tempest's experience was wide, and I can see her now, sitting in a comfortable chair in my little room, smoking a cigarette and looking at me through her lorgnon. And one day she said:

"It's delicious, Esther, the way you say, '*Why, Mary*' to me. All your charm and your innocence and your unworldliness are comprised in those two words. Do I shock you sometimes?"

She had told me heaps of things about life in Europe, and all the scandals in Washington (and that took time). I said: "No, you haven't shocked me; real things don't do that."

"When I do," she told me, "say so." And, in looking back, I can't see now that she ever did. The anguish she gave me was of a very different kind.

I had been in a fearful rush: It had been a week crowded with engagements, and that night we had a dinner of twenty on. And Mary Tempest had run up, as she did, late, just before luncheon. Her jacket was open, and the veil lifted above her lovely cheeks, when Miss Purchase came in, dressed up to kill. Everything Purchase had on was new, and her wardrobe struck me all at once, from her bonnet, which was simply fearful, to the new, loud, cheap shoes that creakingly brought her across the floor. She had a dotted veil over her eyeglasses. I had never seen her wear a veil, and her cheeks were scarlet. "There," I thought, "now she *is* going! And what on earth will become of me?"

"Don't look so scared," she said quietly. "I'd like to see you alone, Mis' Kirkland, but that's as hard as it is to get the spots off your husband's clothes. I've come in to say you needn't call me Purchase any more."

I was so used to her queerness and her tenderness that I thought it was her way of asking me to call her Cornelia.

"I've got married," she said, "just now. We've just come in. You needn't bother about *him*—he's upstairs getting off his boots: his feet hurt."

Mary Tempest didn't laugh—she was too kind. I sat down at my desk. I couldn't speak for fear I would mortally offend my old servant.

"It's Van Buren," she went on; "I thought you'd like him good as any, and if you're satisfied we can keep right on here."

We both congratulated her; I kissed her. She seemed pleased.

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"'Twas the 'Miss,'" she said. "I couldn't bear it another minute. With all these titles and positions, *Miss* was a grain too much for me."

She had become housekeeper and general manager for me, and "Mrs. Van Buren" would go down all right; but I should have to get used to it, and I told her so. She had squeaked off to the door by this, and stopped there.

"No, Mis' Kirkland, you couldn't," she said, "and I couldn't either—from you. I'd be real glad if you'd call me Cornelia." And she went out.

So it *was* that hanging fire after all. And I was ready to believe that she had gone and got married to bring it round!

## CHAPTER LX

It was one night at dinner at our house I noticed it first. Though I had not seen my husband except at certain meals and when we went out together formally, I had hardly thought there was any reason for it save the engagements of his political life. There were so many places he might have been. The President was devoted to him, and, anyway, I just took his absence for granted.

They were agitating the tariff question about then, and Senator Bellars and my husband were absorbed in it. There had been a great deal of talk about the bribing of Congressmen by the merchants and the producers, and the day before Stephen had spoken, and Mrs. Tempest and I had gone together to hear him. This night at dinner she sat by my husband, and in a pause of the conversation, after Stephen and his uncle, who was on my right, had been talking heatedly together, she said something to him about the tariff, and his opinions, and he answered her. And by the way they spoke—by what they said—*I knew*. . . . She spoke as a woman speaks who has shared hours with a man, who has followed his aims, his work, his plans, his thoughts closely, for days, for weeks. She spoke as a woman speaks only when she cares. Plate after plate of that long dinner passed me. Everything I touched seemed turned to ice.

"You're not eating," Senator Bellars noticed, and I told him that I had a bad headache.

"You look it, my dear. Get away—I'll make your excuses."

It wasn't hard to leave. But upstairs I couldn't seem to see anything except those two people at the other end of my table—my husband with his dark, eager face, illumined, as it was these days, by his thoughts and his mind; and Mary Tempest, the wit and beauty of Washington—the two stood together before my mind's eyes until I could see nothing else in the world. I made up my mind that I was going to have a bad night, and I took an antipyrine powder and went to bed. Next morning, though, those figures were there to greet me when I woke up! And when Cornelia came in with my breakfast—I had gotten the habit from Fanny of taking it in my room, and liked it—I said to her: "Cornelia, *why* did you get married!"

"Waal," she answered, "you work so queer with yours, I was just spoiling to try *my* way on some one!"

And I couldn't help asking her: "What do you think is the matter with my way?"

"Why, you're too easy," she said; "you'd spoil a well-intentioned man."

I didn't want her to go on, and she was too discreet to breathe a word unless I encouraged her. There had been a great falling off this season in her devotion to my husband; she didn't neglect him, but she allowed his manservant to supersede her and devoted herself to me. She now informed me my husband had gone horseback riding. He had told me he intended taking up out-of-door exercise. Mrs. Tempest was a famous horsewoman, and they had probably ridden together to Chevy Chase.

That morning, before noon, Fanny returned, and Cornelia Purchase Van Buren received her, and told her I wouldn't be able to see her until tea-time, that I had a headache now two days old. I might have added that my heart had ached on and off now for six years: *that* was what was the matter with *me*.

Mrs. Tempest was to come for lunch. I sent her word—and to write that note was a physical pain for me. I told her not to come, as I must keep quiet; and I had to write, too, in the same old, familiar way, so that she wouldn't notice any difference. I kept my room all day, and at tea-time they let in Fanny and the little boys. She looked worn out, ten years older.

"Don't talk to *me* about American pleasure excursions," she said, as cross as two sticks. "The combination of American food and American weather is too much for any well-organized human being."

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"Then you don't like the West any better than when you went out with us?" I asked. And she answered:

"One doesn't *like* America, my dear Esther; one endures it. But you've taken first-rate care of the kiddies," and she regarded me with something like the look of a sister. "Who's been taking care of you?"

I told her of Cornelia's marriage, and she was awfully amused.

"You've been about a lot with Mrs. Tempest, haven't you?" she asked, and I got her off that topic before my voice or my face could give me away. She was holding her littlest child, and I asked her: "Is there anybody you'd especially like to see?" And she answered crossly:

"For heaven's sake, don't have in a raft of people! There's only one person I can think of that I'd give a pin to see"—and her face changed.

"Who's that?"

And she replied quietly: "Richard."

I took a telegram which had just come to me and handed it to her, and she exclaimed:

"Well, of all things!"

It said: "Arrived to-day, will be with you to-morrow. Richard Baxfield." And it was dated New York.

"But it's for you, Esther."

"In answer to one I sent," I told her. "I sent him one just after you'd gone West." I didn't care if she was mad or not. "I cabled him that I wanted to see him on important business."

"I never heard of such a thing," she exclaimed. "Why, what will he think?—What did you do it for?—Whose business—? I don't care to have you butt into my affairs, Esther Carey."

She put the child down and got up off the bed. "Well, *you are* queer," she said; but I could see that under all she was glad—glad. Her face lit up, and she walked over to the bureau, took up my manicure things, and gazed at her nails sort of smiling. "You *are* queer!" she murmured, but what she meant was, "I'm glad—I'm glad." In a second or two she said from where she stood:

"You know di Falleri, Esther? Well, I got so bored with him the first day of the trip that he made me sick. He was so vain *and so sure.* I wonder if you know what I mean? He took me for granted. It made me furious—and I led him a dance, I promise you!"

She seemed real pleased. I could guess how she had flirted with the poor fellow.

"He left us in a rage at Denver. . . ." She laughed and put down the nail file and came back to me. "It was a really clever thing of you to send for Richard, Esther. I don't mind a little bit."

Then I sat upright in bed and just looked at her.

"Do you care for your husband?" I asked her.

"Why, the idea!" she exclaimed. "What a question! I should think I did."

"Very well," I said, "stick to him." I didn't finish, for she crinkled her brows a little and looked at me piercingly.

"Why—what—did you really—send—for—him—for?" she asked slowly. "Did you think I didn't care for him and that I had gone off for good—and *you* were jealous and unhappy?"

"Never mind," I answered, as coolly as I could, "never mind. Only remember what I say, and don't think that just because a man's *married* it doesn't follow that every woman under creation won't have her hack at him."

She looked at me pityingly. "My poor Esther," she said, "my husband is perfectly crazy about me. He always has been, and there's really never been any other woman in his life but me."

"Very well," I said, hard as nails; "see you keep him—that's all, and keep him *up* to that story, if it's what he's told you!"

She went out of the room followed by the little boys, and I could have laughed out loud.

**The Concluding Instalment of "A Successful Wife" will appear in the September Number.**

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# THE TOLL OF THE SHEEP

By G. W. OGDEN

OH, my, my! It's such a dreary country—no trees, no flowers, no fruit, no nothing. No wonder Fred didn't want us to buy here!"

The little old lady with a German husband, whose whiskers looked like oat straw on a frosty morning, loosed her plaint in words as unvarying as the monotony of the country, every time the train stopped at water tank or lonely station. She was used to the rush and pant of city life as it came to her at second hand in the trains rushing and screaming past her truck-garden home on the Jersey flats. She and the straw-colored husband were on the way to their son Fred's home in Idaho, and Fred was to meet them at the station with his automobile. They had sold the truck farm, and she was beginning to regret it.

Was there ever such a country? When would they get to the junction where they must change? And why did the train stop so much to let freights pass? Why did the Lord make such a country, anyhow—who could tell her?

A thin-backed man, in whose long neck the muscles strained like ropes in a block, sat in the next seat forward. "Madam," said he, "you are in Wyoming, the kingdom of sheep, the land of bull butter,* condensed milk, canned eggs, pickled everything. You're in the only country in the world too big to be fenced in, and too blamed ornery for anybody to want to fence it, anyhow."

"Gracious alive, man," the old lady gasped, "do you live here?"

"Me?" said he, turning away, his hunched back speaking his contempt more eloquently than words, "me? No, I live in God's country. I live in Idaho."

"I don't believe," sighed the old lady, "that anybody could live here in contentment. What I don't understand is why anybody lives here at all."

"Maybe it's because you can get along with ten thousand sheep easier than you can with ten human beings," said the cynic of the Idaho school. "Sheep—they've got everything here. Men don't cut any ice here except as a sort of invention for lookin' after sheep. Them long trains we've been siding to let pass all night and all morning are loaded with sheep. Sheep, you see, they've got to get to the place they set out for in the quickest possible time. They's government and state laws against cruelty to animals in shipment, but I never heard of any for the benefit of passengers—at least not in Wyoming."

In a measure the man was right. When mutton is on the move—not only in Wyoming, but in the neighboring states as well, including Idaho—everything else must step aside. In that country King Ram sits upon the throne, and Prince Lamb is heir apparent, with no indication of the succession being broken for many a year to come. In the face of stern obstacles interposed by man and nature, the sheep industry has grown in the inter-mountain country into one of the great American institutions. Two thirds of all the wool grown in the United States comes from this region, and its value in 1909 approached $75,000,000. The revenue to growers from marketed animals far exceeds this amount each year. Upon the ranges of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico to-day more than twenty-five million sheep are grazing.

But this eminence has not been reached through such peaceful and prosaic channels as, ordinarily, lead to agricultural triumphs. Agriculture and animal culture, in the sheep country, are two widely divided occupations. The gentle calling which history and the poets lead us to believe the shepherd's has always been, in the West has become one marked by unusual perils. Though, by their rapid increase and vast numbers, the sheep have overrun the country in places thereby

*Oleomargarine is thus denominated in the cattle country of the West and Southwest.



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smothering opposition and the ancient enmity and danger, in many portions of the great wool country a man still takes up his walk with death when he begins to "run" a band of sheep. It is still an easy matter to put out a commonplace life there in that vast, silent country, which so quickly and thoroughly absorbs all trace and remembrance of a man.

It seems an ironical arrangement for the humiliation of man's pride that the most stupid of the domestic animals should have been the cause of the bitterest feuds ever chronicled in the long and peaceful story of husbandry. The toll of the sheep in the West has been terrible; but how heavy never will be known, because hundreds of lives have gone out, leaving no record of their passing; there has been no account rendered of the wanton sacrifice and cruel waste of life in establishing King Ram upon his throne. But old dwellers in the sheep country of the West estimate that—what with the never-ending vendetta between the sheep- and the cattle-interests, and the added tribute to storm, hardship, and the blank-mindedness of utter desolation—the tribute men pay to sheep amounts to a human life a day.

The sheep industry in the West had its beginning in Wyoming almost forty years ago; but it did not reach a size sufficient to be a cloud on the cattlemen's fair day until 1894. From that time until the present a constant, bloody, one-sided war has been waged by the cattlemen against the flockmasters and their despised, close-nibbling herds. As the sheep industry spread from its cradle, Wyoming, the warfare followed into other states. Colorado's hills have been marked by the trickling rivulets of sheepmen's blood; Montana and Idaho hold in their plains and lonely gorges the bones of hundreds whose lives were staked and lost in the battle of the sheep. In the West that ancient emblem of purity and innocence, the lamb skin, might well be hung aloft as the banner of midnight assassins, of men that murder by stealth and hide the evidence under the ashes of roof-trees and isolated camps.

Throughout all this trouble the contempt in which the shepherd and his calling have been held by men of arms since there were sheep and men to tend them appears well justified. For years cattlemen have been murdering the flockmasters of the West, and butchering their silly flocks, but there never has been an act of reprisal—not one retaliating or defensive blow. Wyoming has been the hotbed of all the trouble; but until last year there never has been a conviction in Wyoming for the killing of a sheepman; nor a conviction for the destruction of a sheepman's property. When a flockmaster's herds are scattered and slain, his wagons and ranch houses burned, although he could walk out and put his hand on the guilty persons, one and all, he does nothing but gather his drifting remnants of flocks and go grimly and patiently to work repairing the loss. Sheepmen do not fight back.

It is hard to understand why these Scotch, Irish, and purely American flockmasters did not band together and at least defend themselves at the very beginning. It may be the association with spiritless and non-combative beasts that renders the shepherd meek and harmless, or it may be that the lone watches of his solitary life drain him of his manhood. Whatever it is, no matter what a man was before he went into the sheep business, in six months' time he has no more fight in him than a biscuit.

It must not be supposed that sheepmen in the West have been, and are being, killed because they trespass upon land owned or leased by cattlemen. The country in dispute is public land, as much a sheepman's as it is a cowman's, and as much a homesteader's as it is either's. But the cattlemen were there first. They applied to the land the law of conquest and discovery. When the sheepmen came, the cattlemen fixed metes and bounds, beyond which a flockmaster must not pass. To disobey meant to die. That was the law, that is the law, set up by the cattlemen to govern and regulate the range.

The sheep tragedies of to-day reach back to the reign of the "cattle barons" and their bands of lawless cowboys. These cattle barons of the old days refused to partition the range with the settlers; those that came after them carried the war into the sheep camps. But before the sheepmen grew to be a menace on the range, a schism in the cattle interests set the factions to devising and carrying out schemes of murder and pillage among themselves. This conflict was called the "Rustlers' War"; and a recital of certain events connected with it is necessary here, in order to give a clear understanding of conditions on the range, and of the position the cattlemen had assumed toward any counter or encroaching interest, when the sheepmen came.

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Until a few years ago Wyoming was one of the big range-cattle states of the country. Eastern and English capitalists invested their money in Wyoming stock, just as they do in railroads; and the sons of Yankee and English capitalists flocked to Wyoming to see life and be rolled into men according to the heroic standards of the West. Each big ranch had its ranch house and its boundaries; their confines were marked by mountains, streams, and other natural and unchanging witnesses, and a description of the limits of each ranch was published continually in the Cheyenne papers. The cattlemen had merely appropriated so many hundred square miles each of the public domain, without warrant, right, or title, and over these vast stretches they were absolute lords, exercising all the feudal privileges.

The big "barons," as they were generally called, their managers, and the sons of Englishmen and Yankees lived in Cheyenne, paying periodical visits to the ranches. Cheyenne, up to 1894, was the richest town of its size in the United States—richer than many a city twenty times as large. Splendid residences were built along the bleak streets. Old World extravagancies stood in contrast with the raw makeshifts of the unstable times. Tallyho coaches, the drivers' hats level with the housetops of most of the hastily-built town, carried gay loads to and from the revels at Fort Russell, the military post near by; and the Cheyenne club, to which all the bloods belonged, offered as many opportunities for quiet and "gentlemanly" excesses with bottle or gaming table as any club in Manhattan or London. And while the sons and paid managers drank and gamed and reveled, certain crafty ones were draining them of what the games and barrooms left.

Bookkeeping was a fine art in Cheyenne at that time. The custom was to buy and sell herds and interests in ranches from the books. An artful bookkeeper could do wonders with a few hundred head of straggling beeves; and many a man, confiding in the much-talked-of "honor" of Western men, put his pounds and dollars into book ranches at Cheyenne. Great cattle companies were organized by old-timers on the ground, sometimes honestly, and more frequently not. When investors camped on the ground, they made money; but often when they left a Western partner or a manager to look after affairs, they lost.

The Western partner had no real interest in the matter any longer. He had sold book cattle to the Easterner, and in many cases was busy running a real ranch of his own, started on the proceeds. As for the hired managers—many of whom were paid as much as $25,000 a year—while they trifled away their time in the Babylon of the West, the herds died of starvation in winter, the calves were stolen, the investors' capital vanished. The man back East or across the water was a sort of long-distance easy thing.

To repair losses due to neglect and mismanagement, the partners and managers began to encourage lawlessness on the part of their herders. The law of the range governing calves is that it is theft to take a calf away from a branded cow, but that all unbranded calves found separated from any cow or herd are the property of the finder. In the annual round-ups the unbranded calves are divided pro rata among the owners of the several herds. So, when the man that had put money into cattle began to hint about dividends, the Western managers saw that they had to get busy somewhere. They began offering their cowboys five dollars each for every maverick added to the herd. Those old-time cowboys would do almost anything for five dollars—stealing a calf or two was a trifle. But this was not an entirely satisfactory adjustment. The small ranchers were the first to suffer, but presently the pilfering became indiscriminate, retaliatory. As one outfit's herd grew, somebody else's had to diminish. There came to be a good deal of growling and shooting and unpleasantness out among the cow camps.

Then an exceedingly hard winter, with enormous loss of cattle, made retrenchment necessary. Companies that had been employing forty men had to get along with ten or fifteen. The outlook for the cowpunchers was bad. Most of them were Texans, most of them were improvident. They had nothing but their horses and the month's pay. But they were remarkably resourceful. Many of them put the month's pay into a cow and a sack of grub and became ranchmen on their own account.

They knew the spots where water, grass, and such shelter as that bleak land affords, were to be found at all seasons, and of these favored locations they took possession. Frequently these sites were in the heart of territory claimed by some big cattleman or company, land upon which settlers had not been allowed to stop on their endless drift into the West.

This game of stopping settlers had been

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SHEEP GRAZING IN A RIVER BOTTOM NEAR CASPER, WYOMING.

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worked, in the past, in this way: A man looking for a location would drive in with wagon, teams, wife, and children, as the home-seekers of that day traveled. The country stretched there, empty, awaiting his selection. Beside some stream he would begin to hew logs for raising the walls of his house. Then, some morning, a dozen or two cowboys, sagging with weapons, would ride up.

"What-a you think you're doin' here, podner?" would be the insolent inquiry.

"Well, I was aimin' to make a home here for my family."

"You can't settle here, podner. This here's our range; you'll have to hitch up and git out."

Of course he went. These methods of the cattle barons had kept settlers out of Wyoming for twenty years, and this accounts for the undeveloped condition of that exceedingly rich state to-day.

But the old bluff didn't go with the cowboys who set up in business as grazers with one cow. They stopped where they liked, they grazed where they pleased, and, more than that, they turned to good account the lessons of roguery learned at the cattle-barons' knees. Not all of them, of course. Some of them were honest fellows, and these found no difficulty in securing backing. They were men of experience, they picked the choice sections in defiance of the big outfits, and they prospered.

In the East the roar for dividends and accountings became insistent, portentous. "We can show no profit," answered the managers, "because the cowboys have stolen the increase of our herds." And this statement, which cruelly libeled many an honest man, found credence East and West, and a feud was declared between the "rustlers" and the barons. The barons made no discrimination between the small rancher and the real rustler. Any man in the livestock-growing business who was not a member of the Wyoming Cattle Growers' Association, with headquarters in Cheyenne, was a "rustler."

Hired raiders sent out by the big cattlemen murdered many an independent grazer, burned his ranch houses, scattered his herds. It was a stealthy, treacherous vendetta, a fight such as is being carried on now by the cattlemen against the sheep growers. But there was this difference: the lone "rustler' always fought back, and it is doubtful

CAMP OF A FRENCH SHEEPHERDER. THE BURRO CARRIES THE ENTIRE OUTFIT. IT IS STILL AN EASY MATTER TO PUT OUT A COMMONPLACE LIFE THERE IN THAT VAST, SILENT COUNTRY.

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FLOCK OF THREE THOUSAND SHEEP CROSSING THE NORTH PLATTE RIVER.

whether one of them ever went out of the world without sending at least one enemy on ahead to herald his coming.

Presently the cattle barons began to find it difficult to hire "detectives" to ride around with lists of rustlers and gallantly pick them off with long-range rifles while busy over the evening campfire. Whether it was because the price per head for men slain, from $500 up, was not sufficient, or because the business had become too hazardous for any self-respecting detective to follow, is not known; but, at any rate, it suffered a decided wane. It was then that the cattle barons conceived a scheme for settling their troubles and ending competition on the range at a blow. That scheme was nothing less than to invade the rustlers' country with a large force of men, march from ranch to ranch, and exterminate their enemies, root and branch.

Agents were sent into Texas and Missouri to hire assassins. Twenty desperate men were engaged for the enterprise at a compensation of six dollars a day and fifty dollars bonus to each man of the band for every rustler slain. These desperadoes were assembled at Denver and taken thence on a special train to Fort Russell, about two miles west of Cheyenne, where the expedition was secretly fitted out. Before all was settled, it cost the Wyoming cattlemen over $200,000. Each hired raider carried a repeating rifle and two revolvers. At Fort Russell the expedition was joined by twenty leading citizens of Wyoming, all big cattlemen or their representatives, and shortly after April 1, 1892, the train pulled out.

Between Douglas and Casper was the K. C. Ranch, owned by Nick Ray, against whom the cattlemen held a special grudge. During the night the train was run to a point near Ray's ranch, where the entire force disentrained and thence marched to the ranch house and surrounded it. At daybreak, Ray, answering a hail, was shot down in his doorway. In the cabin with him was Nate Champion, a newspaper correspondent, who was roughing it in the West. Champion drew the body of his host into the house, barricaded the door, and fought off the forty assassins, driving them, by his unexpected shots through the chinks of the log cabin, to hiding places behind the sage and greasewood clumps. He wounded two or three of them as they crouched there, waiting for nightfall so they might complete their job in safety.

Toward evening Jack Flagg, a rancher, and

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his fourteen-year-old son drove up to the K. C. Ranch on a load of hay. Flagg's name was also on the assassins' list, and he was no sooner recognized by the cattlemen than they ordered their men to fire. Flagg and the boy slid down to the wagon tongue, unhitched the horses, mounted them, and galloped away, keeping the load of hay between them and the raiders until out of range. The raiders, not having their horses handy, did not follow, but turned their attention once more to Champion. The load of hay was pushed against the cabin on the windward side and fired. Soon the flames spread to the roof, and the rafters began to fall. Champion threw the door open and made a dash for a dry gully which ran back of the house. Long before he could reach it, he fell, cut to pieces by the bullets of the leading citizens of Cheyenne and their imported assistants.

Meantime Jack Flagg had galloped far, like another Paul Revere, carrying the news of the invasion to the ranches. Scores of riders were out before nightfall, rousing the country. It was rightly believed that the raiders' objective point was Buffalo, in Johnson County, about a hundred miles north of the railroad. In the jail at Buffalo were two of the cattlemen's "detectives," awaiting trial for the murder of ranchers. The cattlemen, fearing these men might talk too much in an effort to gain clemency, intended to take them from jail and deal with them in the quickest and best manner of silencing testimony.

The so-called rustlers gathered at Buffalo to the number of three hundred, marched southward, and met the invaders at the T. A. Ranch, thirteen miles from Fort McKinney. The invaders had thrown up earthworks around the ranch house and were prepared for a siege. Rifle pits were dug at night by the besiegers, and the line of assault was carried so near the ranch house that things began to get mighty uncomfortable for the barons and their hired retainers. A battle was fought on April 12, in which three of the invaders were killed. That night one of the eminent men in the invading force escaped and made his way to the railroad in friendly territory. He sent messages to the Wyoming representatives in Congress, with the result that President Harrison was roused in the middle of the night and told that an army of cattle thieves had risen in Johnson County, Wyoming, and was even then besieging with murderous intent several of the most prominent citizens of that state. It was neither asked nor explained how the prominent citizens got into such a pickle; but the president ordered the commanding officer of Fort McKinney to send troops to the T. A. Ranch and protect the invaders.

The troops arrested the invaders. If they had been a day later, there would have been nobody to arrest. For the rustlers had pushed their rifle pits close to the intrenchments, and intended to make an assault that night. The invaders were lodged for a time at Fort McKinney, and later taken in wagons, under a strong guard of cavalry, through many perils and close escapes, to the railroad at Douglas and thence to Fort Russell.

There was great indignation at Cheyenne because the plans of the invaders had been interfered with. What was Wyoming coming to, anyway, if a party of gentlemen could not go out and shoot a few inconsequential people that stood in their way! The prisoners were fêted and coddled by the ladies of Cheyenne, but the people of Johnson County sternly demanded of the governor that he surrender them to the sheriff of that county for trial on the charge of murder. Guarded by soldiers, the prisoners were returned to Buffalo for trial.

Then the difficulty of obtaining a jury arose. The vote of Johnson County at that time numbered 800, and 250 of the electors were women. Women were not desired as jurors by either side. Counting them out, with the 300 men engaged in repelling the invaders, which act disqualified them, and granting to the defendants the 500-odd peremptory challenges allowed by law, the venire of Johnson County was exhausted. The prosecution could not take a change of venue, and the defendants, under these circumstances, did not want it. So, there being no chance of obtaining a jury until the population of Johnson County should materially increase, the prisoners were admitted to bail. They have not been tried to this day.

This close rub for the cattle barons did not serve to make them any better, although the experience sharpened their caution. Instead of themselves venturing forth again, they went back to the old method of hiring "detectives." The last and most notorious of this murderous gang was hanged in Cheyenne about ten years ago.

The cattlemen's feud ended shorty after, but only when settlers began to claim their rights upon the public domain and to demand protection from the Government. That put

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an end to the cattle barons' sway. Even now it is no unusual sight to see the Government forces tearing down the fences of cattlemen on the plains of Wyoming, Idaho and Montana.

SHEEP WAGON ON THE TWO BAR RANCH, NATRONA CO., WYO. IN THESE WAGONS THE FLOCK-MASTERS, THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN FREQUENTLY LIVE YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT.

While the cattlemen were fighting among themselves, the sheep business was taking firm root on the range. In spite of frequent forays against the flocks by cowboys, the flockmasters had plodded on. When the Rustlers' War ended, therefore, cattlemen of all factions made common cause against this new menace in their kingdom and to their security. The very cowboy drovers who had been so cruelly persecuted by the barons became themselves persecutors. All the old methods of the cattle feud were employed, the

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vicious blow in this warfare falling even upon the herds.

The victims of this sheep war—fifteen years of it—are numbered by hundreds. The story of Wyoming is true also of Colorado, Montana, Idaho, and New Mexico. The cattlemen had been masters of the range so long, had dominated the lawmaking and law-enforcing machinery of Wyoming so thoroughly through so many years, that it was only natural that they should apply to the sheepmen the same dictatorial policies which had been effective against settlers.

At first the method was to serve notice on them to get off the range and stay off. In many instances the warning was sufficient. When a flockmaster disobeyed, the cowboys and drovers assembled, made a night raid on his flocks, killed hundreds of them, shot him and the herders, and scattered the timid animals over the wild country, to die of thirst and fall prey to the wolves.

Then, when the cattlemen realized that it was impossible to exterminate all the sheep, shoot all the sheepmen, and suppress the business in that manner, they began to set grazing bounds for sheep, across which no flockmaster must run his herds. That is being done at the present time, and it is the infraction of these arbitrary rules which leads to the frequent tragedies. Sheepmen cannot understand by what right cattlemen apportion to themselves the most desirable parts of the public domain, although in certain sections, out of a desire to promote peace, they try to respect these divisions. But, generally speaking, sheepmen graze where they please. All public land looks alike to them, no matter what claim of precedence, superior right—divine or diabolical—the cattlemen may lay to it. They will range their flocks wherever they know the grazing is good, in spite of warnings and threats. And this keeps alive the trouble.

The big flockmaster is seldom with his herds. Herders run the sheep, while the master lives in a commodious ranch house or some distant town. These herders generally are newly-arrived immigrants from Ireland and Scotland, or farm boys from the East who know nothing about the feuds and general conditions of the range. Flockmasters are careful to tell them nothing, for it is hard enough to get a sheepherder to stick to the job even under favorable circumstances. So, through ignorance of the cattlemen's metes and bounds, and through a natural desire to lead his flock to the best grazing land findable, many an innocent youth has forfeited his life. A shot while he sits on some hillside overlooking his flock does the work. The camp-mover misses him when he makes his round, a week or a month later, and in time the news reaches the owner of the flock. Just another herder "missing." The papers do not carry the news, because flockmasters and cattlemen alike do not want such stories and conditions to become known. It's only the big tragedies that get a paragraph or two, under a Western date-line, in the newspapers.

Organized raids upon ranches and sheep camps, in which buildings and hay are burned, sheep slaughtered, and herders assaulted or killed, are common all over the sheep country, little effort being made by the authorities to prevent them or to punish the guilty. Deploring this condition, the Wyoming State Board of Sheep Commissioners, in its annual report, December, 1908, says:

"The frequent occurrence of raids upon the camps and flocks of citizens of this state by unfriendly persons, and the utter failure to punish the guilty parties, demonstrates the necessity of specific laws covering these acts of outlawry, and which will make such crimes punishable by both heavy fines and a long term of imprisonment in the state penitentiary."

Up to the present time, convictions have been almost impossible in such cases, as well as in murders of sheepmen, because even eye-witnesses to such crimes have been afraid to testify. Men have been slain frequently for the sole fault of knowing too much, in the sheep states of the West.

The latest recorded crime in Wyoming offers a good illustration, showing at the same time how the sheepmen's enemies work.

On the night of April 2, 1909, Joe Alleman, Joe Lazier, and Joe Emge, owners of a large flock of sheep, were asleep in their wagon in the Nowood district of Big Horn County, Wyoming. Alleman, who had been in the cattle business for years, had that day sold his cattle and bought into the sheep herd. It was his first night in a sheep wagon as owner, and his last. A company of masked men rode upon the camp during the night and fired into the wagon without warning. Emge and Lazier were slain at once. Alleman jumped from the wagon and tried to hide among the rocks and bushes. He was pursued and killed.

The raiders then poured coal oil upon the

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SHEEP ON A CLOSE CROPPED RANGE BACK OF BELT BUTTE, MONTANA.

wagon and the bodies of the two men in it, set fire to it, and rode away. Two herders who were sleeping in a tent near by escaped, and next day arrived at Basin, the closest town, with the news.

Contrary to all precedent in such cases, the officers of Big Horn County set to work in a determined effort to find the murderers. Alleman's case aroused especial indignation. He was an old Frenchman, of most gentle and peaceful disposition. Up to the day he bought into the sheep business, he had never made an enemy—which is saying a great deal for a man in that land of testy tempers. It is believed that Alleman's murder was meant as a warning to other cattlemen not to follow his example.

The Wyoming and National Wool Growers associations offered rewards amounting to $5,500 for the conviction of the murderers. The grand jury of Big Horn County took up the case. John Garrison, a stockman living near the scene of the raid, was summoned as a witness. As he was returning home, after testifying before that body, on the night of May 6, he was slain. Next day his body was found, a bullet hole through his head, another in his heart, the revolver which he had not been given time to use clasped in his stiffened hand. The cattlemen had been removing testimony in the ancient and approved way.

Five cattlemen were convicted: one is serving a life term of imprisonment; two were given twenty years each, and two three years each. This is the first instance in the history of Wyoming, the champion sheep state of the Union, the sheepmen's stronghold, of conviction for such a crime.

Throughout all these years of night-riding, raids, and murders on the cattlemen's part, there has been no organized, general effort to eliminate the sheepmen. While almost every cowman believes it his right to slaughter a sheepman's flocks, his duty to drive a bullet into a sheepman's back, the uprisings always have been sectional and sporadic. A band of cattlemen along some river upon which the sheep were beginning to encroach would ride out, do their work, and ride home again, as in the case of Alleman and his comrades. In that manner the vendetta is being waged now, the raids and murders being confined to isolated and sparsely settled sections.

On the night of May 21, 1909, a band of cattlemen in Mesa County, Colorado, slaughtered three thousand sheep belonging to several small grazers. The herders escaped in the darkness. The sheepmen of Mesa

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County made a great amount of talk about what they were going to do about it. They armed themselves and spoke of vengeance, as other sheepmen have done before, in Colorado and elsewhere. And that's all that came of it. The sheepmen knew who butchered their animals. But, pathetically inoffensive, they turned again to their flocks, defying, in their incomprehensible manner, financial ruin, even death itself, to graze them on forbidden ground.

It cannot be argued that the cattlemen have any case, no matter what appeal to sentiment their contention may carry. Their plea is that sheep ruin the range for cattle. On this point there is a good deal to be said on both sides. Range cattlemen are not slow to declare that sheep not only crop the grass so closely that cattle starve where they have ranged, but that the little creatures are so repellent by nature to cattle that they cannot be run on the same range, no matter how much feed it affords.

That sheep are close feeders cannot be denied. On the Western range, where it seldom rains, and grass grows but once in a season, nothing that crops the herbage of the earth can pick up a paunchful in a hundred miles where sheep have passed. The ground is bared. Nothing will put forth again until the next spring, and, in a country where no feed, comparatively speaking, is grown, and winter lasts seven months, that is a long time between meals.

Cattle, on the other hand, will graze over the same land repeatedly in a summer. They are rapid feeders, snatching the tall vegetation, overlooking the short grass when there is plenty that can be gathered with less trouble. They pass over a country quickly, while sheep are like so many chickens, picking away slowly until every edible leaf or blade is cleared. The sustenance of one steer, moreover, will feed and fatten five sheep.

It cannot be denied, either, that this close feeding on the range brings great hardship and loss to cattlemen. They must range their herds far and wide. It is not possible to graze any great distance from water, for, unlike sheep, cattle must drink at least once in two days. Their winter ranges, too, which formerly were set aside—frequently fenced, in defiance of the United States Government—and not grazed at all during summer, are denuded by the sheepmen's flocks. Sheep are able to feed miles from water. They are by nature creatures of the desert. The lack of water for a week is no hardship to them. So they ravage like caterpillars, leaving nothing for the cattleman who trails behind, or who has depended for winter pasturage on the invaded land.

It is out of these things—the apparently malicious destruction of the range by the sheepmen, and the losses suffered by cattlemen, coupled with the cowman's old idea that the range belongs exclusively to him—that the ill-feeling and bloodshed come. There is nothing for a cowman to do, when sheep begin to hem him about, but to get out of business or turn to sheep. The former he will not do without a terrific struggle, and the latter he seldom does at all.

The prejudice of a cowman against sheep, the downright human hate, is hard to grasp, even when the motives for his ill-feeling are understood. As an illustration of how far this feeling can carry even a man of poise, education, and all-round good equipment, this incident is cited:

There was once a president of the United States who, in his younger days, was in the cattle business on the ranges of Montana. During a political campaign journey into the West, this eminent statesman and scholar was the guest of a United States senator from Wyoming, on the senator's ranch near Laramie. Riding through the big pastures there one morning with his host, and other more or less prominent men, the statesman came suddenly in sight of a flock of sheep. He reined up short, with severe countenance.

Forgetting, in the agitation of the moment, that he was also a scholar, the eminent statesman, his face troubled with wrath, demanded: "What's them?"

Perhaps out of a desire to be polite, the host replied: "Them, sir? Why, them's sheep."

"Let me out of here," said the eminent man, trembling in anger, "let me out of here!" So saying, he put spurs to his horse, headed for the wire fence, took it with a leap, and galloped away toward the ranch house, the tails of his short coat standing out behind him in choleric protest against sheep, anywhere and everywhere.

A few hours later this same eminent man refused to continue an inspection of the ranch buildings, because he saw a shearing shed in the barn yard.

"I thought we might overcome his prejudice a little," sighed the senator, "but it's no use."

This sheep hate, when it takes a cattleman,

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is bigger than anything else in him. Human rights, even the sanctity of human life, are nothing in the red glow of its terrific heat.

Yet, while sheep on the range are undeniably bad for cattle, there is no question that their close feeding improves both the quality and the yield of grass. After it is cropped two or three years by sheep, it grows much more thickly and more luxuriantly. So the sheepmen argue that, instead of being a curse to the range, sheep are a benefit. They say that the range, in certain counties of Wyoming, is now maintaining in plenty seven sheep where it meagerly fed one ten years ago.

As for the cattlemen's argument that nothing will graze after sheep, many sheepmen meet it without words by running both sheep and cattle in seeded pastures. In the Middle West and the East, all the herb-eating domestic animals are pastured together; so it would appear, after all is said, that the cattlemen's talk is only a bid for sympathy, probably founded upon some early tradition of the range.

While sheepmen of the West never have felt that they were engaged in an outlawed occupation, their meek, submissive attitude under rebukes and wrongs has tended to give color to the cattlemen's contention that ranging sheep is a crime one degree more degraded and vicious than horse stealing. This view of the case, in a country where a horseless man is a legless man, makes it blacker than any other offense within the power of a human being to commit.

But, however one accounts for the sheepman's original inclination to shun trouble, there has come to be a definite reason for his meekness. In certain sections of the West the spectacle of a sheepman demanding justice upon his oppressors would be paralleled by a Jew clamoring for enforcement of law against his Russian despoilers, or an Armenian appealing for succor to the Yildiz Kiosk.

In Wyoming, and some other Western states where sheep thrive, cattlemen made about all the laws on the books. That wouldn't matter so much; but for many years cattlemen elected men to enforce such laws as they wanted enforced for their own comfort and profit. They have dominated legislatures, controlled courts, intimidated grand juries and witnesses. It would hardly pay a sheepman to fight in defense of his property when such action would surely result in his indictment and conviction on a grave charge. If a sheepman had ever happened to slay a cattleman in defensive conflict, he doubtless would have been convicted and hanged for it. To fight the cattlemen meant to fight the law, because the cattlemen were prosecutors, judges, all.

There was but one thing for the sheepmen to do—wait. After the slow, patient, tenacious manner in which they have clung to their purpose and built up one of the greatest industries of the present time in this country, they waited until their numbers increased and the volume of their sentiment had weight at the polls. Little by little communities were entirely won over by them; slowly the work pushed outward and spread, just as the green fields of the agriculturalists are to-day spreading out over the same land, claiming for a new sovereign the vast, gray plain.

In time, there came to be zones of entire safety in which the shepherds lived with their flocks in quiet and peace. Carbon, Natrona, and Converse Counties, in Wyoming, became almost clear of the vicious class of cattlemen who placed no more value on a man's life, when it stood in the track of their selfish desires, than they did on a cottonwood post.

The sheepmen are now growing so strong in numbers and wealth that they no longer take a blow and turn the other cheek. They have associations in the several states, through which they work for local legislation and enforcement of law; and a national association, with headquarters at Cheyenne, which is a considerable power in national lawmaking when it comes to matters touching sheep or wool.

Through this national body rewards sufficient to stimulate sheriffs and prosecuting attorneys are offered for the conviction of persons destroying sheepmen's property or taking their lives. This, added to the strength sheepmen show at the polls, in connection with the farmers, whose common enemy is the cattleman ranging his gaunt herds upon the public lands, must soon purge this troubled country of these lawless men.

"**Bringing in the Fleece**"—the peaceful side of the sheep industry—will appear in the September number.

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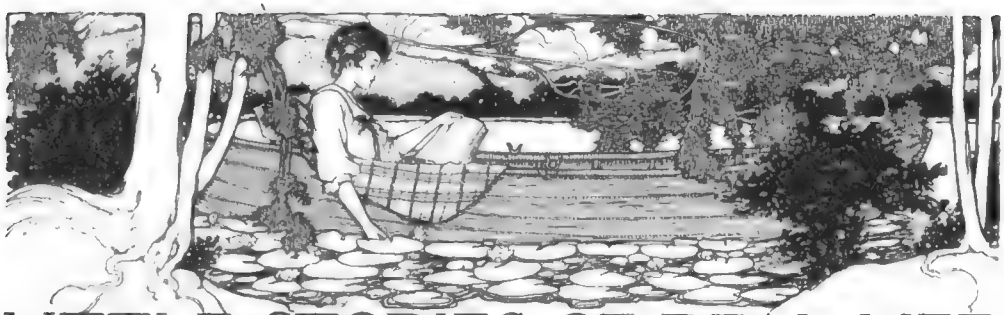

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

# THE JOURNEY HOME

By PATIENCE BEVIER COLE

IT was a stifling July night. Number Six, the east-bound overland train, toiled wearily across the desert through the darkness, her engine snorting and puffing at the load of tourist cars and Pullman sleepers that trailed behind her. The smoke of her engine, black and thick, settled back on the train and entered every window. It was a breathless night, and starless. Away on the horizon the heat lightning of the desert flickered incessantly.

The train carried one crowded day coach, and there the discomfort was keenest. The car was dirty and hot and evil-smelling, for only the very poor and squalid cross the desert of Arizona and New Mexico in the day coach. It was a motley crowd that the car held, and the noise, the odors, and the heat were almost intolerable.

In the fourth seat from the back sat a little, shabby woman who had got on at four in the afternoon, at a tiny desert town consisting of a diminutive station, a store, a saloon, and five houses. She had evidently been accompanied to the train by the entire population of the town, eleven adults and nine children. They had stood sheepishly against the station wall in the narrow strip of shade that lay on the north side of the building. The little woman had entered the car alone, bearing a heavy cloth telescope, worn and bulging, and a shoe box of lunch. She had dropped wearily into the first empty seat, which happened to be the fourth from the back on the side nearest the station. As she had taken her place by the open window, several of the women outside had come forward from the shade of the station and stood below her window in the hot sunshine, gazing up at her and awkwardly wishing her Godspeed.

There had been a delay of a few minutes, due to the loading of some baggage; and during this wait the little woman had looked her last at her friends, the station, the store, the saloon, the five houses, and the miles of desert beyond.

When the conductor's "All aboard!" rang out in the afternoon stillness, and the passengers who had left the train to stretch their weary limbs by walking up and down, hurried back to their cars, the little woman in the day coach had looked back from the desert and down at the women below her window. Her face worked painfully, but her eyes were dry. One of the desert women, a creature gaunt and brown and stooped, reached up a rough, red hand and squeezed the little, thin one stretched down to her. "Good-by, dearie," she said, and her look was tender as she gazed up into the quivering face of the sad creature in the car. "Good-by; 'twon't be so bad after you get home to yer ma. Now write. We all want to hear how you get along. Good-by."

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Then the desert women had stepped back into the shade, and Number Six had toiled away across the yellow sand.

The little, shabby woman in the fourth seat from the back sat very quietly; her fellow travelers moved in endless procession up and down the aisle to the water-cooler. Babies howled, and their mothers trotted them and gossiped with their neighbors. Two small boys swung up and down the aisle, on the arms of the seats. Every one was wailing or fuming at the heat, talking and moving restlessly, except the woman in the fourth seat from the back. She looked out at the desert slipping past, and twisted her thin hands. Sometimes a spasm of pain would seize her, and her white face would work and her little flat-bosomed, round-shouldered body would heave convulsively for a moment. But she did not cry.

At six, when strong-smelling lunch baskets were dragged forth, and children with greasy faces and ham sandwiches were carrying tin cups of water down the aisle from the cooler to their parents, the little woman gravely untied her shoe box of lunch, spread upon her shabby blue serge knees the red-fringed napkin that lay uppermost in the box, and choked down a bit of lunch, neatly tying up what was left for the remainder of the journey.

Twilight fell; then darkness came. The sad little figure by the window had not moved for hours, the tired eyes had not ceased to stare into the darkness, when, at about ten, the train drew into a town of considerable size and stopped at a station whose platform was swarming with a laughing, screaming crowd. Horns were blowing, and rice clattered against the car. There were shrieks of girlish laughter and loud guffaws from men, and nearly everyone in the train looked knowingly at some one else and smiled, "Bride and groom!"

Heads were thrust out of car windows, and as the train started, with a final blare from the platform, a flushed young fellow in a badly fitting suit scrambled into the day coach, dragging with him an equally flushed girl, whose towering, flowered hat dropped a shower of rice at each move of her head. She wore a pink dimity dress with ruffles and ribbons, and white gloves and canvas shoes. She would have seemed tawdry enough, in her cheap finery, in some places. But she came into the dirty, noisy coach like a breath of pure, sweet air. The passengers forgot the heat and their weariness; they stood up and frankly stared at the newcomers. The perspiring and embarrassed bridegroom led his bride to the only empty place, which was with the sad little woman in the fourth seat from the back, and, having seated the girl, he bashfully withdrew to the back of the car, where he leaned against the water-cooler and grinned foolishly.

HORNS WERE BLOWING AND RICE CLATTERED AGAINST THE CAR.

The excitement having somewhat subsided, and most of the passengers having resumed their seats, the girl took off the gorgeous hat, shook the rice from it, and, turning to the woman by the window, said, "Would you mind brushin' it outa my hair?" Her smile was friendly, and she bent a big red pompadour over her neighbor's lap. The little tired woman by the window patted the pompadour softly, and brushed the rice from the tousled red head. The girl thanked

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her and put on her hat again. "Kinda foolish, ain't it?" she said, stabbing the fifth and last hatpin through her bandeau. "But 's I says to Jim, we've had our fling at other brides and grooms, 'n' I've throwed quarts, if I've ever throwed a grain, so it don't do no good to object, 'n' I s'pose I deserve my share." She laughed gayly, and looked back at Jim, who rushed forward to see if she wanted him and then retreated to the water-cooler again.

The little woman by the window sat forward in her seat and laid her thin hand on the girl's knee. "Tell him to come and sit here with you," she said. "You're just married—it's too bad to be separated."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the girl. "We don't mind. You set still. D'yuh think I'd marry a man that 'ud set in a seat 'n' let a woman stan' up? We ain't goin' fur, anyways—just 'bout sixty miles, to San Miguel, where my folks lives." She began to giggle, and went on: "They know I'm comin', but they don't know I'm married. I bin visitin' in Rosario two weeks, and Jim says it's too lonesome there without me, 'n' he wouldn't let me go home ag'in to stay, so we just got married 'n' here we are, goin' home to s'prise the folks 'n' visit 'em a week er so." She beamed joyously at her companion.

The little woman had said almost nothing, but she had no need, for the happy creature beside her was so brimming with love and youth and spirits that nothing could quench her. So pleased was she with Jim, her new lord and master, that her heart glowed with friendliness for all mankind. In the years to come she, too, might become a round-shouldered, tanned, and gaunt desert woman, weary and dull; but nothing could ever take from her the glory of this trip home, with Jim, to "s'prise the folks." She was radiant.

"Hot night, ain't it?" she asked, mopping her glowing face with a pink-bordered handkerchief, and taking off her white silk gloves. "You goin' far?"

"To Iowa," the little woman by the window answered.

"I-o-way! My lands! It'll take you two er three days, won't it?"

"Yes—two days and nearly two nights more," was the response. "I'm going home, too."

"Well, home's a purty good place to go to," the bride said cheerfully. "You been visitin', too?"

"No," said the woman. "I've been living in the West for two years."

"Well, you bin a good ways from home, then," said the girl. "Must be kinda lonesome to go so far from home alone."

"I—I didn't go alone," the little woman said, clasping her hands tightly in her lap. Her eyes were very bright, and a red spot glowed on each cheek. She turned impulsively to the big, healthy, radiant creature beside her and said: "I took my wedding journey over this very road you're traveling now—only we went west and you're going east."

"Oh, did you?" cried the bride, smiling. "Clear from I-o-way?"

The woman nodded.

"My lands, that was a long trip!"

"Yes, it was long," mused the little woman. "But we were so full of hope and courage!" The girl bride fixed wondering brown eyes on her companion, who was looking out into the darkness and had evidently forgotten her. The little woman was remembering her first journey across the desert, and the starved

HE RUSHED FORWARD TO SEE IF SHE WANTED HIM.

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life she had lived for two years in the dreary desert town. Two years? It seemed twenty. She felt old and worn now, though she was only twenty-seven. Her struggle and sacrifice were over, and they had been in vain. She was going back across the desert, now, home to her mother.

She turned again to the girl beside her. The joyous face under the rose hat was serious now. The girl was not particularly sensitive, but she had recognized the suffering of her companion, and her sympathy was instant. She reached out impulsively and took the little woman's hand.

"What you goin' back alone for?" she questioned. "Where is he now? What made you leave him?" There was no impertinence in her question, no inquisitiveness. The other woman felt her sympathy. Her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"I'm not leaving him," she said, her flat chest heaving. "He had consumption and —he didn't get well. He's up in front—in the baggage car."

"Oh!" gasped the girl bride. Then she put her arms about the weary figure and drew the older woman's head down upon her shoulder.

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# THE NEW DRIVER

## By ARTHUR R. ANDRE

LITTLE Mrs. Talbot, perched high upon the hard, unyielding seat of Wagon Number Seventeen at the close of a long, hot, sultry summer day, listened drowsily to the sound of her husband's voice. "Yes" and "No," she responded, at intervals—in the right places, as it happened, fortunately; then her thoughts played truant entirely, and a vision of a neat little newly-built cottage that was for rent on a street which was only a block distant from the laundry, eclipsed all else in her mind. There were four rooms and a bath, a garden and a fig tree in front, and a place to keep chickens in the rear, a front porch where one could swing a hammock, and an enameled sink in the kitchen—and all for fifteen dollars a month.

The wagon creaked slowly onward toward its destination; the loose links that depended from the ends of the dusty traces tinkled rhythmically; and the horse's hoofs beat out a lullaby upon the sun-baked road. Mrs. Talbot strove valiantly to keep awake. What was it Frank had been saying to her a moment before? she asked herself, as the wagon bumped noisily across a street-car intersection. "Middle-aged!" She had caught that word quite distinctly, and "good-for-nothing," and "a failure." Yes; that was it: some one, whom her husband was describing, was a failure and good-for-nothing and middle-aged. She felt sorry for the man already.

"How old was he, my dear?" she asked at random.

"Thirty-five."

"I should call that young."

"Who's telling this story?" Seventeen demanded.

The little woman smiled. So it was only a story, after all, she told herself, relieved; and immediately her thoughts flew back again to the cottage of her heart's desire. Now if the route would only hurry up and *grow*—she murmured to herself impatiently. Then the wagon rounded the corner of Washington Street, and the whole of the western sky was revealed to her in a blaze of glory.

"Go on," she answered dreamily, gazing the while at the splendor of the expiring day. "You were saying—about the poor man ——?"

Seventeen slapped the lines smartly on the horse's back and drove for some minutes in silence. "Well," he began again, patiently, "as I said before, the man was a failure; just the kind of a failure one may find any day of the week holding down a seat in Central Park. He had been married less than a year, and he was wandering aimlessly along Main Street, wondering where the next month's rent was coming from, and hoping against hope that something would turn up, when a laundry wagon passed by him, close to the curb."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Talbot, all attention.

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"The laundryman, who was well dressed and prosperous looking, stared at him curiously—at his shabby old felt hat and threadbare garments. Success was contemplating Failure!—at least, that was the way the man on the sidewalk felt about it."

"Then what did he do?" asked Mrs. Talbot.

"I was coming to that. Get up, Tinker!" urged Seventeen, in an aside to the horse. "In the first place," he continued meditatively, "the crisp straw hat and the snowy vest of the laundry driver annoyed the man; and as he stood there watching the wagon go slowly down the street, in all its bravery of paint and varnish and gilded lettering, he wondered what special ability was required for such a position. Another laundry wagon passed by, and another, in quick succession. Los Angeles must be a paradise for laundry drivers, and he couldn't for the life of him see that laundry-wagon driving called for any unusual qualifications. Then, for a man that was a failure, he evolved quite a sensible idea. He stepped into a drug store and made out a list of all the laundries in the city."

AND ALL FOR FIFTEEN DOLLARS A MONTH.

"I shouldn't have called him 'good-for-nothing,'" objected Mrs. Talbot.

"At the first four places he visited," her husband went on again, ignoring the interruption, "the proprietor was 'out,' and this struck him as being more than a coincidence, so, at the next, he went to one of the side entrances and learned the 'boss's' name. Strange to say, when inquired for by name the proprietor happened to be in. The proprietor was in, also, at the next laundry that he visited, and the next and the next and the next, but there were no vacancies. As a general thing, he was informed, the drivers owned their own routes—bought them or sold them or traded them for other property. Did the gentleman wish to purchase a route? No; the gentleman did not wish to purchase a route. At the Model Steam Laundry the girl in the office took his name and address and asked him to call again in the morning. It was already six o'clock; the laundry whistle was blowing; the 'help' was streaming out at all the entrances, so, reluctantly, he turned his tired steps toward home."

"The poor man," sighed Mrs. Talbot, compassionately. "He must have been *very* tired by that time. What was she like?—his wife, I mean."

"She worshiped the very ground he trod on," replied Seventeen, with sudden enthusiasm. "And everything that he did was right. After each failure, each disappointment, the fault was not his, but Fortune's; he would yet 'make good.' She was a short little woman, ten years his junior, with a wealth of yellow-gold hair, the kind that *is* gold, and wavy; and her eyes were large and blue, with a light in them that would double a fellow right up whenever she was minded to use them. Her mouth was small, rather full-lipped, and kissable, the kind that——"

"That's enough about her," interrupted the little lady, primly. "Go on with your story, sir. Next morning——"

"Next morning," Number Seventeen dutifully continued, "the proprietor of the Model Steam Laundry—a Mr. Davis—was in. He ushered the man into his private office, motioned him to a seat, and listened patiently while he made known the nature of his business. No; there were no vacancies. Mostly, the drivers owned their own routes—bought them and sold them. They were advertised in the newspapers every day. The other listened like a man in a dream.

"He knew all these things. He had learned them all the day before, and he felt like adding to Mr. Davis's summary of the situation the rather important items—to himself, at least—that there were no help-wanted advertisements in the newspapers which were worth following up; that the little pile of dollars in the tin box in the cup-

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board had dwindled down to seven; and that, next week, another month's rent would be due for the 'single room, furnished for light housekeeping.' But he refrained from mentioning anything of the kind. Instead, he mumbled something about wanting to solicit a route. It was his last bolt.

"The owner of the laundry smiled and shrugged his shoulders. 'Quite out of the question,' he answered shortly. 'It would take too much time.' Then a foreman entered, and the discussion shifted to the merits and demerits of a new brand of starch that was being tried. The man had a vague idea that he was dismissed, and only waited for a decent opportunity to retire. Then the foreman went out, and Mr. Davis turned to him again.

"'What reason have you for believing that you could solicit a route?' he questioned suddenly.

"'All routes were originally solicited,' the other replied.

"There was quite a long silence after that, during which the laundry proprietor studied him meditatively from head to foot. The man was relieved to remember that his wife had patched the hole in his trousers so cleverly that the patch was almost invisible, and he was glad, too, that she saw to it that his neckties were clean and white—whiter than any steam laundry could get them up. At last Mr. Davis broke the silence.

"'Married?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Drink?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Play the races?'

"'No, sir.'

"Did he ask all those horrid questions?" broke in Mrs. Talbot.

"He did, indeed," replied her husband.

"'Any references?'

"The man hesitated. If he had any references, he reflected bitterly, he wouldn't be applying for such a position as this at thirty-five years of age, and he felt like saying so.

"'No, sir,' he made reply.

"And then there was a still longer silence—so long, in fact, that the man suspected that his questioner's thoughts had wandered off to the starch problem again. The last question—the one about references—had no doubt settled the matter. He fingered his shabby hat nervously and half rose to go. Mr. Davis rose at the same moment and extended his hand. The other took it wonderingly.

"'Come around in the morning,' said the laundry proprietor, with a heartening grip, 'and we'll see what we can do.'" Seventeen turned his horse's head south on Budlong Avenue, then looked at his wife.

"Go on," she said. "I like your Mr. Davis, after all"—and her husband continued:

"Promptly on the stroke of eight, next morning, the man started out from the stables of the Model Steam Laundry for the purpose of soliciting a route. He drove a rickety, superannuated old wagon and a horse which the stableman assured him was thoroughly reliable and safe—he need have no fear that the animal would attempt to run away. He selected a quiet, secluded street and commenced to canvass."

"Now," interrupted Mrs. Talbot, eagerly, "you must tell me everything that the people said to him."

Seventeen carefully marshaled his facts. "Well," he continued, "some of them told him that they were perfectly satisfied with their present laundry arrangements; others, that they didn't believe in changing laundries anyway; and still others, that they patronized the finest laundry in the city—and it wasn't always the establishment the man was working for that they had in mind. Some of them told him unblushingly that they gave their washing to a Chinaman, while others came to the door with dripping arms—and didn't need to tell him anything. Some talked so long that he was forced to be almost impolite to get away, and others slammed their doors shut in his face. At a few places, perhaps to get rid of him, he was told that he might call again. He left the horse in the barn at noon, according to instructions, but so far he had

COLLECTED HIS BILL—TEN CENTS.

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not picked up a single bundle. All day long he solicited in the blazing sun, up one side of the street and down the other—the longest and most discouraging day he had ever spent. Then, toward evening, he picked up a bundle—four collars. He drove back to the laundry, with the bundle of collars looking very small and lonely in the bottom of the wagon."

"The poor man," said Mrs. Talbot, again, as she thought of the bundle of collars.

"There were several drivers in the barn when he drove in that night," Seventeen continued, "and, curiously enough, they were all discussing soliciting—the impossibility at that late date of soliciting a laundry route. Then the talk ran on what they had paid for their routes, and what their routes had grown to be worth—these plutocratic drivers. The man went away from the stable feeling like a pariah.

"And, try as he might, he couldn't forget the four collars and the grin with which the man at the marking-table had received them. Mr. Davis was right. And the other drivers were right—he was attempting the impossible. He would be a failure at this as he had been a failure at all the other things—sewing-machines, book-peddling, enlarged photographs—what hadn't he tried his hand at—and failed? He remembered, when the photograph business had fizzled out, how cheerfully and uncomplainingly his wife had gone to work in the dressmaking establishment on Broadway, till—well!—till it was impossible for her to remain there any longer. His cheeks burned still at the mere thought of it! And that brought to mind the cheap little garments she was preparing on the landlady's sewing-machine. Yes; he would prove a failure at this as he had at everything else. But it shouldn't be his fault this time; he would go at it again tomorrow though the heavens fell!".

"He was all right!" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot, softly.

"The next day he picked up a 'family' bundle at the first house he solicited. It was a tourist's bundle, and was so big that it completely filled the bottom of the wagon. That was better. Every time his spirits flagged, he would take a look at the big, encouraging tourist's bundle, and peg away again. He worked conscientiously, street after street, street after street, but got nothing else that day. When he asked where his work was to go, upon returning to the laundry, the head marker grinned in anticipation of another 'bunch' of collars. The new driver proudly carried in his family bundle.

"And the next day he got two small bundles and some 'calls.' The other drivers would back up to the marking-room door, with their wagons filled to overflowing, and one of them—Sixteen it was—came in with his wagon full and a number of bundles roped to the top of it. Prosperous, unapproachable-looking fellows they were to the new driver. The four collars were out, so he delivered them—his first delivery—and collected the bill—ten cents.

"So, day after day, he worked as he had never worked before. Every night, as soon as the dishes were cleared away, he would pore over his notebook, mapping out his calls for the next day; every day, as soon as the calls were made, he would leave the horse and wagon in the shade of a tree and start soliciting. Up one side of the street in the sweltering heat, and down the other; then the next, and the next, and the next. His face and neck grew red, and, if possible, he became thinner and homelier than he was before. Sometimes, when he had finished a street without getting even a call, the temptation was strong upon him to rest—to let the horse jog contentedly along at its own gait and in any direction it might choose to take. Then he would think of the little woman at home, or a laundry wagon would go by fairly loaded down with bundles, and he would throw out the weight and go to ringing bells again."

"How much work did he bring in?" asked Mrs. Talbot.

"Twelve and a half dollars' worth the first week; seventeen dollars the second; twenty-one dollars the third; and thirty dollars the fourth. And all this time the other drivers were bringing in from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars' worth of work a week. He wondered why Mr. Davis never spoke to him. He had worked hard, and, although the results of his efforts had been so painfully meager, he had done lots of advertising for the laundry. Perhaps that was the purpose for which he had been employed. In which case, he was liable to be discharged at any moment. He had told his wife not to wait dinner for him that night, as he had a 'special' to deliver, and at six o'clock he drew up at the laundry to get the bundle. When he came out of the

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building, much to his surprise—his wife was waiting for him in the wagon."

Mrs. Talbot laughed. "But what kept you—*him*, I mean—such a long time in the laundry? I had been waiting nearly twenty minutes."

"Mr. Davis called me into his private office."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Talbot. She was afraid she wouldn't like the 'story,' after all. The wagon turned the corner of Jefferson Street, but all the rose tints had faded out of the western sky. It was an ill omen.

"And ——?" she questioned.

"Driver Number Five is going to quit."

The little lady failed to grasp the import of the statement. "Then," she hazarded, "perhaps next week you will get a better horse to drive than Tinker." It was consoling to reflect that there might be a "next week."

"I shall have a better horse than Tinker," replied her husband.

"And a better wagon than this bumpy old thing?"

"I shall have a better wagon."

Still Mrs. Talbot failed to understand. Perhaps Frank intended to quit—to try something else. "What else did Mr. Davis say?" she queried anxiously.

"He said I had solicited his residence, and"—here Seventeen smiled—"his wife wanted to know who the gentlemanly driver was who had asked her to patronize her husband's laundry."

"Frank, you are a darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot. "What did you say?"

"I believe I blushed. Get up, Tinker!"

"What else did Mr. Davis say?"

"Let me see—oh, yes—he said something to the effect that thirty dollars for my fourth week's work was a very creditable showing, and that he was quite sure I could solicit a good bundle route in time."

Mrs. Talbot's eyes danced. "Isn't that fine!" she cried. "You must work ever so hard. I wish I could help." She gave her husband's arm a little squeeze.

"Nevertheless," Seventeen replied, keeping his eyes fixed on the horse's bobbing ears, "I shall not do so."

"Frank!" cried the little woman, aghast.

"I've tried it for a month," he said, with a gloomy air, "and as everybody says, nowadays——" He looked around. His wife was regarding him with brimming eyes.

"Sweetheart," he explained contritely, "don't you understand? Five is going to quit, and I am to have his route. *I* shall be Number Five. The route belongs to the laundry and runs over one hundred and fifty dollars a week." The horse, feeling the lines lying loose upon its back, came promptly to a halt.

"I HAD ASKED HIS WIFE TO PATRONIZE HER HUSBAND'S LAUNDRY."

"We shall be able to rent the little house you were telling me about, right away," he added cheerfully. "Tinker! Get up, you lazy rascal!"

"And, Frank," exclaimed Mrs. Talbot, rapturously, all smiles again, "there is a lovely screen-porch on the side of the cottage, where we could keep a refrigerator!"

"And," added her husband, gayly, "a fig tree in the kitchen, and an enameled sink in the parlor, and a bathtub to keep chickens in. But you haven't told me yet how you like my story."

Mrs. Talbot's arm slid gently around her husband and her head went down upon his shoulder. "The story, Frank—" she replied, as she gazed into the future with wistful, starry eyes, "the story has only just begun!"

"Get up, Tinker," said the new driver.

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# A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

Did you ever happen to notice, back in the days when coming home from boarding school meant the certainty of seeing *her* again, that no matter how hard you tried to picture the meeting in advance—going over all the thinkable probabilities of place and circumstance, and balancing the chances of "gooseberries" and constraint against the hopes of solitude and a shy greeting—the event invariably outwitted your invention, and the Future (sly jade that she is) proved to have kept the one unguessed possibility up her sleeve to spring on you? And have you happened to notice, since then, that the Future continues to take unflagging delight in playing the same rather scurvy trick on all enthusiastic prognosticators? If so, you will understand why this Row of Books is so unfashionable as to have nothing to say about which of the late Mark Twain's works will be most read in the year 2000.

Contrariwise (as Tweedledee is so fond of saying in "Through the Looking Glass"), you will perhaps not quarrel with the statement that it is largely because Mr. Charles Edward Russell does not try to tell us just what Socialism is going to be that his "Why I Am a Socialist" (Hodder and Stoughton) is so worth our reading. There is a widespread going-home-from-boarding-school feeling abroad these days with regard to Socialism. Most of us make no doubt whatever that she is waiting for us, and many of us waste a good deal of time trying to imagine in advance the details of the meeting; forgetting that, while we are doing so, the Future is quietly laughing at us in her sleeve—the same flowing sleeve in which that little joker of hers is hidden. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if the things most likely to keep impersonally-minded men from looking confidently toward some successful Socialistic evolution are the categorical prospectuses of the Socialists. They somehow always remind us of the experience of the jeweler who had hired a watchmaker, and who was admiring the job his employee had made of cleaning a repeater when he happened to notice a little glass saucer with six screws and four small cogwheels in it.

"What are those?" he asked.

"Oh, those?" the man answered. "Those are what I had left over."

So with these watchmakers of ours who insist on looking upon society as a mechanism and are forever putting a green shade on their foreheads and a magnifying glass in one eye, taking the whole contraption to pieces, cleaning it, and putting it together again t'other way about. They always have left-overs. And they always will. For society is not a mechanism, but an organism. And Socialism is not a mechanical invention that remains to be patented, but an organic growth the outcome of which is invisible, but the direction of which is unmistakable.

And Mr. Russell, recognizing this, has the courage to assume it; to regard Socialism as a clearly discernible trend of social and economic evolution and, letting definition go at that, to tell us, always forcibly and at times illuminatingly, how he, for one, comes to be shoving forward rather than to be pulling back; how he came to think that competitive capitalism ought to go,



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why he thinks that it is going to go, and why he is convinced that the sooner it goes the better. One thing, however, it behooves us to remember in reading the book: It is primarily a personal statement. One might perhaps call it an autobiographical argument. At any rate, it is not a chain of reasoning to be judged by its weakest link, but a stimulating discussion whose parts are greater than the whole.

Robert Herrick does not, on the title page of "A Life for a Life" (Macmillan), call this latest work of his "a novel." On the other hand, the publishers, on the protective paper cover of the volume, do unhesitatingly so describe it. And somewhere between these nice extremes of artistic reticence and literary definition this not easily classable production legitimately belongs. For, after reading the book, it is easy to see that the author could not, without belying his inspiration, have used the qualifying title. And yet it is impossible (so far has our language failed to keep up with our requirements) to suggest another word by which the publishers could have named it. Perhaps one can best indicate the peculiar nature of an intensely earnest but far from satisfying fiction by borrowing a formula from the horseman and saying that it is "a novel by parable out of allegory."

The story begins on what, for purposes of rough description, one may call the plane of realistic fiction, with the character and affairs of a country lad who, with half-realized aims and half-formulated ideals, comes to the city in search of a career. Here, by a chance "pull" with a great financier, he gets a footing; and later, his ambitions and abilities stirred by a daring love and the excitement of the business game, he wins a lieutenancy in the financial army of his enlistment. Thus far the reader may possibly come with only an occasional sense of removal from that realistic plane on which he started. But the chances are that he will already be increasingly conscious that the author's emphasis of presentation is changing; that the characters whom he had at first been led to accept as individuals, he is now being led to regard as symbolic types; that the tale which he had taken to be an interpretation of personal development writ large, is becoming an attempted picture of the times in miniature; in short, that the novel is becoming a parable.

And from now on even this semblance of reality is abandoned. The characters become frank personifications of social classes, and the events an allegorical enunciation of the author's convictions as to the probable course and the inevitable outcome of the social struggle; a course that leads through cataclysm to a reëstablishment of the old order, with Power's son, Anarchy, dead in the ruins, and his daughter, Charity, the sole hope of a hopeless world. Sociologically, the book is a somewhat intricate declaration of pessimism. Artistically, it is a painstakingly contrived hybrid.

But these are over-serious matters for the dog days, and, by a bit of luck to which we do not always fall heir in August, J. C. Snaith, W. J. Locke, Gouverneur Morris, and one Ashton Hilliers are all offering us fictional round trips to the land of laughter and forgetfulness. Mr. Snaith's "Fortune" (Moffat, Yard) is a daredevil excursion into preëmpted territory, a sort of filibustering raid into the country of Don Quixote led by a thirteenth cousin of Falstaff's, and may be wholeheartedly enjoyed by two classes of readers: those who, never having met either Falstaff or the Don, can follow the redoubtable figure of Sir Richard Pendragon through Spain with never a suspicion that they are trespassing; and those who are on sufficiently intimate terms with both Shakespeare and Cervantes to feel free to recognize, without resenting, the Elizabethan flavor of Mr. Snaith's text and the occasional touches in his mixture of romance and satire that are distantly reminiscent of a greater mixer of these ingredients. A cat has the traditional right to look at a king. It may not prove a bad August occupation to see Mr. Snaith (with just the suggestion of a Cheshire grin) look at two kings.

In the technical lingo of chess, an opening move in which a minor piece is deliberately sacrificed for strategical advantage is called a gambit. I don't know what a similar move in the literary game may properly be called; but Gouverneur Morris has made cleverly effective use of one in "The Voice in the Rice" (Dodd, Mead). As the story opens, the hero, trying to make his way forward by a life-line on the deck of a partly dismantled steamer off the Carolina coast, meets and tries to pass another passenger. This man the author places so attractively and vividly before us in a few crisp sentences that we straightway accept him as a major character of the coming tale; and when, a few moments later, the two fall overboard and the hero (who is his own chronicler) tells us that the impact separated them and that from that day to this he has never seen that cheery, twinkling face again, nor known who the man had been nor who mourned him, we sit back and draw a long breath and tell ourselves that the writer who can, out of pure spendthrift exuberance, toss aside so promising a creation must have reserves worth drawing on. And Mr. Morris has; as those may discover who read how Richard Bourne made his way into the snake-infested depths of the Santee swamp, what he

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found there, and how he got away. The book is a piece of genuinely enjoyable light fiction, in which a picturesque but highly imaginative situation is deftly tied to reality at both ends.

Mr. William J. Locke has chosen as the axle on which to hang the wheel of his latest story a situation worn smooth by the spinning of many tales—the case of a man condemned to an early death by the cocksure, and of course mistaken, pronouncements of the specialists. But on this conventional pivot he has fitted a wheel of his own manufacture—a wheel whose human spokes are whimsical conceptions of sound ash—and he turns it in a spirit half serious and half frolicsome. "Simon the Jester" (John Lane) is a young Englishman of independent means and a quizzically philosophical temperament, who has killed time by being a politician and stood off boredom by laughing at his friends. Finding himself with only six months more of life to live through, he starts out to be useful, and begins by undertaking a diplomatic mission from the mother of his private secretary to Madame Lola Brandt of the vaudeville stage; a mission that not only gets him into strange company and equivocal positions, but introduces us to one of the most lightly likable creations of Mr. Locke's imagination. Likable, indeed, is the descriptive keyword of the book. It has none of the gravity of creative purpose and delineative intent that went to the making of "The Belovèd Vagabond." But, on the other hand, it makes no effort, as did "Septimus," to recapture that note of deeper inspiration. It is an entertaining and essentially playful piece of fiction by a writer who, in whatever mood, always asks of us a laughing appreciation of the basic kindliness and superficial absurdities of mankind.

Mr. Ashton Hilliers (I plead guilty to ignorance of his previous work, but propose to keep an eye out for such of it as may follow) has apparently, as Omar puts it, "sent his soul through the invisible"—if that expression means a concentrated endeavor to visualize the unknown—in writing the romance of the stone age that he calls "The Master Girl" (Putnam) and dedicates in Kiplingesque verse to his Cave Mother. He is, at any rate, very much in earnest about it, and manages to make us feel that he has quite brought himself to believe his story before he sets out to persuade us to. And who shall say that this ought not to be the romancer's first rule of writing, even though it appear in none of the text books?

Mr. Hilliers starts with a prehistoric drawing on the shoulder blade of a cave bear and tells us the story of the girl whose deeds it celebrates. She stood, I believe, something like six feet two in her stockinglessness, and lived, in what was later to be France, sometime between the later Tertiary and the early Pleistocene eras. And I dare say that Mr. Hilliers, if closely pressed, would own to having given her the benefit of a doubt here and there where his information was hazy. But his account of her is a rollicking good romance, and if you have any cave blood left in your veins it will run quicker while you read it.

### OTHER BOOKS

"The Book of Daniel Drew" (Doubleday, Page). A volume that claims to be based upon a fragmentary diary kept by the celebrated Wall Street operator and manipulator of Erie Railway stocks; the gaps being filled by the editor, Bouck White, and the whole taking the form of an autobiography. It makes racy reading, although its value is more than halved by the editor's failure to distinguish between the authentic and the unauthentic passages.

"Dead Letters" (Houghton, Mifflin), by Maurice Baring. A series of letters rescued from the Dead Letter Office of the author's imagination, ranging in their supposed dates of writing from the period of the Trojan War to the present, and wittily suggestive of the unfamiliar sides of popular heroes and heroines of history and romance, and of the private grievances of neglected or discredited characters of both these worlds.

"The Fourth Dimension Simply Explained" (Munn & Company). A curious and interesting volume dealing with what, on its face, appears to be a hopelessly technical subject. The book contains twenty-two essays chosen out of two hundred and forty-five sent in to the *Scientific American* in competition for a prize offered for the best non-mathematical explanation of the "fourth dimension." It may be said completely to circumnavigate an unknown country.

"Dogs and Men" (Houghton, Mifflin). An essay by Henry C. Merwin that no dog lovers ought to miss. It offers them the always delightful surprise of finding that an authoritative someone dares to proclaim from the house-top the beloved truths that they have been pitied for holding in secret.

"The Twisted Foot" (Houghton, Mifflin), by Henry Milner Rideout. A tale of riotous adventure in the Malay Archipelago. I once saw a kitten jump on to a kitchen table and land on a sheet of sticky fly-paper; and Mr. Rideout's story is the only thing I ever read that gives an adequate conception of what followed.

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# UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

"My dear," said the young husband as he took the bottle of milk from the dumb-waiter and held it up to the light, "have you noticed that there's never any cream on this milk?"

"I spoke to the milkman about it," she replied, "and he explained that the company always fill their bottles so full that there's no room for cream on top."

There came to the home of a negro in Tennessee an addition to the family in the shape of triplets. The proud father hailed the first man who came along the road and asked him in to see them. The man, who was an Irishman, seemed greatly interested in the infants as he looked them over, lying in a row before him.

"What does yo' think?" asked the parent.

"Well"—pointing to the one in the middle—"I think I'd save that one."

A commercial traveler, driving from town to town through the pine woods of Florida, saw a drove of emaciated razorback hogs rushing wildly from tree to tree. He halted at the palings of a "cracker's" home, and asked a woman in a sunbonnet what was the matter with the swine.

"Well, you see," the woman explained, "my old man is deaf and dumb, and when he wanted to call the hogs to their swill he learned them to come when he tapped on one of the trees. It worked all right when they first got learned, but now them woodpeckers is makin' the poor things run their legs off."

"How does it happen that you are five minutes late at school this morning?" the teacher asked severely.

"Please, ma'am," said Ethel, "I must have overwashed myself."

The young evangelist with a pompadour was relieving himself of momentous thoughts.

"The Being that filled with surging seas the vast caverns of the oceans," he proclaimed, "also holds in aerial suspense the aggregations of tiny drops that give to each wondering eye the marvelous spectacle of a separate rainbow. The Omnipotence that made me made a daisy."

Another story credited to the late Justice Brewer has it that while he was judge in a minor court he was presiding at the trial of a wife's suit for separation and alimony. The defendant acknowledged that he hadn't spoken to his wife in five years, and Judge Brewer put in a question.

"What explanation have you," he asked se-

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verely, "for not speaking to your wife in five years?"

"Your Honor," replied the husband, "I didn't like to interrupt the lady."

It was during the Parnell agitation in Ireland that an anti-Parnellite, criticising the ways of tenants in treating absentee landlords, exclaimed to Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia: "Why, it looks very much like treason."

Instantly came the answer in the Archbishop's best brogue: "Sure, treason is reason when there's an absent 't'."

Mrs. Wiggin, who makes books about "Penelope" in foreign places, is in London now. Her first caller was an interviewer, who paused in the doorway, and, with pencil poised, asked: "And what do you think of London, Mrs. Wiggin?"

"You remind me of the young lady who sat beside Mr. Gibbon at dinner," the author remarked genially. "She turned to him after the soup and said, 'Do, dear Mr. Gibbon, tell me about the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.'"

The subjoined item appeared in a French newspaper:

"There was found in the river this morning the body of a soldier cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."

The late Bishop Foss once visited a Philadelphia physician for some trifling ailment. "Do you, sir," the doctor asked, in the course of his examination, "talk in your sleep?"

"No, sir," answered the bishop. "I talk in other people's. Aren't you aware that I am a divine?"

A Western bookseller wrote to a house in Chicago asking that a dozen copies of Canon Farrar's "Seekers after God" be shipped to him at once.

Within two days he received this reply by telegraph:

"No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

William Furst, the composer and orchestra leader at the Empire Theatre, New York, is in the habit of having his own way. He is, however, no match for Mr. Charles Frohman. Several years ago he was working with Mr. Frohman over a new production at the Empire Theatre. "That's too loud, Billy," Mr. Frohman remarked at a certain stage rehearsal.

"I can't help it, governor," replied Furst, "it's *forte*."

"Well," observed Mr. Frohman imperturbably, "make it thirty-five."

As one of the White Star steamships came up New York harbor the other day, a grimy coal barge floated immediately in front of her. "Clear out of the way with that old mud scow!" shouted an officer on the bridge.

A round, sun-browned face appeared over the cabin hatchway. "Are ye the captain of that vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then spake to yer equals. I'm the captain o' this!" came from the barge.

One of the briefest and no doubt one of the most sincere addresses ever delivered on the subject of capital punishment was made in Worcester County, Massachusetts, more than two generations ago.

A notorious character by the name of Charley James, standing on the gallows with the noose properly adjusted, was asked before the cap was drawn over his face if he would like to say a few words.

"Ladies and gentlemen—beg pardon, gentlemen," he said. "Standing where I do, I am unalterably opposed to capital punishment."

This is an extract from a Siamese paper that has an English column for foreign readers: "Shooting Outrage—O Fearful Agony.—Khoon Tong was a man of Langoon and on his return accidentally shot at by some miscreant scoundrels. Untimely death, oh fearful! All men expressed their mourn. The cowardice dogs is still at large."

The old family physician being away on a much needed vacation, his practice was entrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned, the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion.

"My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."

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Everybody's Magazine

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THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

# WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

THROUGH Mr. Howe's article, on page 158, we are asking you to heckle the candidate for Congress in your district. The candidate will not like it. We should not, if we were a candidate. You probably would not, if you were a candidate. We should probably be tempted, if we were a candidate, to draw ourselves up to our full height, and in a tone of injured dignity declare:

"Your heckling is an impertinence, if not a positive insult. We have lived in this district so many years. We are making personal and financial sacrifices to serve the public. We have judgment, experience, conscience. If you cannot trust us to manage your affairs in Washington, don't send us. We prefer not to go if you cannot trust us. And as for stating now how we shall vote on the questions that come up, we absolutely refuse. How can we honestly say how we shall vote until we have heard all the facts brought out in debate, and learned all the complications involved in every great question? We must decline to bind ourselves to shut all doors to new information; to make of ourselves automatons, manikins, acting only when you pull the string. You don't want a Congressman; you want a clerk. You don't want a man; you want a machine."

Isn't that about the way any high-spirited, worth-while man would feel on receipt of such a set of questions as we are asking you to send to your candidates? And isn't that also about the kind of reply you would get from a candidate not high-spirited, not worth-while—the politician, pretending to all the virtues, grievously hurt by your distrust, and the while refusing to commit himself, insisting that the doors be left open for new information, but really concerned to keep the back door open for agents of the interested?

Therein is your answer to the candidate. Say to him: "We have been trusting men, and sending them to Washington, and depending on their judgment, and experience, and consciences, for a great many years; and, while in many notable instances our trust has been honored, in far too many our trust has been betrayed. We are not satisfied with the way Congress as a whole has looked after our interests—the interests of the whole people.

## SICK OF FINE SPEECHES

"We have tried the delegated government—leaving everything to the judgment and honor of our representatives—and we are not satisfied with the result. It may be the only way, and we may never be able to get better results; but, before admitting so disappointing a conclusion, we are going to take one short step in the direction of popular government. We are going to try to find out how nearly you represent us before we decide to send you to Washington. Surely there is no offense in that; and, if you really desire to represent us, and not yourself, or some special interest, you ought, it seems to us, to be glad to tell us frankly what your attitude is on the big questions. How else can we know whether you represent us, or not? We don't wish to tie you down, limit you, hamper your judgment. We do wish to leave a margin for new information. But we have listened so long to fine speeches! We have read so many broad and beneficent platforms, only to find ourselves in the end thwarted, tricked, deserted, that we are sick of platforms and speeches, sick of party expediency and party success! We want to know now what you personally—you,



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the man—are going to do for us men, women, and children when you get to Washington.

"If we were in your shoes we should probably feel as you do. Put yourself in our shoes, and, if we mistake not, you will sympathize with our position and comply with our request most willingly. These questions we are asking you are not new. They have been discussed, and discussed, and discussed. Every constituent of yours has convictions on these questions, so thoroughly have they been discussed. You must have given them a great deal of intelligent thought. You must have very definite ideas of what you will do when you get to Washington. Surely it is not such a dreadful thing to ask of you that you give us an idea of where you stand, and how you expect to represent us."

### WALL STREET

Most of you will recall the series of articles on Wall Street speculation that we published last year. They began with "The Poison of the Street," and successively we had "The Stock Yards of New York," "The Game Gets You," "The Cost of the Wall Street Game," and "The Tricks of the Wall Street Game." We believe that series to have been the most efficient exposure of margin gambling in New York and Chicago that has ever been made, and we flatter ourselves just a little that the decline of public participation in the Wall Street game is in some part due to our crusade. Having finished our series, we told you that we would next tackle the banks and the monetary system. We even had several articles prepared on these subjects.

It must be obvious that we ourselves are educated by the things we attempt. Often our investigation of a subject or a condition yields facts and circumstances quite opposed to those we anticipated. In this instance we found that our articles about the banks simply led us deeper into the maze of Big Business. We were just describing surface conditions—mere symptoms of some undefined disease deep-seated in the system. Meanwhile, all manner of things were happening around us. Big consolidations of railroad, industrial, and banking interests were going on as though there were no Sherman law. Big Business went its accustomed way, got its own tariff, was apparently stronger than either the Government or the People.

We began to ask if an article about the influx and outflow of cash and credit from the country to the city banks and back again, and about the men who controlled those banks, would help you or ourselves to understand what was really being done in Wall Street. And as we went on with our investigations, this Wall Street loomed up larger and larger, grew stronger and more powerful, until it showed itself to us as the very dynamo of the nation. Did it not control the money and the credit of the country, the motive currents that drive the national machine?

We decided to find some one to tell us what Wall Street really means to the United States—some one big enough to brush aside the large confusions and the minor antagonisms, and to portray, in all its manifold workings, the actual force that is there. This is the task that Lincoln Steffens has undertaken, and in our next number he begins our new series. Most of you are familiar with Mr. Steffens's work, and have come to know his point of view. Like others who have been investigating and recording civilization in America, he has been deepened and broadened by his experiences. He is not the Steffens who wrote "The Shame of the Cities." He is that Steffens—and more. He has grown still wiser. His vision has grown clearer, his sympathies deeper, his understanding keener. No one we know is a sturdier believer in men, in the people, in America.

And in undertaking to show you Wall Street he wishes us to say that it is not an exposure he is attempting, but an interpretation. He does not believe that the men who make Wall Street themselves know what they are doing, or why they are doing it, or even that what they are doing is altogether wrong. They are too close to their tasks to see themselves or to know whither they are trending. As he sees the giants of Finance, they are Americans like the rest of us, unconscious that there's any particular significance in their relation to the common life of the country, and as full of good and as unwitting of evil as other law-abiding citizens. They are just part of a system which has grown up around them.

However, we are not telling Mr. Steffens's story. He knows Wall Street through his connection with the New York press, for he was once a Wall Street reporter. He knows the United States as few men have had the opportunity to know it. For these articles he has made a thorough investigation; indeed, he has had the aid of certain of the biggest financiers in his task. His findings are extraordinarily interesting, even sensational, and vitally important.

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